THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Santa Claus

Verse by P. Duncan-Brown. Drawing by . . . Boothroyd.

He has climbed down the chimney
With his toys upon his back,
Gollywogs and everything
In the very biggest sack.
He has left us Christmas stockings
That are filled with sugar plums,
A dolly and a teaset
And the noisiest of drums.

A toy house for Marjorie
And a Teddy-bear for me.
Walking-sticks of peppermint
And a monster Christmas-tree.
And there's a book of fairy tales
And a cat with funny paws. . .
We think we'll write a letter
To say. . . "Thank you, Santa Claus."

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WHAT a *Man* THINKS of OUR *Girl* CRICKETERS

Big Match was Quite a Treat

A cricketer of an earlier generation paid a visit to the England-New South Wales ladies' match on Saturday and sets down his unbiased impressions.

By H.J.

IT reminded us of the sensation we experienced at our first pantomime. It was so novel, so unusual. You know the feeling of watching an old play with a new cast? It was just like that.

In our boyhood days we had seen girls play cricket. When hard pushed for someone to field, we had even allowed them to take a hand. But here, on the Sydney Cricket Ground, they had the game to themselves. Very independent. All we could do was to look on from the other side of the fence.

The first sense of something unreal was when we arrived on the scene on Saturday morning, and, looking across at the scoring board saw the word "batsmen," in large letters. The batsmen on the board were Pritchard, Monaghan, and Shevill. The first two, Pritchard and Monaghan, had taken the place of Woodfull and Ponsford. Strange!

Interested Onlookers

IT was the second day of the great open-air entertainment to which the promoters had given the name of "England v New South Wales." News of what had happened on the first day had got into the papers. A stream of sightseers kept coming in.

These sightseers were mostly men. When lovely woman takes to cricket the men are more interested than is sister woman.

They came in units and in little groups and ranged themselves on the wooden seats outside the fence, or sat sedately in the roofed-in part for which there is no extra charge. On the "outer" you could see it all for a shilling. We don't remember when we had a better shillingsworth.

The game got going. The actors wore white. Two of them had bats in their hands. Eleven others ranged themselves round the ground.

They all wore short skirts and long white stockings, and either wide-brimmed or peaked white hats. They ran between the wickets—the batsmen did—as nimbly as Hobbs and Sutcliffe used to run.

As for the fieldsmen, they chased the ball to the fence, whenever it went that way with a fine abandon that made Bradman at his best look like a hobbled carthorse.

There was no flurry or excitement. No shrieks or exclamations. Only occasionally did you hear a "no," as a batsman, at one end, declined the invitation for a run. These ladies set a fine example of decorum. You felt instinctively that barracking would be out of place. You could, however, applaud discreetly at the right time.

TWO men and two only had walking-on parts in what was otherwise an all-feminine cast. These two were the umpires. They stood out on the ground all day, two solemn-looking, white-coated individuals who seemed conscious of their position, and played their parts with grave imperturbability.

Only once were they seen to smile—and that was when, on the opening day, drinks were brought out for the players, and the ladies insisted on the umpires joining in.

A youth in front of us was gazing intently through the paling fence. For a long while he made no sound. Then as Miss Monaghan hit a ball to the outfield and an English girl raced after it, he could no longer contain himself.

"Come on, beautiful," he shouted.

A hundred heads were turned in his direction, but he took no notice. He watched the flying Atalanta overtake the ball and throw it back to the wicketkeeper. Then he sat back and sucked an orange.

On account of the holidays next week, The Australian Women's Weekly will not be on sale in some places until Thursday.

As the game proceeded on Saturday our patriotic feelings received shock after shock.

Overnight the New South Wales girls had scored 50 for one wicket in response to the Englishwomen's 221. Naturally, we expected that the senior State, home and foster-mother of Murdoch, Trumper, Bradman and the rest, would shine with renewed lustre when hostilities were resumed.

Disaster!

ALAS, there was no shine. As for the scoring-board, it became gloomier and gloomier as we looked at it.

First there was little Miss Monaghan. She wandered out of her ground when Miss Partridge tossed up a googly, and the wicketkeeper ruthlessly swept off the bails. Two down for 66.

There was still hope, especially as Miss Shevill was keeping up her end, playing forward to the bowling and patting it down the pitch with a neat, wristy action that would have made Mr. Kippax turn green with envy. We were rather pleased, for his own sake, that he wasn't there.

With only seven added to the score an English girl, with the appropriate name of Spear, aimed a deadly missile in the direction of Miss Shevill—and the wicket fell!

It was the beginning of the end. We saw four out for 73, then five for 79, six for 79, and seven for 79. We were feeling for our pocket handkerchiefs when the New South Wales captain, Miss Margaret Peden, strode to the wicket with a now-or-never, do-or-die expression.

This young lady has a fine presence and a resolute mien; she touched her wide-brimmed hat in response to applause from the English girls who haven't outgrown the custom of giving the opposing skipper a clap when he comes in.

Miss Margaret began with a neat single, but impetuosity was her undoing. Trying for a second run she was run out, the English wicketkeeper putting down the wicket with a skill and alacrity that made Mr. Oldfield look like a crude beginner.

Spirits Revive

THEN Mrs. Blade, a lady of few inches but great courage, appeared on the scene. With a bat nearly as large as herself she swung vigorously at all the bowling, and in ten minutes knocked up 17 runs. It was too good to last, and the whole side was out for 102. The last nine wickets had fallen for 52.

We adjourned to the refreshment room, and having dried our tears at the bar counter returned to the scene of action. In the mellow warmth of a December afternoon our spirits revived, particularly when those gallant young Australians, Misses Pritchard and Monaghan, were knocking the English bowling all over the place. They didn't stop till the deficit of over 100 had been more than wiped off.

You should have seen Miss Monaghan, her head just visible over her man-sized pads, making cuts, glances, and drives all round the ground, while Miss Pritchard, resolute and defiant, stayed there till she was only 25 short of a century.

What if Old England did knock up the 57 required to win! We live to fight another day.

THE MAINBOCHER MODEL which caused the greatest fashion sensation of the season. The two-peaked decolletage is without shoulder straps, being supported by bones concealed in the bodice. This exclusive photo was sent by air mail from Muriel Segal, our special representative abroad.

ATKINSONS

black tulip

FACE POWDER

To endow your skin with loveliness

of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.

1/6 and 2/6

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HOW *Well-Known* WOMEN *Buy* XMAS GIFTS

To give, and what to give, are the burning questions of the moment. Confronted with a long list of presentees, if one may so name the friends and relations on whom one purposes bestowing a Christmas gift, one is filled with envy of the woman who worked out a satisfactory Christmas gift system of her own.

Of course, these include the people who keep a locked drawer which they use as an all-the-year-round repository for gifts collected in the daily round until the time is ripe to put them into circulation.

The nucleus of this collection is frequently formed from last year's presents which failed to attract the recipient.

IN spite of the basic soundness of this idea of eventually finding a happy home for a present which nobody loved, this scheme is not so very attractive.

For one thing, one needs a carefully checked card system to make it foolproof. For another, it is lacking in that sentiment which should be the very essence of the Christmas spirit.

In delving into the Christmas gift purchasing system of numbers of our well-known people, I did not come across any who practised the locked drawer method. Without exception, all the women who were good enough to bear with my relentless questioning gave personal attention to each gift they selected. When they did work to system it was a splendid system.

MRS. DAKIN, wife of the popular University professor, though belonging to the other side of the world, is intensely loyal to the land of her adoption, and advertises Australia with each and every present sent abroad.

To her many relations in England, Scotland, and Wales, Mrs. Dakin never deviates from her custom of sending boxes of Australian foodstuffs, including dried fruits, and tinned delicacies, and wines. These are always assured of a hearty welcome.

The year before last, Mrs. Dakin arrived in England about the same time as her gifts, and she was more than delighted with the manner of their packing and elegant appearance.

Mrs. Dakin also invariably sends abroad as gifts books by Australian authors. Literally dozens of copies of Australian authors novels have found their way into far corners of the earth through this happy thought of Mrs. Dakin.

For the pleasant interchange of gifts with Sydney friends, Mrs. Dakin favors perfumes, eau-de-colognes, or bath powders and salts.

Chooses a Luxury

THE distribution of useful gifts has little charm for Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E. Although in some cases a gift that can be put to practical use is essential, Mrs. Sawyer does not think that such a present ever gives the same joy as the frivolous, ornamental, or unwarranted luxury.

In the case of children who have no sense of the practical, a useful gift is never appreciated unless it is accompanied by a toy or box of sweets. It is Mrs. Sawyer's delightful rule to give a present that the recipient would not feel justified in purchasing for herself.

On the way to London are several Australian-dressed lambs purchased by Mrs. F. C. Thompson for English friends. She thought this gift ideal for practical and patriotic purposes. This popular Sydney hostess never buys Christmas cards. For a small gift she prefers to purchase handkerchiefs, small diaries or notebooks which are of much more use in the general scheme of things. Silk stockings figure on Mrs. Thompson's long shopping list, and are included among a more impractical assortment of gifts.

Handworked Gifts

THERE is always a personal touch about the gifts made by Mrs. Garnet Halloran. With deft fingers she is at present engaged in the fashioning of green quilted silk evening bags for favored friends. Other gifts that she makes herself are small Christmas puddings, daintily parcelled up, boxes of home-made sweets, and baskets arranged with fruit and flowers suitable to the Christmas season.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Dorothy Welding.

TASMANIAN NOVELIST

MISS MARIE BJELKE PETERSEN, who has already seven novels to her credit, one of which, "Jewelled Nights," made one of the most successful of Australia's early films, has just published her eighth novel, "Silver Night." This is already receiving very good notices in England.

In this novel, as in several others the hero is a theatrical star, and Miss Petersen says that the reason she seems to prefer such types in her writings is because in real life she is passionately fond of music.

Miss Petersen travels a great deal between Melbourne and Sydney, but lives at Lindisfarne, Hobart, where she does all her writing. She has a lovely home there, set in charmingly peaceful gardens.

WRITER OF LYRICS.

MRS. EDMUND BARCLAY is one of the trio responsible for the musical production, "The Cedar Tree" (which it is hoped will prove a worthy successor to Collits' Inn"), having written the lyrics, choruses, and the comedy numbers.

In her poems Mrs. Barclay reveals herself as a clever woman of fine feeling, strength of character, and deft craftsmanship. Mr. Thring, it is said, was surprised to learn that a woman was responsible for the creation of all the song and chorus numbers, and for such versatility, depth of humor, and sound sentiment.

CHIEF GUIDE

LADY BADEN-POWELL, who has just arrived in Australia, is sure to have a most enthusiastic welcome from Girl Guides all over the Continent, for Lady Baden-Powell is World Chief Guide.

She has come with her husband, Lord Baden-Powell, the World Chief Scout, and their two daughters, the eldest of whom is about nineteen years of age, and a keen sportswoman.

But, once they arrive in Melbourne for the Centenary Scout and Guide celebrations, Lady Baden-Powell is making her arrangements quite independent of those of the Chief Scout, as she hopes to slip away from Victoria for a few days to open the Crafers Training Centre. This is an old schoolhouse which has been rebuilt in the Adelaide Hills to fit the needs of Girl Guides in training.

IS *the* MOTHER INSTINCT *on the* WANE?

Science May Be to Blame

By ALICE JACKSON

Every year sees fewer and fewer women willing to become mothers.

Why?

There are half a dozen current answers to the question, all of which are passing muster to-day, as the reason for the slumping birth-rate.

WE'VE all heard them. They run this way, don't they?

Women are afraid of the risks of maternity. Women are afraid of poverty. Women are afraid that the bearing and rearing of children will spoil their figures, age them, and generally handicap them in the great beauty and fashion stakes which promise the richest prizes of the day.

On the surface these reasons look sound enough. Some of them account without doubt for the fact that the average family to-day is smaller than that of a generation ago.

BUT all these reasons put together do not account for the phenomena of the voluntarily childless wife and that of the only-child mother. These can only be explained by searching deeper.

I believe the reason for the present feverish efforts of wives to remain childless is a psychological one which is a vastly graver matter than that of a mere reaction to a passing economic crisis.

Look deep, and do you not perceive a change in the attitude of women towards motherhood? Do you not see symptoms enough to lead you to the disturbing conclusion that the mother instinct itself is weakening?

Not Fear

FOR a woman who **wants** children will bear them in spite of poverty. Aye, and so rear them as to make poverty a blessing to them. A tie to strengthen the bonds of mutual love and sympathy and helpfulness which are the very heart's core of the happy family. And she will make from poverty, too, priceless incentives for self-discipline and self-development. She will do other things with it, also . . . and her children shall rise up and call her blessed.

Haven't you heard the mothers of large families—the old-time mothers—say, "Every child brings its own love!" Have you met one who loved her fifth child less than her first?

As for fearing motherhood. Well, every woman is nervous, doubtless, over the bearing of her first child. But the normal woman to whom medical aid is available has no excessive fear even over her first child's coming.

FEAR is a contagious poison, and the publicity given to the maternal death-rate, necessary as it is, may have the undesirable effect of making a few women panicky over child-bearing, but such cases are rare.

It is not fear of poverty, or possible death, or loss of beauty or any other fear, which is making women avoid motherhood to-day.

It is not fear, but indifference. They just don't want to be mothers. The idea of motherhood simply has no appeal for them.

Is Science To Blame?

WHAT is it that is robbing women of the passion for motherhood which is the very foundation of civilisation?

May it not be due to the psychological effect on mothers of the modern scientific methods of rearing babies? Admirable as they are, in so many respects, these methods have undoubtedly changed the emotional attitude of the modern mother to her babe. They tend to place the mother's relation to the babe on precisely the same plane as the nurse's. This is an elusive, intangible thing. It may masquerade as a good thing, but it may be effecting a disastrous change in the indefinable emotional quality of mother love.

The conscientious mother is subjected to the most rigorous discipline in her upbringing of her babe. Feeding the child is a clock and weights-and-measures affair. Mother's hugs and kisses, if allowed at all, are strictly rationed. All the old "nonsense" is taboo.

The result? A babe who meals and sleeps to order, rarely cries, seldom ails, puts on poundage to schedule? Admittedly. And a mother who feels thwarted of her motherhood in countless subtle ways? Very often. And, continuing the relentless cycle, a child growing up with no stored conscious or sub-conscious memories of mother love as a very special quality blessing all his young life? And the same child, grown to adulthood, having no special fervor himself or herself to achieve parenthood?

THE moronising in fiction of the researches of psychologists into the Unconscious has done its bit, too. All those oh-so-clever, quasi-scientific authors who have given mother love a perverse twist to suit their own best-seller purposes have helped immensely to bewilder and pain women.

Some of these writers are clever enough to convince a woman that it's next door to a crime to be a mother. A mother, to them, seems to mean merely a breeder of undesirable complexes in her unhappy offspring.

Science has done much for the modern babe and the modern mother. But who can deny the tendency of science to run amok to the extent that it treats expressions of maternal emotion as though they were germs threatening the child's welfare? Is Science severing the emotional ties that bind the babe's life to the mother's?

A Common Miracle

IN the past, Motherhood has borne faithful witness to that transcendent quality we all recognise as pure love. All humanity has seen it and been humbled and exalted by it. It has been one of those common, ever-present miracles that glorify life and are taken for granted like the flowers and the sunshine.

But all miracles are suspect in this scientific age. Women are "educated," and losing the desire to be in partnership with the great miracle of Life. Who's going all goosey at the thought of having a baby, anyhow! And, as to dancing attendance on it, well, my mother wasn't soft enough to do that—and has it hurt me? I ask you!

THE WALKING LESSON. Watch any little girl playing with her dolls and you will see the mother instinct expressing itself. But in the grown woman of to-day, is the instinct on the wane?

Invaluable . . .

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

A nursing mother's attention to her baby should begin by taking care of her own health.

A regular course of Roboleine, which is a special combination of Nature's own most valuable foods, provides that **extra nourishment** which is so important at this time. Where the mother's milk is deficient the need for Roboleine is still greater, and it is prescribed by doctors all over the world for this condition. Do not take chances with your own baby. Begin a course of Roboleine now.

The adult dose being one teaspoonful, which contains an adequate ration of all the essential vitamins, Roboleine is very economical in use. 12oz. jars, 4/6, or three times the quantity 12/-, at all chemists and stores.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

SEND COUPON FOR SAMPLE

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for Sample of Roboleine
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OUR CHRISTMAS BOX

WHO'S *the* WOMAN *Prize Winners!*

Widespread interest was displayed by our readers in the £200 Xmas Competition which closed on Wednesday last. Thousands of entries were received from every part of the State.

All the eighteen pictures in the competition had been published in this paper in recent months, and the fact so many of our readers identified the whole of them, and many hundreds more identified all but one, shows how closely and carefully The Australian Women's Weekly is read.

SOME of the eighteen photographs were of unusual people, and the fact that our readers identified them shows how well informed they are in the affairs of the world, and how The Australian Women's Weekly keeps its readers in touch with prominent people.

The correct solution of the problem "Who's the Woman?" is published for the information of readers.

The first six women were Gladys Moncrieff, Joan Hartigan, Mary Gilmore, Jessie Matthews, Amy Mollison, and Aimee McPherson.

The second six photos represented:—Diana Wynyard, Dorothy Round, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, Dame Nellie Melba, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, and Olga Spessiva.

The final six were Helen Wills Moody, Almeda Babcock, Sari Maritza, Anne Gordon, L. M. Fowler, and Dame Ethel Smythe.

We anticipated that we would be able to award £100 as the first prize, with a second prize of £50, a third of £25, and twenty-five consolation prizes of £1 each.

It was announced, however, that in the event of a tie, the prize money would be divided, and as no fewer than 52 correct solutions of the problems were received, it has been found necessary to distribute the whole £200 prize money among those who sent in the correct results.

These 52 winners will therefore receive a prize of £3/16/11 each, and the cheques will be forwarded so as to reach them before Christmas.

Several hundred readers sent in their coupons after the competition had closed. Others sent in their coupons without any name or address or identification mark on the coupon. All these thus deprived themselves of the chance of winning a prize. The full list of the prize-winners is given hereunder.

The greatest care was exercised in checking over the thousands of entries which came in and, as was announced at the opening of the competition, the Editor's decision is final. No correspondence on the subject of the competition can be considered.

A STRIKING PICTURE of Marie Tempest—the famous British actress who played the leading role in "Theatre Royal," the new show that has captivated London and which was played for the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

The Winners

Mrs. Margery Abbott, 16 Huntley's Point Rd., Huntley's Point; Phyllis Wellard, 65 Lawson St., Hamilton, Newcastle; Miss Stanley, c/o Taylor and Lockwood Ltd., Box 161, Goulburn; Miss K. Watson, 74 Howard St., Randwick; D. Christie, 8 Marlborough Av., Glebe; Alice Wray, 39 Goodsell St., Newtown; Miss J. Spencer, Broadwater, Moree; V. Madigan, 67 Beaumont St., Waterloo; Miss M. Hamilton 11 Keith St., Clovelly; Mrs. M. Hollings, 26 Old Kent Rd., Punchbowl; Miss L. Taylor, 11 Church St., Waverley.

Mrs. P. Grouse, 24 Lamette St., Chatswood; Mrs. V. Thompson, 75 Railway St., Granville; Miss Gwen Chapple, 17 Gordon St., Rozelle; Miss R. Bulford, 21 Garland Rd., Naremburn; Mrs. M. Minton, 14 Donnelly Rd., Naremburn; Miss O. Pratt, 256 Oxford St., Paddington; B. Boyle, 80 Bassett St., Murrubille; G. George, 89 Castlereagh St., Sydney; Mrs. A. Russell, Arcadia, 18 Wyralla Av., Epping; Mrs. A. Higginson, 74 Peel St., Rose Bay; Mrs. V. Medley, 1 Oswald St., Campsie; Miss Catherine Brenner, Portrose, Mount David, N.S.W.; Miss R. Davies, Casula Rd., Casula; Mrs. H. Perrott, c/o 80 Fitzroy St., Surry Hills; Mrs. E. Iversach, 2 Bellina St., Goulburn; Mrs. Rex Beach, c/o Cole's Ltd., Oxford St., Sydney; M. Markwell, 153 Griffith Av., Bankstown.

Mrs. M. A. Turner, Empire Circuit, Forrest, Canberra, F.C.T.; Mrs. H. O'Neil, 14 Godfrey St., Banksia; Miss Gladys Kennedy, 40 Milroy Av., Kensington; Mrs. B. C. Speck, 1 Ada St., Randwick; Miss D. Evans, 35 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay; Miss M. Nelson, 81 Hall St., Bondi Beach; Miss M. Hawley, 201 Forest Rd., Penshurst; Y. Clarke, 38 Old South Head Rd., Vaucluse; M. Dawson Ramsay Rd., Fivedock; Mrs. H. Rogers 42 Huntley's Point Rd., Huntley's Point; Miss Y. Spitzlebusse, Bridge House, Ramsay Rd., Fivedock; Mrs. A. McDonald, Islington, Ranger Rd., Croydon; Mrs. Cliff Green, Gwandalan, North St., Fairfield.

Blanche McGrath, No. 1 Flat, Tangley, Evans Rd., Elizabeth Bay; Mrs. A. G. Brightwell, 12 Fairholm St., Strathfield; Mrs. Mark Foots, 130 Oberon St., Cooper; Mrs. K. McGlynn, Curranjong St., Parkes; Miss Helen McGlynn, Benalee, Browne St., Parkes; Miss V. Williams, 49 Percival Rd., Stanmore; Mrs. F. Mackinney, 2 Ocean Av., Edgecliff; Miss Edna Cades, 430 Glenmore Rd., Edgecliff; Miss E. Bantyan, c/o Sommers and Stewart, 195 Elizabeth St., Sydney; Miss F. May, 38 Russell St., Fivedock; A. Scott, c/o G. Dawson, 78 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

"I'm rather proud of my reputation for giving suitable Christmas Presents"

Whether it be for a man or a woman there is a Craven "A" Gift Box that will be "exactly right." In design and appearance the Craven "A" Gift Packings do ample credit to the very choice cigarettes they contain. Any of the following list of Craven "A" packings is obtainable at your regular tobacconist.

1. The Nestorite Box. Contains 100 Craven "A" Cigarettes and has a coloured Christmas Greeting band encircling the box, the whole being wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane. Price 10/-

2. Box of 500. The lid is padded and the colour of the box is the familiar Craven "A" red. Cellophane wrapped. Price 37/6

3. Box of 200. With the lid padded, this box is similar to the 500 packing but smaller in size. Cellophane wrapped. Price 15/-

4 & 5. These Christmas Cartons are made to contain the regular sizes of Craven "A" tins. They are appropriately designed and coloured and are wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane.

Prices: 50's 3/9
75's 5/6
100's 7/6
150's 11/3

CRAVEN "A"

Do Not Affect the Throat

MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED . . . . THEREFORE A QUALITY PRODUCT

LETTER that *Won* a *Free* SEWING MACHINE

Our free novel competition, launched with a view to ascertaining which of the authors of the book-length novels given away each week with The Australian Women's Weekly was the most popular, closed on Friday last.

Thousands of letters were received from all over the State and practically every writer expressed the warmest appreciation of the enterprise of The Australian Women's Weekly in including a novel by one of the leading authors of the day as a supplement to the paper.

THE prize of a British Jones Sewing Machine has been awarded to Mrs. E. Sharp, of 45 Frederick Street, Merewether, Newcastle.

It was announced when the competition opened that literary style or composition would not be taken into account, but that the prize would be awarded for the best opinion given on the book-length novels.

The prize—a British Jones Sewing Machine—will be forwarded to the winner in the course of the next few days. In addition, every unsuccessful entrant in this competition will be given a special discount coupon of the value of £1 as a consolation prize. On presentation of this coupon to the Pinnock Sewing Machine Co., 72 Druitt Street, Sydney (the Australian agents for the British Jones Co.), a discount of £1 will be allowed on the purchase of a British Jones Sewing Machine of the value of £15/10/-, either for cash or on easy terms. These coupons will be available for redemption up to and including February 28, 1935.

ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes—children will find all these in Fatty Finn's Weekly.

Where to Find

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SUPPER at Midnight

Complete Short Story

.. BY ..

William J. Makin

TO do it at all needed a queer sort of courage. It was courage born of an empty stomach, lost pride, and exactly twopence in the pocket. And it happened to be nearly midnight.

With a convulsive sob, Leonard Rogers rushed along the pavement of the side street in Mayfair, clutched the handle of the door of the limousine, and wrenched it open with a bowed humility.

Even so, he had to fight for the privilege.

"Strewth, wot the 'ell!" snarled the usual opener of the limousine doors, finding himself forestalled.

But the wolfish look on the face of Leonard Rogers warned even the Cockney that this was a dangerous bone for which to scuffle. He fell back with a muttered curse into the darkness while Rogers, clinging to the door of the limousine, was conscious of the perfume of wet violets mixed with the tang of petrol. A hungry man scents keenly.

She swept out of the door on to the pavement, the pale pink of her dance frock clinging to her like a wisp of cloud. But an artificial hothouse cloud drunk with dance hall perfumes and seeing only the false dawns of glowing electric lights.

"Thank you!" she whispered with distant aloofness, and sailed up the steps towards the house.

But another figure was groping out of the limousine, a man. With drooping white moustache and grey, grizzled head he might have been a ghost stepping out of the darkness of the past, an Edwardian type of yesterday's "Punch" joke. He nodded to the chauffeur, and wheeled upon Leonard Rogers.

"Thank you!" he almost shouted with military distinctness, and as the limousine purred away he felt in his pocket for a shilling.

With a good deal of hard breathing, his hand emerged holding the blessed shilling and miscellaneous keys, bits of paper and a collar stud. But he dropped the shilling into the half-outstretched hand with a triumphant:

"There you are, my man."

"Thank you, sir." The hand closed greedily on the coin, and Leonard Rogers turned away. Then, in a strange mutter he added, "O Benediction, perfect and complete. When shall men cease to suffer and desire."

He laughed harshly and shuffled a few steps.

"Here!"

The old man had halted and was calling to him.

"Yes, sir?"

A pair of rheumy, port-shot eyes gazed curiously at Rogers.

"That's the first time I've heard a beggar quoting Ernest Dawson's poetry," growled the old man.

"Is it?" A smile twisted the pale, hungry face. "Anyhow, it has a bitterness which appeals to a man in the gutter. Good-night, sir."

But the old man did not answer the salutation, for the figure in front of him crumpled up suddenly and dropped to the pavement. The shilling rolled from his hand into the gutter.

"Hey! Diana!"

He called the girl in the dance frock who had already opened the door with a latch key and was silhouetted against the glow of the hall light.

Lifting her dress she came with satin shoes down the steps just in time to see the Cockney pounce upon the shilling and dart away into the night.

"What's the matter, Daddy?"

"Poor devil went down as though he had been shot. Look's as if a decent meal wouldn't be amiss. Give me a hand, my girl!"

The old man bent down and, with surprising strength, lifted the collapsed figure from the pavement. With the help of the girl he carried him towards the steps.

"Daddy! Do you think we ought——" The girl hesitated.

"Don't be a fool!" grunted the old man. "Fellow's starving. Must do something. Up the steps with him!"

In a few minutes they had him inside the hall. Half-carried and half-dragged, the burden was dumped into a comfortable chair in a room opening off the hall.

"Mix a stiff whisky and soda! A stiff one," commanded the old man, with a nod in the direction of the sideboard. The girl hastened to obey. They were about to force the contents of the glass through the clenched teeth when a pair of cynical eyes opened, saw the liquor, and shook a head negatively.

"No, thanks . . . awfully."

"Do you good," growled the old man. Again a shake of the head.

"I daren't. If you've got a sandwich."

Beneath the electric light the white face of Rogers was pitifully hungry.

"Go and forage, my gal."

"Yes, daddy."

There was silence between the two men for a moment.

"Really," began Rogers, struggling from the chair, "this is awful cheek on my part. I think I'd better clear out."

"Sit down," ordered the old man, pushing him back into the chair. "D'you make much of a living, opening the doors of cars?"

A faint smile twisted across the white face.

"It's the first time I tried it."

"Thought so," grunted the other, and then turned as the girl in the pink dance frock appeared carrying a tray on which was part of a cold chicken, half a loaf of bread, and the remains of a fruit pie.

"I'm afraid this is all I could find," she said, addressing herself to the man in the chair.

The blue eyes looked at her, tried to remain cynical, but failed.

"Thank you," he said humbly.

The old man interposed.

"Must get rid of these cursed dancing pumps," he growled. "They're crippling my feet. We'll be back in a quarter of an hour. Do your damnedest to the chicken, young man. Come, Diana."

And breathing hard he pushed himself and his daughter out of the room, gently closing the door.

"Decent old buffer!" thought Rogers, and fell to with famished energy upon the food before him.

Fifteen minutes later the old man and his daughter were back again. A box of cigarettes was pushed over to Rogers. He helped himself and breathed the smoke greedily. Through the haze in which he enveloped himself he idly studied those two Good Samaritans of Mayfair.

The old man, with his drooping, white moustaches and his carefully-brushed evening dress, seemed pathetically lonely in a masculine sense. His daughter, Diana, tall and straight, with dark hair streaming back, had all the alert eagerness of that winged Victory of Samothrace at which Rogers had once glanced in an idle half hour in the Louvre.

They in turn were regarding a young man of thirty-two or three, whose shabby tweed coat was buttoned tightly to hide the missing waistcoat. A pair of dirty, flannel trousers and cracked shoes completed the nondescript garb.

But the fellow himself kept his shoulders well back, noted the old man approvingly. And although the fair hair needed cutting and the little moustache was rather ragged there was a disciplined alertness about him.

"Hard hit, hey?" asked the old man sympathetically.

Rogers nodded.

"But I'm only one of dozens," he explained with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Been out of a job long?" continued the old man, lighting a cigarette in turn.

"Out of a regular job for six months," was the reply.

"It's a shame," burst in the girl. "And everyone keeps saying that business is improving."

"So it is," said the man with a flash of his cynical eyes. "But there's rather a slump in my trade."

"What is your trade?" asked the old man.

"Killing" was the disconcerting reply. "I'm a soldier. Or rather I was. Axed from the Indian Army two years ago. Lost my gratuity in a dud speculation. I'm only a misfit in London."

"Was it in the Indian Army that you found time to read a forgotten poet like Ernest Dawson?" growled the old man.

Rogers smiled.

"I spent six months in a fort on the frontier, near Waziristan. The only book I could find to read was a volume of poems by Ernest Dawson. I read him backwards and sideways."

The old man took a silk handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose violently. The girl was about to say something, but her father waved his hand in a command for silence. The old man dabbed his port-shot eyes, stroked his drooping moustaches and replaced his handkerchief.

"There are worse poets," he said gruffly. He placed his hands on his knees, shoved his grey head forward, and challenged the fellow before him.

"Would you like a job, young man?"

"I'd give my soul for one."

The old man nodded and breathed hard.

"I've a small country estate in Norfolk. Going to the devil for want of a decent estate agent. It's worth a country cottage and three hundred a year. Now if you could stick that life, away from the pavements of Piccadilly, well . . ."

"Daddy!"

The girl interposed with a warning exclamation. Rogers caught the despairing flash in her dark eyes. He understood.

"It's awfully decent of you, sir," he said, rising from his chair. "But, after all, you know nothing about me."

The old man snorted.

"Never made a mistake with a man or a horse in my life," he grunted. "The only things I can't judge are these damned motor cars. They're all alike to me." He turned to his daughter. "Don't interfere, my gal. I know what I'm doing. Here is an estate agent dropped down from—er—heaven, hey?"

"The gutter, sir," warned Rogers.

"Rot!" The old man rose. "I'll go upstairs and look for the file of my estate papers. You'd better see what you're taking on, Mister . . . er . . .?"

"Rogers, sir. Captain Leonard Rogers of the Gurkhas."

The old man nodded.

"A good regiment. Used to be in the Indian Army myself, Punjabis, though. Colonel John Masters. Expect they'll have forgotten me in the clubs, now. But they won't have forgotten my son, Lieutenant David Masters. Killed in Waziristan, the young devil. His photo is behind you. Entertain Captain Rogers, my dear, while I dig out those damned papers."

And with a final blow into the silk handkerchief to hide his emotion, the old Colonel shuffled out of the room.

Slowly, Rogers turned in his chair to gaze at the photograph. The face he dreaded stared back at him. Dark, emotional eyes like those of a girl, a weak recklessness about the mouth.

The last time he had seen that face it was stamped with terror as the khaki-clad figure bolted towards him in headlong flight from the swarming Mahsuds on the Frontier. No, they had not forgotten Lieutenant Masters in the clubs. And Rogers himself, Captain Rogers of the Gurkhas, who was bringing up the second line of attack against the Mahsuds, would never forget that youth fleeing in terror.

Crouched behind boulders, Rogers had heard the hiss of surprise that snaked through his line of stocky hillmen as they saw the young sahib, followed by his men, pounding in terror towards him. A moment later, and they were on the verge of breaking, also.

It was then that Captain Rogers leaped to his feet, Webley pistol in hand, and yelled to his subaltern.

"Stop! Get back, damn you."

But Masters was beyond such commands. During that day he had seen the tortured remains of a sepoy, all that barbarism had left of a soldier captured by the Mahsuds. Not a pretty sight. The scene had remained, maggot-like, in his brain, and, at the first fierce onslaught by the Mahsuds upon his platoon, had destroyed his nerve. He bolted and was hurling himself pell-mell towards Captain Rogers and the supports.

"For the last time, Masters, get back!" yelled Rogers, and instinctively levelled the Webley pistol at the fleeing man.

But the voice was unheard by the terrified man. He pounded nearer. In that hot moment the finger of Rogers curved round on the trigger. The pistol barked. There was a sob from the youth, an expression of pained surprise in those dark eyes, and he tripped to the ground at the feet of his superior officer. With horror in his heart, Rogers knelt down and rolled him over. A trickle of blood came from the loose mouth. Masters opened his eyes, smiled sadly for a moment, and croaked out:

"Thank you, Rogers."

Then the eyes closed in death.

Five seconds later the two machine guns of the Gurkhas were swathing the Mahsuds with deadly effect. The wild tribesmen tumbled over their ancient Lee Enfields. And the guttural cheer that went through the ranks of the little squat men launched them into attack.

Ten minutes later it was over. The frontier sortie had been won. They buried Lieutenant Masters where he had fallen. With a cold horror in his heart Rogers had reported his subaltern "killed in action while bravely leading his men."

"Yes, you have every reason to remember him, Captain Leonard Rogers," said a voice bitterly in his ears.

He looked up. It was the girl. The same dark, emotional eyes.

"So you know?" he asked.

She nodded.

Please turn to Page

Illustrated by FISCHER

The old man did not answer the salutation, for the figure in front of him crumpled up suddenly and dropped to the pavement.

By a Girl of 17

"Old World"

To me no old world garden is complete
No matter how fragile the rose, how sweet
The lavender or mignonette may be
A vague unrest is mine, until I see
A wistful spirit in a pale pink frock—
The tall grave beauty of a hollyhock.

—YVONNE WEBB.

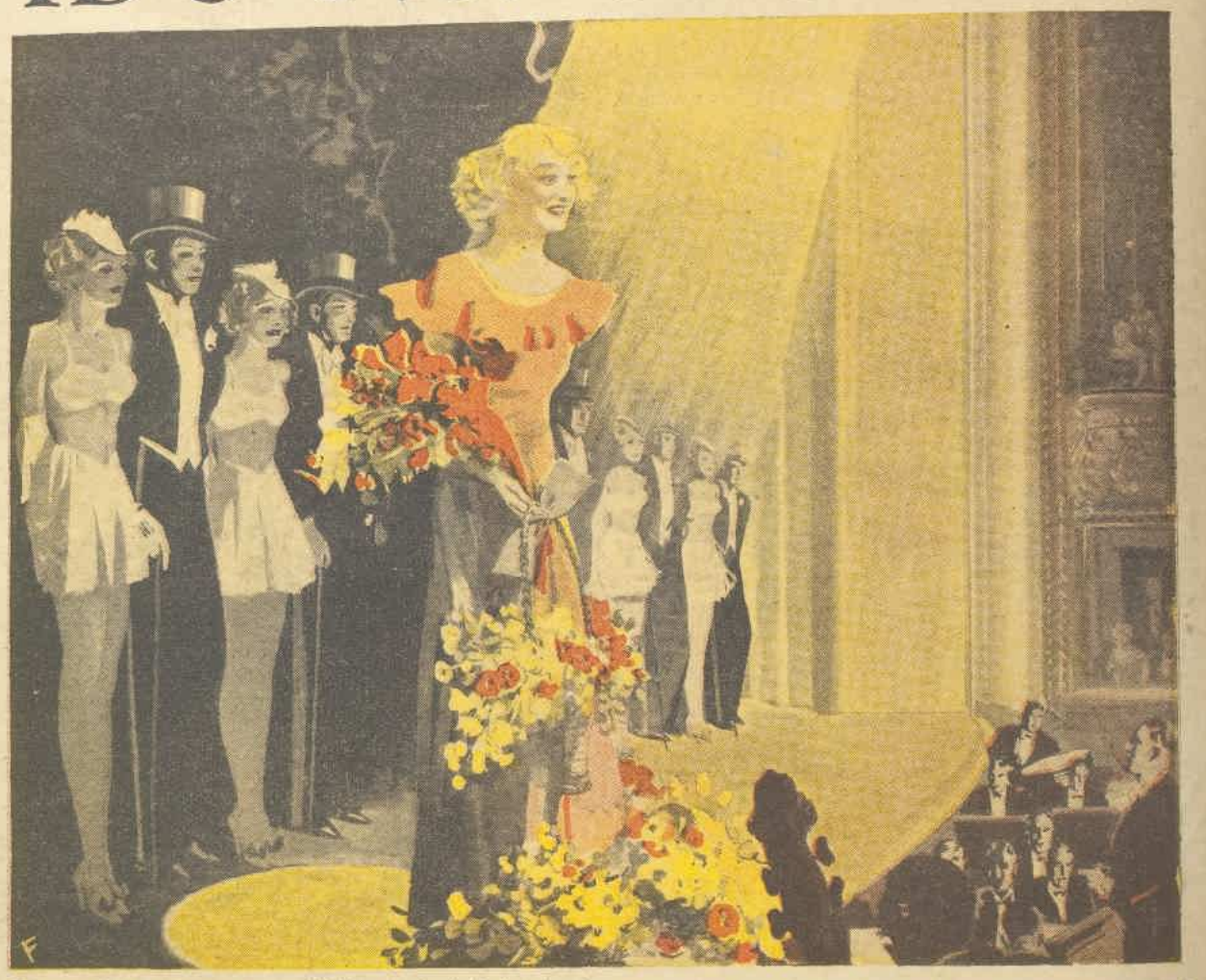
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602545

He may be mischievous, and a trouble-maker, but ...

CUPID'S *Not* A SNOB

By HAGAR WILDE

"Lady," said Jeff Borden, "I can't kiss you, because if I did nothing could keep me from asking you to marry me. And I can't marry you, because you're one thing and I'm another."



The curtain went up on the first night's performance, and Lady received a tremendous ovation.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Complete Short Story

IT was teatime at the club. Five lazy youngsters were sprawled about in as many lazy poses. They were discussing Lady Sheridan.

Nobody knew why she had been named Lady. When they asked her, Lady usually squinted her eyes and grinned at them.

"I think," she had once said, "the family wanted to give me something to explain. You've no idea, really, what a lot of kowtowing that name gets me. When I register as 'Lady Sheridan,' I have whole hotels at my feet calling me 'My Lady.' I've reached the point of signing myself just plain 'L. Sheridan' wherever I go. It takes less explaining."

Lady's parents were the Sheridans. Dressmaking establishments left less important customers en masse when Lady entered with her mother. The latest importations were paraded before her with obsequious pleasure. But Lady, being democratic by nature, went her serene and self-assured way, not in the least spoiled by all this.

"Have you heard the latest?" one of the five in the club group asked the other four.

"Oh, Lord! Ronnie's going to give us the latest again," Betty Somers moaned.

"Thanks to Ronnie's ability to ferret out the news, I've stopped reading the newspapers."

"No kidding," Ronnie replied. "this is good. It's about Lady Sheridan."

"We'll stop you if we've heard it," said Betty. "Carry on, Ronnie. But hand me another lump of sugar first."

"Lady Sheridan is going on the stage," Ronnie announced triumphantly.

"The stage!" Harriet Blanding murmured, setting her teacup down with a sharp little tinkle. "The Sheridans haven't lost their money or anything, they?"

"Don't be silly. Lady's going to do things. She's going to be somebody."

"Tommy!" the group squealed in unison. "Tell us about it!"

Tommy Manning was Lady's fiance. He sat down and accepted a cup of tea.

"There's nothing to tell," he said, "except that Lady's being featured in the 'Frolics,' because she's a peach, and because she's a Sheridan, and because she dances like a whirlwind."

"But the family?" said Harriet.

"The family," said Tommy, "raised the devil and wept their eyes out and broke up the furniture. Then they appealed to me. So I asked Lady if she really intended doing it, and she said yes. Then I said to the family 'What ho! Lady's going on the stage. Try and stop her!' So the family agreed with me that you can't do anything with Lady when she makes up her mind to a thing. We bended together and wished her good luck and she went into rehearsal. That's all."

"She'll meet funny people," said Hal Sanderson. "Producers and such. And girls who go in for champagne suppers with fat men. I've heard about it."

"There you go!" said Tommy good-naturedly. "You've been talking to your father again."

LADY herself was at that moment attired in black shorts and a white silk blouse, and was romping round a stage doing triple whirls under the guidance of one Jeff Borden, who had originated in a back street in Stepney.

Jeff was a tall, lean youth with a jaw that bespoke determination and eyes that were hungry for beauty. He was a composite picture of all that was generous, gentle, and fair. His dark hair was usually rumpled, and his mouth seemed always to be smiling. He was believed by theatregoers and theatre people. His friends swore that of all persons they would choose to stand by them when they needed a friend, Jeff Borden would come first.

Jeff knew that Lady was a Sheridan, and was aware of the social gulf that separated them, but that couldn't dampen his enthusiasm for her heavy-lashed grey eyes.

Lady could dance. She loved to dance. And she was enthralled by the informal atmosphere of back-stage—Lady, who had ridden behind liveried chauffeurs and had been presented at Court—Lady who represented the cream of the land and drank of it, not knowing that there was skimmed milk beneath it for other people.

"Gosh!" she said as she stopped dancing. "I feel like a merry-go-round with the brakes out of order."

"If there's anything out of order with you," said Jeff, "it's well concealed."

"Do you honestly think I'm good?"

"I think you're better than that," he said. "You're so good you make my heart ache."

In the dressing-room, however, the girls of the ensemble took another attitude.

"Pretty," they said, "but why she should get a better chance just because she's a Sheridan—well——"

And again:

"Snob! Have you seen the car she comes to rehearsal in? And that dress she wore to-day cost fifty quid if it cost sixpence."

They said things like that to Jeff Borden. Jeff, in their eyes, was very desirable, being a solo dancer who earned close on a hundred a week.

That evening Lady said to Tommy:

"It's glorious. For the first time in my life I feel important. The girls are all sweet. You'd love them."

"I'm sure I would," said Tommy. "When are you going to finish loving them and start loving me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, things like our engagement and all that," Tommy said. "Isn't that my ring you're wearing?"

"I told you," said Lady, "that I didn't love you, but I'd wear your ring, and that when I started loving you and wanted to marry and settle down, I'd tell you."

"Right-o!" Tommy said. "I just wanted to see if you'd forgotten. Let's go in and dance. This is a lovely moon, but it seems to be of no use to me."

By day, Lady danced among packing boxes and mistakes in grammar. By night, she danced among palms and slim young things with sophistication and vocabularies. By day, Jeff Borden was with her, cheering her from across the gulf that separated the daughter of the Sheridans from the scion of the Borden family. By night, Tommy was beside her, immaculately tailored, fashionably bored with life. By day, Lady was thrilled by Jeff's enthusiasm; by night, she was annoyed by Tommy's undisguised disapproval of her new venture.

The curtain went up on the first night's performance, and Lady received a tremendous ovation—not because she was Lady Sheridan, but because she was a slim-legged girl with a mass of golden hair and wide, roguish mouth, who could dance like a flame or a puff of thistledown. Those who drank of the cream were there, rubbing elbows with those who accepted the skimmed milk.

Lady was in the wings with Jeff Borden, and he was saying:

"Lady, Lady! You're wonderful!"

She glowed with pleasure.

"Have supper with me after the show?" he asked.

The light went out of her eyes.

"I can't, Jeff. I've made other arrangements."

"Oh," he said. "I see! They'll be having a party for you, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Lady. She started away, but came back. She put her hand on his arm. "I'd rather go with you," she whispered. Then she left him.

Jeff Borden slept with that phrase that night. "I'd rather go with you—I'd rather go with you." It was sweet to his ears.

Lady went to her party and, strangely enough, she kept thinking how much nicer it would have been to have sat opposite Jeff Borden and talked about how wonderful life was. Lady hadn't known there was anybody else in the world who thought life wonderful until she met Jeff.

The next day Tommy dropped in at rehearsal. Jeff and Lady were occupying one packing case. Tommy stood watching them.

"I suppose," Jeff was saying wistfully, "that you've never had to do anything that you didn't want to, have you?"

"I don't think so," Lady said. "Why?"

He kicked the packing case reflectively.

"I delivered washing when I was a kid," he said suddenly.

"How jolly!" said Lady. "I never knew a washerwoman's son before."

"Well, you know one now," said Jeff.

"Lady!" Tommy called at that point. She looked round.

"Oh, hallo, Thomas!" she said. "I'm glad you came. Have you any cigarettes? We've run out."

Tommy handed over his monogrammed, hammered-silver case and Lady scooped from it half of the Russian importations, then handed back the case.

"Thanks," she said. "What's up?"

"Nothing much," Tommy said. "I just looked in."

"This is Jeff Borden," said Lady. "Jeff, this is Tommy Manning." The two men shook hands.

"I was just telling Lady that she runs away with the show," Jeff said awkwardly.

"When I came in," Tommy said, "you were telling her that you delivered washing when you were a kid."

"Oh, that!" Jeff said. "That wasn't important. I just happened to think of it."

But Tommy looked as though he thought it was important, so Jeff went away.

"Don't be such a misery!" said Lady. "You looked at Jeff as though—as though——"

"As though he delivered washing when he was a kid," said Tommy. "Yes, I wonder that you didn't look at him the same way. The chump's in love with you."

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My Favorite Poem

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Sent in by Miss G. Coburn, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602546

MY NEW AUTO *is a* MOBILE THING

Cops Don't Know Which Way I'm Going!

I've had a lot of cars in my time. I like riding in cars. The only troublesome thing about riding in cars is the arguments you have with the conductor about not paying your fare and all that.

I've also had experience in motor cars with horns on. When I was a taxi-driver... Ah, don't be such a blooming liar!... All right, then; when I was driving a car, nothing but the very best would suit me.

Look at that one Wep's drawn. One of those streamlined advance 1935 models shaped so that you don't know whether it's going or coming.

If I reverse the car goes forward.

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Gives a Very Excellent Top-Gear Performance

IN case you have a car given to you as a Christmas present, or happen to win a lottery and want to buy a few cars, I'd better give you some hints. I used to do all my own running repairs until I got a weak heart and I couldn't run, but I still retain my knowledge of mechanics.

The internal combustion engine in a motor car is worked on the following principles. Water is poured into the front of the car, or if the gears are in reverse, in the back, into what is known in the trade as the RADIATOR. This flows down the PISTONS into the ACCELERATER, which reacts on the CLUTCH and causes a rotary motion in the WHEELS. **In the case of taxis, the whole of the power generated goes into the meter.** At least, that is my experience. That is the whole mechanical principle of the motor car in a nutshell.

The car owner who wishes to do her own repairs should have a TOOL BOX. A tool box is a box to put tools in. These should include:

(1) A lifting-jack to lift the car off the body before the police come.

(2) A screwdriver for putting on top of sparkplugs so you can get a shock which will upset you for the rest of the day.

(3) A tyre-lever, for leaving tyres alone with.

(4) A spanner, just for the look of the thing.

(5) A puncture outfit, in case one wants to spend a couple of restful hours on the road darning tyres.

I think that's about all. Of course, the usual spare windscreens and bumper-bars, distress signals, rockets, etcetera, would be carried

Quick Repairs

NOW, as regards repairs: Suppose that you find your big end knocking; the remedy is quite simple. Get a couple of cushions. If your carburettor is filled with waste matter there is no need to unwind the differential. There is a preparation on the market which will whiten it three shades in three days. Four out of five suffer from carburettor trouble; why be standoffish? Don't be odd man out! Get carburettor trouble! We have thousands of letters from satisfied sufferers.

Always remember the motto "Safety First." Before starting up your car make sure that all the wheels are on. There should be four in all. Concentrate on your steering and the brakes will look after themselves.

Apart from the drudgery and monotony of having to wipe the blood and brains off the bumper-bars each evening it does the engine no good to be continually getting bumped about by bodies.

Keep your paintwork in good condition. A good coating of tar on the bodywork will prevent your duco from being scratched. Don't forget that one scratch on the duco and you're liable to be disfigured for life.

Don't overwork your self-starter—use your crank. If you haven't got a crank, get one. He'll pay for the petrol. Elderly ones are the best.

When paying a deposit on a car, make sure that you have enough left over to buy a couple of gallons of petrol, otherwise you'll never be able to get away with it before they wake up to you.

Don't get one of those supercharged models. They charge enough for the things as it is. Don't speak to any strange men, and be careful crossing the road. Don't breathe on the constable when he pulls you up.

Always leave your license in the pocket of your other trousers. (This applies only to gentlemen.) I think that is all.

Anything else you want to know will be divulged free of charge on the payment of a small fee to cover corkage and ullage.

Well, I suppose I'd better be getting along. Give my love to Annie, and tell her I am sorry she was out. A Merry Christmas.

CULBERTSON *on* CONTRACT

A Tale of a Lowly Deuce

... By ...

ELY CULBERTSON

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

UNLIKE the man who lies to a smart wife, the declarer at bridge has no one whose affections there is any danger of alienating, for the devotion of the Dummy is naturally, for the moment, dumb. The defensive players, however, must not only watch their steps in the matter of lying, but must usually make it their prime objective to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Whether or not a defensive player succeeds in achieving this purpose depends on the lay of the cards, and his partner's discernment as well as on his own honesty, but in some cases the amount of truth that may be told by the play of a single card is truly astonishing. In the following deal, for example, East was able to infer South's entire holding from West's opening lead of a lowly deuce:

South, Dealer.

Neither side vulnerable.

S: 9 5 3
H: K Q
D: A J 7 4 2
C: K 9 4

S: 10 8 7 2
H: 8 5 4 3
D: 3
C: 7 6 5 2

N / W E / S

S: A 6 4
H: J 9 6
D: K 9 5
C: A Q 10 3

S: K Q J
H: A 10 7 2
D: Q 10 8 6
C: J 8

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 N.T.	Pass	3 N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	

* * *

WEST opened the deuce of spades. East played the Ace and South unwisely false-carded by dropping the King. A few moments of intelligent consideration enabled East to picture his partner's hand and consequently South's hand card for card and thus to find the only defensive lead which could defeat the contract. To the unthinking novice East's play might have seemed to be based on occult powers; but actually no good player with patience enough to study the hand could well miss the complete solution.

First, East knew that South must have approximately three honor-tricks for his no-trump bid, and since he could see over five and a half in his own hand and Dummy it was obvious to him that every missing high card must be held by South, and that West therefore did not hold so much as one picture card. Having thus placed South with

Spades—K Q J
Hearts—A
Diamonds—Q
Clubs—J

East next tackled the problem of reconstructing the suit distribution of the hands he could not see. First, he was quite sure that South did not have five hearts, for if he had his best opening bid would have been one heart and not one no-trump. South, therefore, must have no more than four hearts. Now, if South held only three hearts West must have five; but West had opened the deuce of spades and thus placed himself definitely with a four-card suit. Had he held five hearts it would have been a longer suit and he would have preferred it to spades, so unquestionably South and West held four hearts each.

* * *

THE chain of reasoning extended still farther into East's knowledge of his partner's style of play and general ability. West was a well-informed, imaginative player who would know that with a Yarborough he could never hope to establish his own long suit.

Holding a three-card suit or a worthless doubleton he would have opened his short suit in the hope of finding his partner with some establishable length. But with only a singleton he would not make a short suit opening, considering it too unlikely that his partner would have enough strength in that suit to establish it. West's hand must therefore contain a singleton; and if it were a singleton club he would of necessity hold four diamonds, leaving South with a singleton Queen. In that case South would have had neither the proper strength nor the proper distribution to bid no-trump, and East was therefore drawn to the logical conclusion that West held his singleton in diamonds.

Inasmuch as this placed West with nine cards—four spades, four hearts, and one diamond—his hand must contain four clubs. South unquestionably held the club Jack, but he could have only one club in addition since the other eleven were accounted for between West, North, and East. The Jack of clubs must therefore drop on the second round of that suit.

* * *

SO East's next play was the Ace of clubs, and then he confidently laid down the club Queen, a play which appears startling, but is in fact quite simple in view of East's previous deductions. On the Queen, the Jack fell, and South was powerless to fulfil his contract. He could not win nine tricks without establishing Dummy's diamonds to effect which he must allow East to gain the lead with the diamond King, whereupon East would cash his established clubs. East's sound deductions thus enabled him to establish the setting tricks while there was yet time and to save several hundred points; and it was the precise information conveyed by the fact that West led a deuce which opened the path to the winning defence.

(Copyright)

BIG *Money for* MUSICIANS

Tenor's £500 Per Night

GREAT artists, including the finest musicians and singers in the world, are making Britain their Mecca this year, and will provide a feast of music in a £1,000,000 tour, covering London and the provinces.

That, briefly, is what a famous concert authority told a representative of "The People" (England) recently.

"Musicians now earn salaries that put those of film stars to shame," he said.

"Take Beniamino Gigli, the great tenor. He gets paid £500 per concert.

"He would not sing at Covent Garden for £300 a performance. He appreciated the honor, but the low salary would have affected his prestige too much."

Now he is going to sing in fifteen towns—from Bristol to Aberdeen.

When Camels were used in a Mail Coach

During the drought in the 'Eighties a Cobb's coach, drawn by camels, ran between Wilcannia and Mount Browne. This is indicative of the resourcefulness of Australians in carrying on the activities of the country during the difficult periods of its history.

Throughout its long history and particularly during droughts and periods of economic stress, the Bank of New South Wales, by sound and careful management, has been able to meet all changing conditions and to retain completely the confidence of both depositors and borrowers.

It has played an important part in the maintenance of financial stability and has rendered material assistance to those engaged in carrying on the trade and industry of the country.

This Bank, the largest in the Southern Hemisphere, through over 720 branches provides the most complete banking service in Australasia.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 3 99C

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

A WHITE LINEN SUIT *in Five Smart Guises!*

● *These sketches show how obligingly a white linen suit lends itself to the use of accessories which enable it to appear in many smart guises. A detailed explanation of how the changes are accomplished is given in the accompanying article.*

SNAPPY *Suggestions*

THERE are many frocks and costumes this summer that can be made to do for two or more occasions by adding different jackets, tops or accessories. Perhaps the most versatile of these is the linen suit.

SKETCHED above is a suit of rough tweed-like white linen in five different guises. I have chosen a white suit because white combines so well with any other color, but, if you prefer any pastel shade or string color for your suit, you will find it almost as clever at fitting in with your colored accessory plans.

THE skirt is straight with two inverted pleats in front, and one centre back. The jacket fits into the waist and buttons. There is a shaped piece around the outside which opens at either side for pockets.

In the first sketch we show the suit for an afternoon occasion. A blue and red striped seersucker blouse is worn, and seersucker lapels are clipped on to the plain lapels of the jacket. A matching hatband and bow go on the white panama hat.

For the second change we have the same skirt, a pale blue cotton blouse, and a navy blue linen jacket. For the third change, the same skirt is used, but, by adding a jumper of white and yellow linen, the effect of a frock is obtained.

In the fourth sketch we again see the original suit. This time a crepe-de-chine blouse is worn in stripes of brown and white, the striped revers have been removed, and self material ones clipped on in their place.

In Sporting Mood

NOW the suit goes to golf. The same skirt is worn with a knitted cotton sweater.

On these sketches we have used the same skirt all through. Another idea is to have a navy blue skirt, and wear it with the white jacket and a white blouse.

You have a top of the same white linen as the skirt, you could wear over these any colored cotton jacket or three-quarter coat.

A navy and white spot, or a brown and white spotted crepe blouse look very attractive with a white suit. Make a tiny handkerchief out of the scraps of material and let it show out of the pocket.

IF you had two linen suits, a navy and a white one, and several inexpensive blouses think of all the changes you could have. Both jackets could be worn with either skirt if you keep your blouses to navy, white, or red. Then the matching coats and skirts could be worn with printed or various colored blouses and sweaters.

A suit like this can be worn for almost any daytime function—for town, country, or seaside sports. It can be made to look "dressy" by adding a silk blouse, a large hat, and high-heeled shoes; and to be sporty by using sports hat and shoes, and cotton or knitted blouses. The principal thing is to have the suit well-cut, with a tailor-made look. It should suit any figure except the extremely fat. If the jacket is worn open it will lessen the width of wide hips.

What Readers Say

"THE Fashion Parade," by Jessie Tait, illustrated by Petrov, is, to my mind, of outstanding excellence. The recent page of beach fashions was just marvellous and caught my eye as soon as I opened the paper. One design of a beach dress so took my fancy that I immediately set to and made one similar for my summer holidays.—Miss R.B., Wagga.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

THERE are hats of all shapes and sizes for the new season. High squared crowns and high Russian-like turbans for those who can wear them; peaked Tyrolean felts; clown-like caps.

☆ ☆ ☆

FEATHERS are also seen on bags—ostrich feathers pasted flat with ostrich fringe edging three sides.

☆ ☆ ☆

HIGH oxfords with the laces passing through shiny brown hooks instead of eyelets constitute a new autumn shoe fashion.

☆ ☆ ☆

FEATHERS, jewels and ribbons are worn in the hair at night, and your ears and neck can be bedecked. Huge paste earrings shaped like wings clip on to the ear; little clips like those you wear on your dress are also clipped on the ear; earrings can drop to the shoulders.

☆ ☆ ☆

VIOLET-BLUE is very popular for evening.

ROPES of imitation pearls are wound round the throat again.

☆ ☆ ☆

RICH lames and brocades and metal thread materials are used for nine out of ten of the new winter evening gowns. Lame blouses will again be worn under winter coats.

☆ ☆ ☆

FINE black silk stockings are being worn with black evening dresses.

☆ ☆ ☆

PALER finger-nails rival red ones.

☆ ☆ ☆

NEW, strapless brassieres clip on to the front of shoulderless evening frocks.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE new crepes are wrinkled in patterns or in rows like tiers of shirred ribbon.

☆ ☆ ☆

MATCHING suede gloves and shoes are new winter accessories; besides brown and black there is a deep green and a cocoa color.

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LONDON Likes... these New Fabrics!

- *NOTE the slit skirt in this smart Dorville model sports frock of diagonally-striped jersey.*
- *ANOTHER chic Dorville model of fine striped woollen material features interesting sleeves and a slit tunic.*
- *A NEW sort of bouclet yarn is used for the rib-knit jumper suit selected from the same collection.*
- *BRIGHT gold discs are stitched all over a softly-tailored tunic frock for semi-formal wear.*
- *THE shoes photographed include a group of summer sandals in various styles and three examples of the new high tie shoe. One of the latter is a suede and glace combination, another a brown suede with a stitched design, and the third is a brown suede with leather strappings.*
- *SUMMER shoes are sparser than ever. For beach and sports wear, soft plaited leather forms cords just sufficient to support the shoe, leaving as much as possible of the foot exposed. Men's shoes have gone gayer. Brown and white check shoes are the latest thing for the sporting lads. And a new present to give the boy friend is a pair of lounge slippers striped in the colors of the "old school tie." Suede shoes in blue, grey, ginger, and hosts of other shades continue to be popular.*

THE photographs of frocks on this page, specially selected by Miss Muriel Segal, our fashion representative in Europe, and sent by air mail, provide an authentic guide to the very latest trends of the mode. The shoes are models from the 35th International Shoe and Leather Fair recently opened in London.

SHOE HIGHLIGHTS

EVENING sandals in silver and gold, with imitation jewel-studded heels, four inches high.

☆ ☆ ☆

Also in finely-spun glass, woven into a fabric of silken appearance.

☆ ☆ ☆

The novelty of the season is the toe-ring! A ring is worn on the little toe of the left foot and matches the color of the nail varnish.

Greetings

Into each life may the Christmas spirit come with its gladdening helpfulness. As you share your feast with others may you experience the inner meaning of goodwill. Our sincere wishes that health and prosperity may attend you and yours, and that this festive season may bring you happiness in full measure.

Each year it is our endeavour to supply pure foods of excellent quality, that those who partake may find healthful sustenance.

We gratefully acknowledge your patronage and support, and ask for a continuance of your goodwill and confidence.

May all that is best in life be yours during the coming year and may you find happiness in good health and mutual helpfulness.

S309 INGLIS LIMITED

PROPRIETORS OF

Goldenia Tea AND The Billy Tea

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An Editorial

DECEMBER 22, 1934.

THANKS, UNCLE SAM!

WHAT a depth of friendliness and earnestness lies beneath the rather worldly-wise exterior of old Uncle Sam!

Ulm disappeared in the Pacific void. Hardly had the Australian public time to feel real anxiety before news came of the rapid mobilisation of American naval and air units in search of the missing plane. These official activities were supplemented by American passenger liners.

A vast area of ocean north and south of Hawaii was criss-crossed by submarines, destroyers, steamships, and aeroplanes. For over a week an intensive search of the bleak seas was maintained, even though experts had ceased to hope after three or four days.

There is hardly any doubt that if the "Faith In Australia" had been able to keep afloat the fliers would have been found within a few hours.

It was a magnificent display of the precision and organisation which characterises modern America. But that is not the aspect which appeals most to Australians. Our admiration and our gratitude is extended first to the Americans for their whole-hearted generosity and sportsmanship.

Generosity and sportsmanship are two qualities that rank about first in the Australian code of ethics. Any nation that can stand up to this code does not rank as foreign, no matter what international diplomacy may decree.

The Ulm search, unhappily fruitless though it was, will be long remembered by Australia as a splendid gesture of American comradeship.

"Our job is to do all we can when lives are at stake," said Commander E. W. Tod, the man in charge of the navy aircraft at Honolulu.

The world applauds a simple direct and uncompromising statement like that—and it isn't surprised when the Commander says in the same breath: "We never thought about the cost."

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

The Splendid Folk

The splendid folk are those who strive
With heart and mind and soul,
And striving fail; yet let none know
They have not reached their goal.

* * *

Whose tired lips are trained to smile,
Whose beaten eyes are kind.
Their willing hands help others on
While they are left behind.

* * *

The men and women who have failed
Through circumstance alone,
And give their help to all who ask . . .
Who live and die unknown.

P. Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Christmas Cards

WHO invented Christmas cards? There is a difference of opinion. Some say the first designer was the English artist, W. C. T. Dobson, and that he started the fashion in 1844. Another claimant for the honor is J. C. Horsley, also an Englishman, whose Christmas card appeared in 1846. It is only certain that these tokens of goodwill, which now go everywhere, were unknown a century ago.

"My blessing on the man who invented sleep," exclaims Sancho Panza, in "Don Quixote." If Cervantes were alive to-day he might make somebody bestow a benediction on the inventor of Christmas cards. If we hadn't them to send round, how should we keep in touch with all the people worth remembering?

Let no one despise or undervalue the gentle, unobtrusive, ubiquitous Christmas card! It is always welcome, never out of place and—a very fine point in its favor, this—it costs very little.

More For Bread

FOR ages people were under the impression that cheap food was a blessing, and something to sing Hosannas about. But that was in the bad old days before they really understood the possibilities of political government, and the need of propping up different kinds of producers if they don't get enough for their products.

Still, one wonders where it is going to stop. If potatoes get cheaper shall we have to subsidise potato growers? And if turnips become a drug in the market, must we pay up for the benefit of those who grow turnips? As between wheat and potatoes, what is the difference?

"An iniquitous tax on the poor," says Mr. Scullin, loudly, of the sales tax on flour. That sounds all right, but Mr. Scullin doesn't say whether he'd let the wheat farmers starve, and, if not, what he would do about it. A nice tangle, however you look at it.

Australia's "Back Door"?

IT seems that Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, of Boy Scout and Girl Guide fame, were a little late when they wrote to friends that they would "land at Darwin and enter Australia by its back door."

Of course, Darwin may not be famous as one of the most luxurious or elaborate cities, or even as one of the best-developed cities, of the Commonwealth, but it seems hardly fair to call it the "back door" of Australia when so obviously it is to be the "front door" of the future.

With the flights of Hinkler, Kingsford Smith, Amy Johnson, and a host of others, Darwin has been put well on the aerial map of the world as a most important landing-place. To many leading airmen of the day the reaching of Darwin within a certain time has meant fame and money.

Particularly during, and since, the World Air Race in connection with the Melbourne Centenary has Darwin been before the world as Australia's first port of call, and it seems more and more likely that Darwin, with the progress of aviation, will become famous as the front entrance to the Commonwealth.—F.W.E.

Improves With Age

A WRITER in The Australian Women's Weekly struck a new note, last week, when he referred to the first celebration of Christmas as an "experiment." Not many of us thought of it like that. When you look back, however, you see that the first celebrants were experimenters. No one knows who they were, but they are first heard of about the second century A.D.—say, 1800 years ago.

The early Christians who discovered or invented Christmas deserve all the credit we can give them. For this festival never grows old, never gets stale or unprofitable, never ceases to keep step with the age. The more people there are in the world, the more are made happy by the indefinable something we call the Christmas spirit.

You can't analyse it, or explain it, but it is there. We feel better for it, even if we get nothing out of it—even if it means a scrimmage in a dozen different shops and a headache deciding what to buy, and for whom to buy.

Why Worry?

MOST of the news these days comes from U.S.A. The latest contrivance, or invention, for which America is responsible is the "worry clinic." At a luncheon the other day, Mr. George Fitzpatrick, an Australian writer and business man, commended the worry clinic to his listeners, and suggested a trial in Australia.

It does not matter what your trouble is—a love disappointment, impending divorce, business failure, or just sheer boredom—the American clinic will send out a trained pyschologist, or professional soother, who will talk matters over, and by a combination of personal magnetism and appropriate words help you back to a normal state of mind.

The idea is splendid. Whether the "subjects" will respond to treatment as the clinic seems to expect, is another matter. We can only wait and see.

Those Examinations

AT this time of the year we hear a lot about examinations. The number of pupils who pass them is always growing, and the problem of what to do with these pupils, many of whom are scholastically brilliant, is as acute as ever.

Headmasters and mistresses mostly defend the examination system, but the voices in opposition are louder this year than usual. Some of the hostile critics are from the ranks of teachers themselves. "The fault of your examinations," complains one of these, "is they don't encourage originality, while they discourage a big proportion of pupils who need encouragement."

So far, it is a drawn battle. The defenders of the system are not beaten, though in one or two places you find them giving ground. One fact is notable. Boys and girls who don't shine at examination have a way of beating the crammers in after life.

Playing With Fire

PSYCHOLOGISTS are interesting people. Dr. A. H. Martin, hon. director of the Australian Institute of Industrial Psychology, gives you something to think about in these remarks from a speech he made last week.

"Children should be instructed in the correct use of matches . . . To repress the instinct in a child to make fires is harmful. The desire to try out something new is natural . . . To forbid a normal impulse the right of expression is to place it in the class of things to be tried at first opportunity."

The last sentence, with its implied defence of childish and adult impulses, is a reminder of the distance we have travelled from the days of Knox and Calvin, when every normal impulse was denounced as more or less a sin!

Where the Men Do the Most 'Making-Up'

By SHEILA LANE.

Necessity being the Mother of Invention, lack of razors and scissors does not deter the natives from beautifying themselves in their own fashion in New Guinea.

WHAT methods they do not adopt to beautify their heads are not worth mentioning. Peroxide bottles work overtime, and the smartest natives are all "suicide blondes." Next in order of chic come the titians, who seek aid in a henna powder derived from the bark of a tree. Natural brunettes, because they make their appearance like "nonpareils"—literally in hundreds and thousands—are too common to mention or notice.

Talc powder comes next in importance to peroxide, but it is used mostly by the "boys," and not on the noses and chins, as might be supposed, but thickly coated and daubed across the forehead from the hairline to the eyebrows. Sometimes the powder is sprinkled through the hair, giving a "Monsieur Beaucaire" appearance.

A NEW GUINEA beauty in the latest fashion for young matrons.

IT is then just a matter of tribal opinion as to whether the nose or lobes of the ears are to be pierced. Pieces of bamboo or decorative feathers are put through the noses of the men to give them that "he-man" air of savagedom.

Leaving the face we come to the body, which receives very harsh treatment indeed. Pieces of broken bottle are heated and then again a "one talk" gets to work on a native's back, making huge, deep welts. Needless to say, on many occasions these cuts become septic and the native suffers untold agony, but for the sake of tribal prestige he bears it bravely and without a whimper. The deeper the cuts the more beautiful the effect (in a native's opinion).

AT first it seems strange to see the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet showing up the same color as our own. This is just one of the freaks of nature, for although the color is the same the texture is much different. These little chaps are "tough guys," as the Americans would say. It is nothing to see natives pick up red-hot coals which have fallen out of a fire and calmly and collectively put them back again. Feet also come in handy for extinguishing a fire.

On the goldfields particularly, the "boys" pay special attention to their legs. Many visitors have exclaimed at the number of "boys" with seemingly injured legs, and the same visitors have shrieked with laughter when told that a "boy" considers a bandaged leg the smartest of the smart fashions. Bandages appear at the ankles and just below the knees, and are taken off perfectly healthy legs quite regularly, to be washed and replaced for a courting day or a game of "kick-cross."

JUICES from plants and shrubs are used to paint weird designs something like the Australian aboriginal's corroboree regalia, all over the Papuan native women's bodies. In Papua the native women wear grass skirts, and so the top of their bodies is exposed for decorating, but in the Mandated Territory the native women in the civilised centres wear a tunic.

The "boys'" dress is the same in both Territories, only in Papua the loin cloth is called a "lava lava," and in the Mandated Territory a "lap lap," but, as Shakespeare said, "what's in a name?"

Ungenerous!

OVER a hundred years ago, when Sir John Moore died at Corunna, someone wrote about him:

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him."

There are a few people—not many—who talk lightly of the great aviation record of Charles Ulm, simply because his last gallant effort ended in tragedy. There will always be people like this, but one did not expect to find a journal like the English "Aeroplane," which might be expected to pay tribute to pioneers of ocean routes, belittling the Pacific flight as "ridiculous," while relatives are still mourning the dead men. The answer to that ungenerous comment is that trans-ocean flying would have had no future at all but for men like Ulm and Kingsford Smith, whom the world will remember gratefully long after their petty, "safety-first" calumniators are forgotten.

FROM SUE TO LOU — **A Bright Girl's Letters**

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BEGGARS' Horses

By P. C. WREN

Author of "Beau Geste"

For the first time in Aubrey Easterwood's life a woman's face interested him.

The Six Main Characters in This Story are:

Colonel Harrington-Spens: whose secret wish has been for Unbounded Wealth.

Captain Hazelrigg: Who, above all else, desires Courage.

Captain Wogan: Whose greatest desire is for Happiness.

Major Wallingford: Who craves Long Life.

Captain Burlestone: To whom the greatest gift of all would be Health.

Lieutenant Easterwood: Whose ambition it is to possess Great Strength.

THAT each of these men was promised the fulfilment of his desire meant nothing to them. Even Colonel Harington-Spens forgot the prophecy of the Holy Man to whom they had confessed their hidden desires until his wife, Mary, inherited a colossal fortune from an entirely unexpected source. Burlestone and Easterwood attached no significance to Harrington-Spens' sudden affluence, nor did they remember the prophecy when Easterwood, following on an assault in which he was worsted, began to train seriously, became an adept at various athletic exercises, and entered himself for the Indian Army boxing championships. The only other entrant likely to give him trouble is a Captain Mackleworth, a man of somewhat doubtful reputation and with a wife of rather dangerous charm, so gossip says. Captain and Mrs. Mackleworth are to be transferred to Quetawur, where Easterwood and Burlestone are stationed.

CHAPTER 9.

Illustrated by WEP

SO, one day, Aubrey Easterwood learned something that interested him deeply.

"Heard the news?" asked Captain Stacey Burlestone as Easterwood came from his bedroom, pyjama-clad, for chota-hazri—the early morning tea and toast, with which the notoriously lazy Anglo-Indian begins his day at about five o'clock in the morning.

"No," yawned Aubrey Easterwood. "Are we both promoted in undue course for unexceptional conduct in un . . ."

"The Northumberland L.I. are going to relieve the South Lancs instead of . . ."

"By Jove!" interrupted Easterwood, "that means Mackleworth!"

"It does, my son. It means Goliath of Gath; and David will be able to have a look at him. Before taking a sling at him—with his fist."

"Officers' heavyweight champ. of India," breathed Aubrey Easterwood.

"He's a tough nut, old son. I've seen him defend the championship three times. Some defence, too. K.O. in the first round each time. Still, that won't hurt you. Do you all the good in the world to try.

"By gad, old chap," he added, "you're a different man from what you were when you were brooding over the Pathan episode."

"Yes, a bit," smiled Easterwood. "Thanks to you, Stacey."

"Thanks to yourself and your good guts. I gave you a sound tip and you took it. Absolutely a different man."

"I wish that same Pathan lad would roll up again one night, now," said Easterwood as he lit a cigarette. "It would be rather interesting to try conclusions."

"Be conclusion for the Pathan, I should think," smiled Stacey Burlestone. "You'd either give him as noble a hiding as one man ever gave another, or else put him out for a long count, first poke. Yes, it would be very interesting. However, failing the Pathan, Mackleworth'll do."

"Do for me, probably," said Easterwood. "Stiff proposition, but . . . I'm going to have a stab at it. And I've got another eight months. Tournament isn't till after the autumn manoeuvres."

AUBREY EASTERWOOD, taking his ease in a club armchair after a day of hard going, glanced up from his newspaper as someone came to the big nearby table on which, in orderly array, lay the latest magazines and newspapers from Home, all three weeks old.

A woman. . . . A stranger.

What an arresting face. A remarkable, unusual face.

For the first time in Aubrey Easterwood's life a woman's face interested him—as a face. Of what or whom did she remind him? She could scarcely remind him of another person, because he knew of no one at all like her. He would remember such a person instantly, for it was an extraordinary face. Most unusual. To begin with, the enormous eyes surely were black, or was it a trick of light?

She glanced at him, and his eyes met hers.

Instantly he raised his newspaper, coloring to the roots of his hair as he did so. But he had seen that the eyes were almost black. And not that opaque black of marble, but transparent black . . . Nonsense, they were darkest velvet-brown. And the pupils very large.

Perhaps that was what made the face so striking, so arresting, their almost-blackness, and their—what was the word?—transparency, translucency? As though the iris was made of black glass, and not of wood painted black or deep-brown and then varnished.

What rot he was thinking . . . He must have another look . . .

Folding his paper, Easterwood glanced again, this time underneath it.

Yes, it was partly the size and color of the eyes, but partly the long black lashes and the thin arched black eyebrows.

No, it was probably the fact that she wore a fringe. Most unusual, surely. Lovely, silky, soft, curly hair, and yet a definite little fringe. And what a complexion! She couldn't be long out from Home.

And what a "live" face! Was the mouth a little hard? No, of course not. A lovely mouth, a lovely face. Really, one couldn't help looking at it.

But where on earth . . .?

Of course! Of course! He had it. A Barribal girl. He'd seen a magazine cover. No, surely not. That was unworthy. A picture, somewhere, of a girl by that artist—and this one might have sat as his model. He had evolved a type—or, rather, had given his name to a type, and here was a specimen of it. Beautiful. And not only beautiful, lovely.

Who could she be?

The girl selected a magazine and turned from the table. The young man hoped that she wasn't going to take it out on to the verandah. He could hardly go out there and stare at her. Nor could he very well turn his chair round if she remained in the reading-room but sat somewhere behind him.

No. Good. She was going to sit just to his left in the big inviting chair that stood facing him. It really was the most interesting, attractive, piquant, provoking face he'd ever seen.

And how smartly she was dressed; and with what charming taste. She looked, in some indefinable way, quite different from the other ladies of the station. It must be the fashion and the newness of her clothes, straight out from Home.

Who could she be? Very neat, small feet, tiny ankles, small, beautifully-gloved hands.

How extremely effective the long jade earrings were against her shining black hair. Her eyes seemed the blacker for the jade, or, at any rate, of a clearer, brighter black. She was absolutely . . .

Suddenly the eyes again met those of Aubrey Easterwood, an instantly he made a poor pretence of looking over her head at the clock, and back again to his paper.

Please turn to Page 23

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"I find that the traditional English blend in Ardath De-Luxe is kind to my throat and soothing to my nerves . . . ."

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Tins of 10—9d.; 20—1/6; Flat Pocket 50's, Round Airtight 50's and 100's.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Some Light Fiction for The Holiday Maker!

Africa seems a never-ending source of inspiration to writers of adventurous love stories.

To those seeking light reading for holiday week-ends and books that can be perused without much mental strain, the three novels dealt with below, which have Africa as a setting, will be found acceptable.

MARY GAUNT writes interestingly in her story, "Worlds Away," of the African Gold Coast country, and gives the impression of having attained accuracy of detail in her description of the place and the habits and customs of its natives.

The descriptive passages of her book are more interesting than the plot of the story, which is rather thin.

Basil Austen, a Forestry officer, is a deep-dyed villain, but, as is often the way with men of his type, he has a great fascination for women. He manages, after twice disappointing Audrey Rowan at the altar steps almost, to retain her affection for him, and when the story opens he is on the eve of journeying to meet and marry her.

Fate, this time, and not the roguery of Austen, prevents his marriage to Audrey. The clergyman collapses in the middle of the ceremony, and Audrey, by this time disillusioned about the man she is about to marry, welcomes the interruption and breaks off her engagement.

Audrey has inherited a share in a rich mahogany concession, and she sets off to inspect it, having many adventures before the story closes.

No mention of the book would be complete without including the dog, "Danny," who played an important part in the story.

ALL sorts of thrilling, interesting, and romantic things happen to Dallas Storme, the heroine of H. M. E. Clamp's "Jungle Woman."

Dallas is alone, almost destitute, and eking out an existence in one of London's poorest backwaters when Fate causes her path to cross that of Irvine Urquhart, the big game hunter of Africa.

He was smarting from the hurt caused by Charmian Drax, the beautiful girl whom he had come to England specially to see, and whom he hoped would return to Africa with him as his wife. Irvine, disillusioned and disappointed, plunges headlong into an orgy of drink and dissipation from which he is rescued by Dallas, hitherto unknown to him.

He is not interested in Dallas as a woman, but recognising her loneliness and despair he offers to take her back with him as a companion on his long trek through the African jungle.

Their relationship remains impersonal, and Irvine treats her exactly as he would a male companion. They have many adventurous weeks in the jungle until Irvine becomes very ill, and they have to return to civilisation.

Charmian, meanwhile, has come to Africa in search of Irvine and arrived at the headquarters of the District Officer for Nyamobi, where ultimately Irvine is brought in an almost dying condition.

All sorts of complications develop from this stage and those who like a good mixture of romance, love, and a dash of intrigue will find it in this story.

In Rhodesia

"SALLY IN RHODESIA" was one of Sheila Macdonald's best stories, and she has given another that is equally attractive in "Mr. Crusoe's Young Woman."

A farm in the backblocks of Rhodesia provides the setting, and the particular young woman of the story is Katherine Overton, an English girl who has come out as companion-housekeeper to Mrs. Childerstone, sen., the widow of a pioneer settler.

The Childerstone family affairs provide interesting reading, but the highlights of the book concern Katherine and Mr. Crusoe, a prospector, nearby. He is one of the strong "he-man" type, and his wooing is impetuous and masterful.

"Worlds Away." Mary Gaunt. (Hutchinson.)

"Jungle Woman." H. M. E. Clamp. (Hurst and Blackett).

"Mr. Crusoe's Young Woman." Sheila Macdonald. (Cassel. Our copy Swains.)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"NORTH OF THE NEVER NEVER." Patrick R. Ritchie. The eyes of all Australia are being turned more and more towards the North, where aerial transit is bringing this part of the continent into prominence. Patrick R. Ritchie, in collaboration with Henry B. Raine, has given, therefore, a book of topical interest in his "North of the Never Never," which deals with life at the Roman Catholic Mission on Bathurst Island, off the Northern Territory, where he spent four years as honorary farmer-instructor to the aborigines there. A well-written story, which gives valuable and little known facts concerning life in this part of the world. (Angus and Robertson.)

* * *

"SILVER KNIGHT." Marie Bjelke Petersen. Miss Bjelke Petersen strives and succeeds in providing charming settings for her novels, and, with a marked gift for word painting, she is able to convey a sense of their beauty to her readers.

In her latest novel, "Silver Knight," she has taken the poppy fields of Tasmania—fields that were once the gardens of owners who have deserted them for more up-to-date and modern homes, and in which poppies run riot, unchecked and uncultivated.

There was such a poppy field adjacent to the Brents' home, where Noreen Delamer, a Melbourne society beauty, was visiting. There was another visitor there, too, a mysterious man, handsome and possessed of a marvellous voice, who had persuaded the Brents to rent him the old shepherd's hut, situated in the poppy plain.

Noreen had an accidental meeting with this mysterious stranger, whom the Brents regarded as a nomadic gentleman tramp, and it was the prelude to an audacious and masterful wooing on his part.

When at length she could no longer disguise from him—or from herself—that she loved this man, and urged by a peremptory summons from Melbourne she returned to the mainland and married a rich man, merely for his riches.

Months later she was invited to meet the world-famous singer, Lindkvist, the star of a visiting opera company. One glance at the tall, handsome figure and she recognised in him her tramp of the poppy fields, the man who had won her deepest love.

Miss Bjelke Petersen makes the love story of Noreen and Lindkvist an idealistic one, undeniled on their part, but threatened by the machinations of a jealous woman and a mischief-making one. But in this particular case virtue brings its reward and the story ends on a happy note. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Angus and Robertson.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty. ***

NEW NOVEL by the POET LAUREATE . . .

The visit of the Poet Laureate, John Masefield, to Australia gives us an added interest in his new novel, "The Taking of the Gry," a story of ships, of high adventure, and reckless bravery.

IT breathes in every line the author's love of the sea and his great knowledge of the men who sail upon it.

"The Taking of the Gry" retails an incident in the rebellion of the navy of Santa Ana in 1911, when the President of that Republic, bribed by foreign concessionaires, favored its annexation by the neighboring Republic of Santa Barbara.

Charles Tarlton, who recounts the thrilling story, was a young officer in the Green and Silver Company, which had been in the Spanish Main trade for 100 years. Chance brings him in touch with a cousin, Tom Brown, a naval officer of Santa Ana, and a leader of the revolutionaries. Charles conceives a violent affection for his relative, which inspires a great desire to serve him.

Republics at War

Fighting starts between the Republics soon after the cousins meet, and Charles has his opportunity quickly. The mutineers have arms and ammunition aboard the Gry, which is placed under arrest by the authorities in Santa Barbara Harbor. It is necessary to get her away, and Tom invites the aid of his cousin in the task.

The story recounts this adventurous incident, one that will thrill even those who have no full appreciation of the perils and dangers it involved.

Charles Tarlton repeats the achievements of Sir Francis Drake "who being barred out of Santa Barbara Harbor by a boom across the mouth yet sought out and found another entrance by sounding cautiously through the outer reefs" and towed his prize to the open sea.

"The Taking of the Gry" is a slim volume, and one reaches the last page all too quickly. (Heinemann. Our copy, Swains.)

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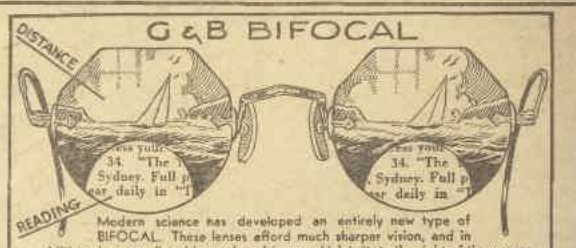

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ONE *Christmas* MORNING

A Complete Story

By . . .

URSULA BLOOM

CHRISTMAS EVE with a blizzard blowing off the sea, hail and snow and sleet, and the little inn rocking in the wind; Christmas, in the cold discomfort of a lone inn set on an unknown road along the Norfolk coast; Christmas lit by lamplight, and with the hot water system out of order!

Clem set his teeth. Well, he had chosen it! Here, in the summer, he came to write books, those books which had made his name; here, when there was a smell of sun-sweet grasses and the red spatter of poppies from Poppyland. He had never come in the winter before.

Only he was sick to death of the very word Christmas; and staying in the inn no one would bother him. Magazines had been demanding Christmas stories for weeks past. Holly, snow, all those absurd old-fashioned things that nobody really wants—or gets for the matter of that!

He would go mad, he told himself, if he had to face Christmas as people feel it ought to be expressed. No, he had come down here, where Father Christmas would pass by unnoticed. He shovelled more coal on to the sleepy fire.

Discomfort, yet to him it was quite delicious. The old girl who ran the place meant well, but it was old and rambling. A ghost or two, perhaps. Then he heard the sound of the main door opening and of chatter in the hall. Surely there could not be another visitor at this time of night? Surely? He listened intently.

A girl's voice, clear as crystal, the landlady mumbling. He could follow the purport of her speech. Yes, they had rooms to let, but she didn't know if they would suit. Car broken down? Left behind on the road. Well, of course, she couldn't very well turn the young lady out.

The door opened. Clem looked up. He had already taken a dislike to the young lady before she entered, yet when he saw her he knew that he disliked her considerably more. She was young, modern, gay. She was just the type that he had to write about, and the type that secretly he loathed. A little white disc of a face with appealing eyes; a heart-shaped mouth vividly scarlet. Hair, softly blonde, straying from beneath a velvet cap. And, seeing him, she gave a gasp. "I'm intruding?"

He tried to be gallant. "Not at all," he said.

"But the car broke down and I can't get to my brother's to-night. It's the big end, I think. It has been threatening for some time. I suppose you don't know anything about cars?" hopefully.

"I do NOT," said Clem with unaccustomed firmness. He had visions of himself being led out into a sleet-soaked lane and made to fiddle with magnetos and carburettors.

She noticed him more closely. "Why," she said, "you . . . I know your face. You can't be Clem Hart, the writer? You can't be?"

"I am," said he brusquely.

She did not seem to notice his terseness, for she took off her small cap and rumpled her fingers through the blonde hair. "I was reading one of your most heavenly stories only yesterday," she explained, "called 'One Christmas Morning.' All about Christmas. All about everything old-fashioned and delicious. Fancy, it looks as though we shall spend one Christmas morning together, and you simply adore it, don't you?"

That was too much for Clem. He took his old pipe out of his mouth, gathered up the sheaf of papers he had been reading, and stood up. Six foot one of him, dark-eyed, and dark-haired. "I hate the very name of Christmas," he said, "and that is why you find me skulking here. I've been doing stories for the so-called happy festival for the last three months. I've exhausted everything there is to say about it all, snowballs and snap-dragons, carol parties and Christmas trees. I hate the very sound of it, and you won't catch me feeling anything else about it."

He strode out of the room.

Afterwards he was ashamed. It was rude, of course, and he should have known better. He saw the look of alarm in her little pale face, the pain in her eyes, just as though she had been physically hurt. Her gasp, "Oh, but everybody loves Christmas," in pathetic youthfulness.

He went to his own room, and tried reading by the light of a couple of candles stuck in tin plates, the nearest approach to candelabra that Mrs. Thwaites could manage. Outside the wind howled. Somewhere in the distance bells were pealing.

He went down to supper, and saw her waiting for him with her shining hair and her bright eyes, and the funny whimsical little mouth that looked as though she did not quite understand.

"Sorry if I was rude," he said, "but you got against one of my pet aversions."

"But how could you write like that, and yet feel the way you do?" she inquired.

"Please don't let's discuss it. Can I help you to some cold beef?"

She looked alarmed. Well, he had particularly asked Mrs. Thwaites that there might be no pandering to the more usual course that Christmas pursues, and Mrs. Thwaites had behaved admirably. She, however, produced mince pies later. Clem supposed they must do something for the girl, and she seemed childishly pleased with them. He learnt during that meal that her name was Noel . . Nonie most people called her . . . that she had been born on Boxing Day, and that she adored Christmas.

Clem went to bed early. Mrs. Thwaites had pottered into the sitting-room and had started talking about the vicar's carol party to Nonie. That was a bit too much. Clem, as he lay awake listening to the gale, wondered if you could really lock the doors against Father Christmas, or whether there were not some magic in it, whereby he forced an entrance and came slipping inside, with that dreadful forced gaiety of his.

URSULA BLOOM

Clem had the unpleasant feeling that he was behaving like a boor, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself, but couldn't be. And, when he did fall asleep, he dreamt of a sledge drawn by reindeer galloping over hoops, and under the crimson hood was not the white-whiskered face of old St. Nicholas, but the little whimsical face of Nonie, laughing at him.

He came down to breakfast early.

There had been a dreadful transformation scene. Nonie and Mrs. Thwaites were watching him bright-eyed, yet rather guiltily, as though they suspected he might censure them. Paper chains hung about the mantel-shelf, in pink and a sickly shade of yellow. Somebody had managed to bring in evergreens. There was the gleam of red berries against the varnished darkness of holly. Mistletoe, a mere sprig, was suspended jauntily from an old beam.

"My God," said Clem, as he surveyed the scene, "paper chains at breakfast time. And we have sunk to this."

He saw their faces fall, but somehow he did not care.

Mrs. Thwaites faded. She had always been particularly successful at the fading trick. Nonie took her seat opposite to him.

"A Merry Christmas," she said faintly.

Clem had always put women out of his life. He could not stand sentiment. He could not stand scenes. He had a horrid idea that she was going to cry, and then what would he do? He pushed a small parcel away from his plate, while he poured out the coffee. Then he heard the first whimper.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

She was dabbing her eyes with a small hankie of absurd proportions. "I thought it so awful for you not having any pr-proper Christmas. And after all you said, I knew I mustn't believe you, because in your heart you l-loved Christmas. So I decided to arrange it for you, and give you a pr-present, and now it has all gone wrong."

She dabbed her eyes pitifully.

A PRESENT! It was some years since he had had anything of that sort, and then it had been stuffed into a small worsted stocking, and he had scrambled for it very early on a Christmas morning, in the time when youth realises Christmas as being the best of the whole year. He said, "I'm terribly sorry, I . . . I didn't realise . . ." and he grabbed the small parcel, going hot and bothered.

A silk hankie. A brown silk hankie!

"I meant it for my brother," she admitted, "but I can easily get him something else, and I could not let Christmas go by with nothing at all for you."

"It was lovely of you."

He was dreadfully embarrassed. Hopelessly embarrassed. Yet somehow the room seemed to have taken on a new atmosphere. The hideous paper chains became prettier. He noticed the mistletoe and smiled at it.

"And it IS going to be a happy Christmas after all," she said, and then, "can't we go to some little village church or other?"

A queer change had come over Clem. Ten minutes ago he would have seen the village church somewhere else, but Nonie had awakened the memories of his boyhood, when they had gone in a large party and had come home to hot roast beef and to plum pudding. There had been sixpences in the pudding, too! He said, "Rather; let's," and was quite surprised at himself.

Mrs. Thwaites in the kitchen could hardly believe her ears, and she made a hasty change in the menu, which was to have been hot lamb, and fruit salad, which she had thought to be as remote from Christmas as could be possibly managed, and in accordance with the gentleman's suggestions. She would give them the roast beef of old England after all, and a little pudding.

They went across the fields to the church. Nonie talked of his books. "I've read them all," she said, "and admire them enormously. I've always wanted to meet a real live author, you know."

"And I'm a boor."

"You're a dear," she said promptly. "I've heard about you, of course, from the Leymans."

The Leymans. "What, old Chummy?" said Clem.

Chummy and he had been at college together. Chummy had helped enormously with advice and cheerings-up when they were most needed in the career which Clem had chosen for himself. Only last week Chummy had tried to dissuade him from coming down to the Norfolk coast and cutting out Christmas altogether. "Christmas is a GRAND time," Chummy had said. Only he hadn't realised how Clem had suffered with all those multitudinous Christmas stories, snowballs and holly and mistletoe, carol parties, and nativity plays, Christmas stockings and trees. "Don't be an ass," he had retaliated.

"You see," said Nonie, "Chummy married a cousin of mine, and he always promised me that one of these days he would introduce you to me, only somehow, it hasn't come off."

"Well, it has come off now," said Clem,

Please turn to Page 32

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar. ***

Youthful Philosophy

"I never told lies when I was a boy, Willie."

"When did you begin, dad?"

GRIMWADE

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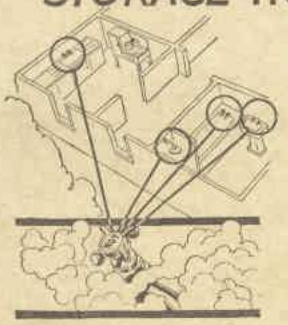

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SEASON of GOODWILL
.... *and Good Conduct*
Louise Mack Advises

Lots of people are getting ready to go and stay with other people, and the floors of many bedrooms are strewn with holiday suitcases and trunks, gaping open for their last consignments of dainty things from the laundry, and the crisp holiday frocks and coats that go on top, and the jabots and delicate white ruffles that go on the very top of everything else.

VERY serious, very earnest, yet very excited and joyous are all the intending visitors.

How carefully they go through their lists of what to leave, and what to take away. Oh, these pink slippers! Yes! For the pink kimono.

To see couleur de rose is such an advantage, isn't it? at Christmas time, when everybody eats too much, and old emotions sadden some who can't eat anything to speak of.

Oh, and don't forget your umbrella. And don't forget your fountain-pen.

"Merrun" writes of her experiences as a guest in the home of a selfish woman; of the fact that she had to carry her suitcase for a considerable distance to a place where the car awaited her.

"They blandly refused to meet me at the boat, just three minutes more for the car, but twenty minutes more for me with my case."

I QUITE sympathise with Merron about the car.

Surely, if you have a car, you ought to meet your friend, not expect her to come to meet you, carrying her suitcase.

What's a car for if it isn't to dispel distances and lift burdens?

It's a terribly small-minded point of view, and a horribly ungenerous one, that won't take the car to the most convenient point for the visitor when it's only a question of a few minutes extra for the car. How can people be so small-minded?

The answer to which is, because their minds are small.

However, I am sure everyone will agree with me that this is not a typically Australian gesture.

Also, it is painfully old-fashioned and belongs to the Year One.

NEVER in the history of the world has there been such generosity as the year 1934 has manifested. Never before have so many people given, because never before has there been such a need to receive.

The mode now is to lend anything and everything, from your pyjamas to your raincoat, from your card-table to your bangles.

You take for granted that you'll get them back, but, if you don't, like the man in the song, you take for granted, also, that "you've only got yourself to blame."

THESE are holiday ethics up to date, and I like them; don't you?

In a whirling, unstable world like the present, I can't see the sense of hanging on to anything that you might lend, or give away, to the betterment of a pal.

I like to see this wonderful "sharing" that goes on around us, sharing in order that a friend's party might have added attraction, that a girl may get just that effect she desires in her appearance by the addition of something one may possess.

Successful Guest

BUT when you come as a guest for a holiday visit all you are expected to bring is your good manners, your high spirits and your best clothes.

But you are expected to leave behind you at home any superfluous ego.

Too much ME is never a welcome attribute of a guest at holiday parties.

"I know," "I think," "I like," can always be safely left at home without any fear of being missed.

"Don't you think?" "Do you like?" can be admirably substituted, lending elegance and grace to the general convivality of the hour and the season.

Our Broadcast
... From 2GB

STEWART HOWARD, author of the recently-published and much-praised novel, "Forty-Six," will broadcast during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions from 2GB on Thursday, December 20, at 11.45 a.m.

In "Forty-Six," Stewart Howard leads you through well-known haunts of Sydney and into the gaiety of its night life. As you read the book you become, as it were, one of the characters, in a setting as familiar as it is attractive.

Many of you will read this book and enjoy it. . . and, by turning the dial of your radio set to 2GB on Thursday, 20th, at 11.45 a.m., you will be able to hear this brilliant young Australian author in person.

Some attractive talks and bright news items are being arranged for The Australian Women's Weekly sessions at 2GB by Dorothea Vautier. These sessions are broadcast daily at 11.45 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

In addition to these news sessions there are two celebrity recitals from 2GB on Saturday and Sunday night, at 9.15, when The Australian Women's Weekly gives you half-an-hour of new release recordings by world-famous artists.

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YOU WILL APPROVE ITS HEALTHY TONE

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EVERY TUESDAY

FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY 2D

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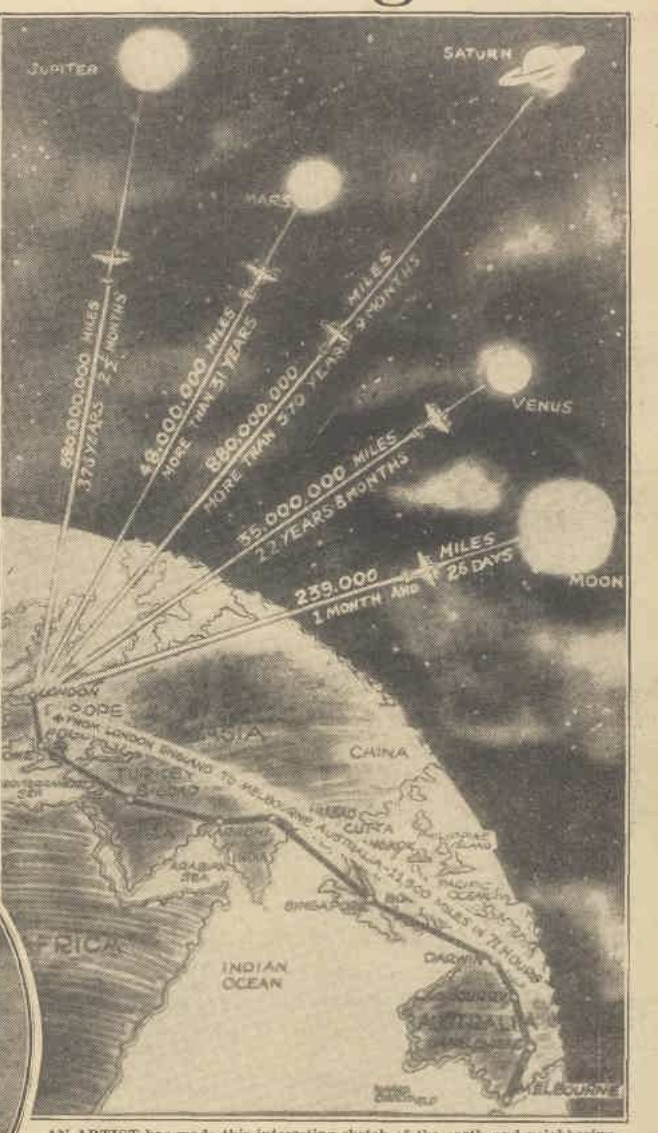
Sea Travel : "Streamline" : Coming Star

MEMORIES of sea voyages are revived by this snap from a liner's deck as it ploughs its way through the endless ocean; a little world on its own, cut off from everywhere.

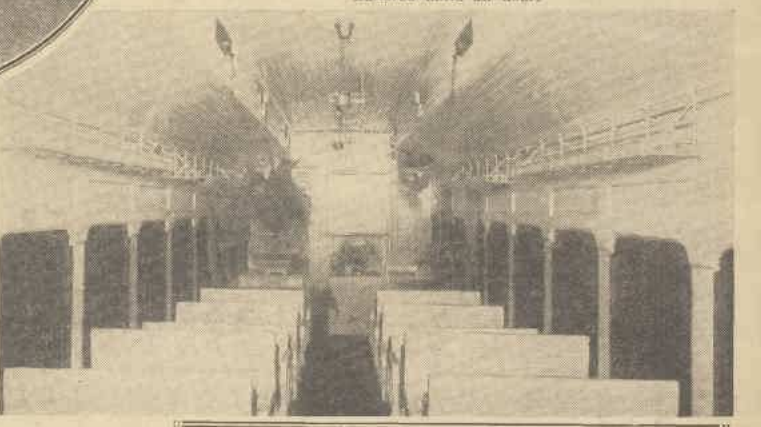
STRIKING COSTUMES for ballet girls in the new London show, "Streamline," which has been booked out ever since it started. That's the way shows run in London.



AN ARTIST has made this interesting sketch of the earth and neighboring planets with the times it would take Scott and Black to fly to each of them. As will be seen, from a study of the drawing, to the moon is the shortest trip, but even that would be too long at the mere two or three hundred miles an hour.

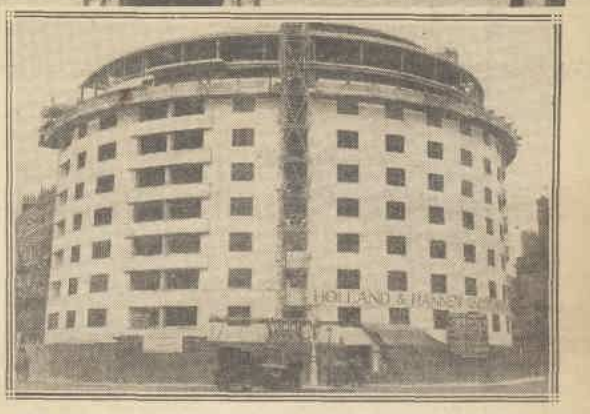
ABOVE: Leave a pail of milk unattended in the vicinity of three kittens and the result is inevitable. Apparently, even the photographer could not disturb this busy and happy trio.

LEFT: One of the many bush walks in Australia named after Prince Henry. The Prince has left, but signs of his visit remain everywhere. This walk is at Katoomba.



ABOVE: How they attend to babies in the Queensland bush. A photo of the interior of the Travelling Baby Clinic which goes all over the north.

LEFT: From London comes this photo of Frank Allenby, the talented son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gatehouse, of Melbourne, who is making a name for himself on the stage in England. He is seen in "Sweet Aloes" with Diana Wynyard, who is back in the flesh and blood shows.



THE LATEST in London flats, at moderate rental, is this round building in Cadogan Place. The aim is to get as much sunshine for as many people as possible, when there is any sunshine.

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Beauty Sleep - EVERY NIGHT

The surest way to retain the set and beauty of your waves is to wear a "Ladye Jayne" every night — thereby economising in visits to the Hairdresser. The "Ladye Jayne" is fashionably cut to a registered design. It fits perfectly and keeps the waves gently but firmly in position. IT MUST BE A "LADYE JAYNE."

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WEAR A Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET

YEHUDI MENUHIN ... to *Visit Australia Soon!*

Young Genius of the Violin

IT IS now certain that Australian audiences will have the opportunity of hearing Yehudi Menuhin early next season. No longer is this wizard of the violin described as a "boy genius"; although he is still young in years the maturity and the brilliance of his playing astound musicians the world over.

At his recent annual recital in the Albert Hall, squads of mounted police were present to regulate the enormous flow of traffic and thousands of his admirers were present to hear his interpretation of the famous Bach Chaconne and Lalo's Spanish Symphony, the principal items of the programme.

IT is not only Yehudi who shows musical talent in the Menuhin family. At his concert in November he was joined by his fourteen-year-old sister, Hepzibah, who played the piano parts during the sonata programme.

The third and youngest member of the family is Yalta, who is considered to be the most amazing personality of them all. At the age of twelve she finds no difficulty in reading by sight a quintet by Toscanini.

The three Menuhin musicians are all extremely tall and handsome, and are eternal enigmas to their parents, who are both just a few inches over five feet.

Since the age of six and a half, when he was signed up as star soloist by the San Francisco Philharmonic Orchestra, Yehudi has kept the entire family on his earnings, enabling himself and his sisters to employ seven tutors to teach them seven different languages.

Invaluable Help For Young Musicians

THE tremendous interest taken by the children in the recent series of four concerts conducted by Bernard Heinze in conjunction with the Australian Broadcasting Orchestra makes us wonder what further efforts will be made in the musical education of Young Australia.

During the four performances, each instrumentalist was instructed to play a few phrases on his instrument to demonstrate the tone and type. This was followed by each instrument in the series, and simple melodies were played by each group in turn.

A programme of varied interest was then played to children who had acquired an elementary knowledge of the making up of the orchestra and who formed a most appreciative audience.

A monthly concert conducted along the same lines, gradually increasing in instruction to more advanced compositions, would prove of infinite value to budding musicians of all ages.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, the violin genius of the age, who will visit Australia early next year.

Orchestral Work

DR. EDGAR BAINTON has already outlined an ambitious programme for next season in Sydney. There will be six or eight concerts given by the newly-formed State Symphony Orchestra. The programmes will follow the already popular custom of interspersing lighter items with the classics of music history. Public support will be needed for a continuation of the series, and it is confidently thought that the musical coterie will rally to the awakening of new influences in orchestral activities.

The Conservatorium Orchestra will give eight concerts and will include the Delibes Concerto with Percy Grainger playing the piano part at one of the performances.

Mr. Grainger will also combine with the Conservatorium Quartet in the interpretation of a number of his own compositions.

Messiah for Christmas

TO British people throughout the Empire no Christmas season is complete without hearing a performance of Handel's "Messiah." The Royal Philharmonic Society, under the baton of Mr. Howard Carr, will interpret the great masterpiece at the Sydney Town Hall on Christmas night. The soloists selected for the event are Mollie de Gunst, Merle Amber, Stanley Clarkson and Lance Jeffree.

With such strong support, that society can be depended upon to give a stirring performance. A national broadcast will relay the Centenary Festival of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, which will be conducted by Professor Bernard Heinze with a full professional orchestra. This society was founded under the conductorship of Mr. John Russell on December 24, 1853.

Popular Pipe Playing

THE playing of pipes has become a feature of the musical life in England and the Continent, and the cheapness of the instruments and the simplicity of the movement should meet with popular approval in this country.

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Ramsay Pennicuick of the Sydney Conservatorium staff composed a Minuet for these instruments and sent it to an interested friend in London. He has just heard that his work was played by the winning quartet at a recent festival at Oxford and was so enthusiastically received that it had to be repeated three times.

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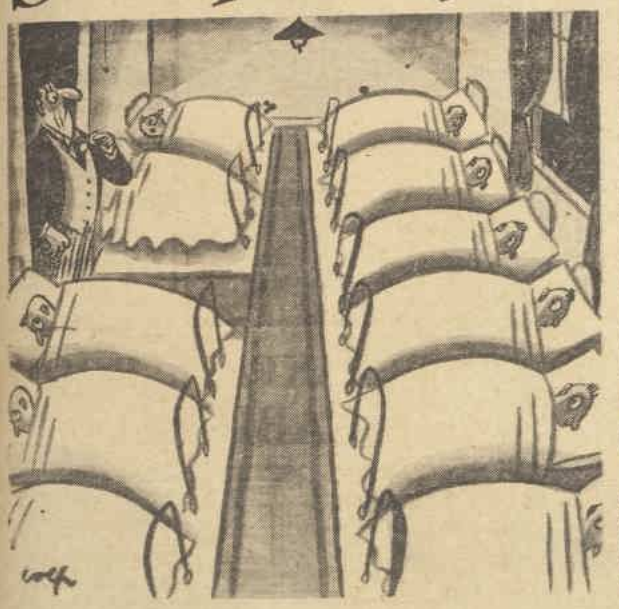
Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

Conducted by
By L. W. LOWER



"Who is talking in bed?"
"Me, sir!"
"Who is 'me'?"
"I am, sir."

WIFE No. 692: Do you really think I'm your affinity, Solly?
KING SOLOMON: My dear, you're one in a thousand.

"Aw, gorn! Daddy, let me be Santa Claus this Christmas!"

"These girls who dress in men's clothing make me tired. Just look at that one over there."
"That, sir, is my daughter!"
"Oh! sorry, old man, I had no idea you were her father."
"I'm not, I'm her mother."

"Demolish it, Pierre; Madam has changed her mind again."

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Grass Widower: There are no more clean pots left!

RODNEY (after being at Sunday School): Say, Dad, our lesson to-day told about the evil spirits entering the swine.
Father: Yes, my son. What do you wish to know?
Rodney: Was that the way they got the first deviled ham?

SMITH: Are you economising at your house?
Brown: No, we're simply eating less for the same money.

TEACHER: Yes, children, mushrooms always grow in damp places.
Inquisitive Bobby: Please, teacher, is that why they always look like umbrellas?

THE lady of the house was engaging a new maid.
"And what is your religion?" she asked.
"Well, Mum," replied the girl, "mother goes to church and father goes to chapel, but, speaking for myself, I'm wireless."

THE applicant for an insurance policy was being given a medical examination.
"Did you ever have a serious illness?" asked the physician.
"No."
"Did you ever have an accident?"
"No."
"Never had an accident?"
"Never, except a year ago when a bull tossed me over a fence."
"Don't you call that an accident?"
"Why, no!" was the answer, in a tone of surprise. "He did it on purpose."

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Special Xmas Box!!

£5 for the prize letter and 10/6 for every other letter published on the "So They Say" page is awarded this week as a special Christmas box and will continue until further notice!

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer."

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers, given in the poll taken on the page.

GIVE HER A HAND

IT is a strange fact that most people delight in discouraging others.

Being a prospective nurse, I have frequently told different ones of my future career, and from a few I have received encouragement. But I have heard in plenty weird tales of lonely nights spent watching over dying patients and other experiences.

I am constantly told that anyone who decides to become one of these long-suffering individuals must prepare to give up all her time and work unceasingly from morn till night, receiving almost nothing in return.

Although I am a normally strong, healthy person, it is believed that I cannot possibly endure the hardships and trials which a nurse is called upon to endure. But I say — why not encourage a girl in this profession?

£5 for this letter to Miss R. M. Cheffers, 22 Arawatta St., Carnegie S.E. 9, Melbourne, Victoria.

* * *

FILMING ATROCITIES

MAY I say how much I appreciated the editorial which appeared on December 1? I know of an instance not long ago of a screen film depicting an Indian scalping a white woman which caused a little girl's health to be almost permanently injured with the shock of this scene. It marred an otherwise interesting historical picture. It is time these atrocities were eliminated, and I hope your valued paper will continue its warfare until they are.

Mrs. F. Chapman, Gosford, N.S.W.

* * *

OLD YOUNG GIRLS

HOW many girls between the ages of thirteen and fifteen really look and act their age? Most of them dress and even paint to appear much older. Of course, that is in accordance with modern ideas! The girls are not entirely to be blamed as parents often encourage them in the idea. Too many picture shows are spoiling the girls of to-day. It becomes the height of their ambition to appear "grown up" and sophisticated. Girls should be encouraged to be their age and no older. It is their right to enjoy the days of childhood.

Miss D. L. M. Berryman, Poonindie, via Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

* * *

SNUBBING THE CLERK

IS it the outcome of resentment at their own ineradicable and childish awe of any form of authority which makes some people so rude to the clerk whose duty it is to interview them before they pass on to a higher official in the firm? The employee who fills such a position has definite instructions to inquire the name and the nature of business of the person who calls and blandly asks to see "the manager." If she fails to do this, she may take the manager away from important work to be confronted with a request for information or service which the junior typist could have given, and in such a case the interviewing clerk will probably be given a less responsible position on the staff—if she is not dismissed.

One repeatedly hears people who should know something of social, if not business etiquette, relating instances of their cleverness in snubbing a clerk. Small wonder if a girl's voice becomes sharp and her manner abrupt towards inquirers when her nerves become raw from dealing with this kind of person.

Isabel Morris, Galway St., Windsor, Qld.

* * *

UNFAIR EXPERIMENT

THE article "Strange Experiment with Twin Boys" was interesting, but how unfair it was for the twin left to develop along his own lines! Just imagine the admiring parents and nurses at the hospital making a fuss over Timmie's latest feat while poor little Tommy would be completely left out in the cold. We are continually hearing that inferiority complexes are developed in the first tender years of life. It seems conclusive, and unfortunately so, that Tommy will feel his brother's superior abilities, and that this will hamper his success later on in life.

A. Palmer, Post Office, Croydon, Vic.

Suicide Blondes and Redheads "On the Mat"

I QUITE agree with Miss Frost that dyed hair is a rather ridiculous mode of fashion. Nature intended our hair to tone with our complexions, and to alter the natural coloring to the straw and henna shades so popular to-day gives the wearer a freakish appearance—unless, of course, the face can be altered to suit. Surely a head of natural-colored hair, with the gloss of health upon it, is far to be preferred to all the dyed and tinted coiffures that abound in the world of fashion to-day?

Miss J. Knudsen, Theodore, Dawson Valley, Qld.

Spoiling Nature

I AGREE with you, Miss Frost, about women dyeing their hair. Living in a small town one, of course, never sees such things as coiffures of orange-colored hair, but I can imagine what city folk must see at the entrance doors of beauty parlors: women entering with natural hair, but coming out looking freakish with rust-tinted hair or orange curls. And the curls are not even soft and silky, but dry, dull curls not suiting their complexions.

It seems that women of to-day aren't satisfied with what Nature gave them. Perhaps they're following the fashion, yet it seems to me a wickedly foolish fashion when women are encouraged so to spoil themselves.

Miss E. M. Carmody, Glebe Hills, Thangool, via Rockhampton, Qld.

Not All "Hideous"

SOMETIMES dyed hair is very beautiful—or, rather, bleached hair. The reds and yellows mentioned by Elizabeth Frost certainly look ridiculous, but when an elderly woman has her hair bleached to silver, it is an improvement on black or brown streaked with grey.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Artificial Dolls

MISS FROST, I agree with you in all you say about dyed hair. Natural hair, well groomed and artistically arranged, adds to the charm and attractiveness of woman. But these artificial curls tend to make the wearers look like artificial dolls—and they appear to be afraid to turn their heads, too, for fear of loosening them, I presume (not their heads, of course, but their curls!). One has only to note the comments from the males present, and one can easily form their opinion of this dyed hair craze.

E. McKenzie, c/o Guildford Post Office, N.S.W.

Calling a Halt on the Speed Craze

MRS. FREW (1/12/'34) is quite correct. The present generation is filled with the desire for rush and speed, and we place laurels upon the brows of men who respond to this immature desire on our part. A constructor's advertisement boasts that he has put up a mammoth building in 100 days. How fast it can go determines the merit of a car for us. If we plan to go abroad, the first question is, "How long will it take to see France?" If we decide to build a house the leading question is, "How long will it take to finish it?" We read with horror of disasters to trains, aeroplanes, etc., which we insist shall be speedy; we gasp when lives are lost and then calmly blame the controller because he was striving for a record which we would have applauded had he been successful. It is always how fast, but never how thorough! What should be the cardinal virtue of a people is our cardinal fault.

Mrs. Ann Antill, Burmima, Bombala, N.S.W.

Freak Nail.... and Lip Fashions

NOW—according to a recent fashion note—we are to have black lips and finger nails.

What a horrible and revolting idea! Bad enough to see half the feminine population with hands and months reminiscent of "Dracula's" she-vampires, who dabbled their fingers in, and drank the blood of their victims.

Properly tinted lips and well-manicured hands with dainty polished pink nails, enhance a woman's charm, but no woman of real refinement would commit the vulgarity of vermilion lips and finger-tips, much less black ones.

Elizabeth Frost, 1 Tangley Flats, Evans Rd., Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, N.S.W.

Don't Retard Civilisation

WHO are we to impede the progress of civilisation? For thousands of years progress has been on the march; why should it stop in the 20th century. Let us take a famous orator's quotation: "Civilisation must not go back, it cannot stand still, it must go forward." For years yet we will be having steam trains to transport us; air travel will not become general for another ten years; so Mrs. Frew will still have plenty of time in which to admire our scenery.

Miss M. Hand, 43 Margaret St., Sydney.

Week-End Cricket and a Baby to Mind

IN reply to K. G. Porter (1/12/'34), I certainly think the husband should take his turn at minding the baby. If a woman is working at home all the week it is only fair that the husband should spend an alternate sporting day at home.

Of course, there is the exception. The "gadabout" wife who is out the best part of the week must expect to stay at home and not deprive her husband of his pleasure at week-ends.

Miss E. J. Pimm, Millmerran, Qld.

It All Depends

RE K. G. Porter's query, it all depends on the circumstances. If the husband is the breadwinner and his occupation is of an indoor or sedentary nature it is generally beneficial to his health if he has cricket or some similar exercise and diversion on Saturday afternoons, and this in turn is a benefit to his dependents. While at the same time few women are so tied to domestic duties that they are unable to get odd half hours—shopping, walking, etc.—outside the house several times a week. Baby, also, is entitled to consideration. Nature has made the mother more useful to the average baby than the average father is. Much depends on the baby's age, of course.

On the other hand, circumstances may combine to make it a better arrangement for the mother to have the Saturday outing, but in the majority of cases, if there is only one afternoon in the week for cricket, best all-round results will usually follow if mother gives way to father.

A. D. Donnelly, Molesworth St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

Pay Someone

IF both husband and wife belong to cricket clubs surely they can afford to pay somebody to look after the "young cricket" for a while. Failing that, take it along, too. There is always someone near and willing to give an "eye" to the baby while mother has her innings.

Mrs. R. Shepard, 2 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

Let Father Take His Turn!

I CERTAINLY think the husband should take his turn at minding baby. After all, the ideal marriage is a partnership, and the responsibilities should be shared equally.

Is it any wonder young married women shrink from motherhood when they see a formerly happy union marred by the husband's selfishness in this matter? By all means let father stay at home one week-end and mind the infant while mother goes to sport, and vice versa. I'm sure all parties concerned will ultimately be happier for the arrangement, and baby and his dad will be firmer chums for the time thus spent in each other's company.

T. M. Crisp, c/o Post Office, Mackay, Qld.

Leads To Trouble

RE "Alternate Holidays." There is much to be said for and against. Husband and wife have a free time; form fixed habits; baby arrives—that means the giving up of some outdoor sport. Father's only chance at his favorite sport is on Saturday. Mother, if she is a good manager, can still have her one or two afternoons a week for her sport. Then, on Saturday, let her take the baby and watch father enjoy his one afternoon. Taking turn about soon leads to trouble.

Mrs. A. Piper, 7 Robert St., Artarmon, N.S.W.

Only Has the Week-end

PERHAPS the wife mentioned by K. G. Porter (1/12/'34) could get a young girl to take charge of the baby for the afternoon and so allow her and her husband to go to their sports on Saturdays.

The husband has only Saturdays and Sundays free, and it would be hardly fair to expect him to stay home and mind the baby while the wife played cricket. Nor would it be right to expect him to take a young baby along. Necessarily, it always falls to the lot of the mother to mind the little ones, and the above method seems the only way to get any time to oneself.

Mrs. E. G. Johnson, Grant St., Inglewood, Vic.

SINGING IN THE BATH

WHY has the alleged problem pertaining to the common weakness for people to sing and whistle in bathrooms moved investigators to suggest faulty, and, in some cases, asinine solutions as to why it is done?

I sing—perhaps it is really forged harmony, but that's beside the point—in my bathroom because there my voice is amplified. The sound of running water from taps is not very loud, even though it swells in a bathroom, but it is enough to force me, somewhat unconsciously, to tone down or close down. Most bathroom singers are silent when standing beneath a raining shower, but hear the same people when they are reclining, finished with their scrubbing, in a warm bath!

This leads one to the second contributing factor—peace and quietness. People who bath do so alone, and it is to be remembered that you and I are very rarely left alone. Bush folk sing and whistle most when they are isolated. Isn't that right?

Lucy Francis, 35 Freeman St., Fitzroy, N7, Vic.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T force your children on your guest's attention.

A PLACE TO CHAT

THERE is a great need in this city for some common meeting ground for men and women where those who have neither the money nor the inclination to visit picture shows or other places of entertainment can meet and talk on various matters of interest.

There are many nights when it is too cold and wet to sit out-of-doors, and the indoor accommodation provided, if within the range of business people's pockets, is such that it does not encourage men and women meeting at the same place.

Coffee shops are plentiful, I admit, but there must necessarily be a time limit for patrons at such places and, therefore, they cannot feel at ease if they stay too long.

Miss E. R. Welsh, 40 Darlinghurst Rd., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

* * *

MODERN SONGS MARRED

I AM sure readers will agree with me that the meaningless and sometimes ridiculous words of most of the prettiest tunes ruin them entirely. That charming waltz, "Adorable," is one of the loveliest tunes one could wish to hear, but I was listening to it the other night when the singer joined in with the utterly unmusical words, and the effect was spoiled.

Really, I think such beautiful, soul-stirring music as we hear on the wireless deserves words with some depth in them to correspond.

Miss Jean Allison, 42 Prince St., Mosman, N.S.W.

* * *

A MIDDAY SIESTA

AS we draw near to the monsoon the heat in the North of Queensland becomes almost intolerable. I have often wondered why in Australia we do not follow India's idea and adopt the siesta.

I am sure all outdoor workers, anyway, would hail it with delight.

A good, workable plan for the summer months would be a day commencing at 6 a.m., working till 10 a.m., starting again at 2 p.m., and finishing at 6 p.m. Thus having a 4-hour break at the hottest time of the day.

What do other readers think—particularly Northern readers?

Mrs. Pat Matson, Caben, via Mackay, Nth. Qld.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602559

A DIVA *on the* SCREEN!

A CHARMING PORTRAIT of Grace Moore at her ease.

GRACE MOORE ... *of the beautiful* Soprano Voice

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

Grace Moore, who will be seen and heard shortly by Australian audiences in "One Night of Love," is a living proof of the old adage that "it's dogged as does it."

Success has not dropped into her lap. Her record so far is one of tremendous endeavor. But she has her reward, while still young, in the distinguished position she has attained and in the knowledge, dear beyond measure to the artist, that she brings delight to her audiences.

GRACE MOORE was born in a little town of Tennessee, U.S.A., on December 5, 1901. The circumstances of her early years and upbringing scarcely point to what she has since become. Her father was Colonel R. L. Moore, and she was educated at public schools, and finally at the Jellicoe and Ward Belmont school in Nashville, Tennessee.

She seems to have been brought up in an atmosphere of careful piety, and to have felt quite early the influence of religion. For during the years of adolescence she sang in the church choir and was a Sunday School teacher. In fact, she fully intended to become a missionary.

But her vocation was for other work.

Mary Garden

WHILE she was attending finishing school at Nashville she heard the American prima donna, Mary Garden, sing. That turned her purpose. Could she, too, train her voice for opera?

She wrote to Mary Garden for advice, and got it. That was the beginning of a friendship and a correspondence that lasted for many years.

From that time she worked hard at the preliminaries of her new career. She never let up, and she refused to be discouraged by the setbacks which are bound to occur before any big ambition is realised.

She studied singing in Washington under Dr. Marafioti and Albert Carre, and appeared with Martinelli in a Washington concert while attending school. However, impatient for quicker advance, she ran away from school to take her first part on the professional stage in Boston, in 1920.

From there she went with a travelling concert company to New York, appearing in the same play, "Hitchy Koo." There followed some years of playing in various Broadway musical successes, then Miss Moore, now an established musical comedy favorite, ventured to ask for an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926.

WHEN she was told that her voice was not suitable for grand opera it was a bitter blow. But she did not allow that to down her. She made a bet with the late Otto Kahn that within two years she would have a contract for the Metropolitan, and she straightway rushed off to Italy to study with Mary Garden, who was living there at the time.

During that period Gatti Cazazza heard her sing in Milan, and was so pleased with her voice that he urged her to continue and held out the hope that he might put her into the Metropolitan.

So it went on until there were only two months of the two years left. Miss Moore went again to Gatti Cazazza and pleaded for a contract, telling him of the wager.

He consented, and after a final spurt of intensive training, with just two weeks of the two years still to go, Miss Moore made her debut at the Metropolitan as Mimi, in "La Boheme," in the early part of 1938.

Otto Kahn was present, and gladly paid his debt, acclaiming her performance as a great operatic event.

After that came three successive seasons at the Metropolitan.

IN 1930, Miss Moore made her first picture, "A Lady's Morals," based on the life of "The Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind. Later she was co-starred with Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon."

Though both of these musical films won appreciation, they did not place her among the stars of the screen whose names are household words. This field of the cinema Miss Moore wished to conquer also, which was only natural.

For this reason she welcomed the opportunity to appear in "One Night Of Love," and was so ready to back her confidence in herself that she undertook to do so without any salary being agreed upon. And it is apparent from the success of the film in the U.S.A. and England that her confidence was justified.

The Simple Life

ONE reason for Miss Moore's ability to stand the strain of this rapid climb to her present eminence is that she has always lived simply and observed the rules of health. When she is not busy professionally she occupies a villa on the French Riviera at Cannes with her husband, Valentin Parera, and indulges her hobby of cooking.

Plenty of fresh air, sufficient exercise, early hours, avoidance of rich foods and overheated rooms—these are the rules she goes by. As a result she has what so many singers lose all too soon—a slim and graceful figure.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★PECK'S BAD BOY

Jackie Cooper, Thomas Meighan. (Fox.)

FROM what we gather of Bill Peck's (Jackie Cooper) attainments at school it seems remarkable that he should have won a prize for the best essay on "My Father." But then the strong affection existing between him and his Dad (Thomas Meighan) no doubt gave him words. But a cruel shadow is soon cast over this happy relationship by the arrival of a widowed aunt who has brought up her offspring (Jackie Searl), a smart little knowall, to be a mother's darling. Bill, continually put in the wrong by the precious pair, and, as a crowning misdemeanour, believed to have put ants down his father's shirt, finds the position at last intolerable when he learns that he is really an adopted foundling.

However, the outcome of Bill's sufferings is never in doubt. A battle royal, in which a delightful, gentlemanly tramp (O. P. Heggie) gives valuable support to our side, rids the household of the designing woman and her nauseous child and Pekingese. Bill, basking once more in Peck, senior's, unclouded confidence, can take his tyke to bed with him again. Pretty boys, you will notice, are rarely selected for film heroes. Jackie Searl generally plays the sneak, and does it very capably, whereas ferociously plain, bullheaded youngsters, like the other Jackie, have a monopoly of sterling qualities and the warm goodwill of audiences. It is the law of compensation probably.—Plaza.

★ GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

Dolly Haas, Esmond Knight, Cyril Maude. (B.I.P.)

AS Cyril Maude says, in the role of the old duke whose alternations of crustiness and geniality markedly assist the comedy of the film, it is extraordinary that anyone should be taken in by a girl masquerading as a boy. But there have been historical cases, of course. And Dolly Haas, a newcomer from Holland to English films, is as likely as anyone to pull it off. She gives an attractively impish performance as the half-French granddaughter who invades the exclusively masculine household of the duke in the character of newly-found grandson. She skates well over thin ice in her introduction to her grandfather's hard-drinking old cronies and her method of dealing with the hero's (Esmond Knight) boxing instruction shows presence of mind.

Edward Chapman, an actor of individuality whom we are glad to see again, is amusing as the butler. The settings of the film are particularly pleasing. It is altogether an agreeable piece of froth and sentiment.—Embassy, com. Dec. 14.

★ KANSAS CITY PRINCESS

Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert. (Warner Bros.)

THAT sportive pair, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, romp through this farce in characteristic style, involving themselves and others in awkward situations and scattering wisecracks as they go. They are first seen as manicurists in Kansas City. But no job as tame as that could hold them for long. A little misunderstanding about a flash diamond engagement-ring forces them to escape the wrath of Miss Blondell's gangster lover (Robert Armstrong), the sort of jealous individual who does not wait for an answer. And, presto, they are on the train for New York, mingling with a contingent of what look like Girl Guides. Then just in time they leap on to a liner bound for Paris.

Always resourceful, whether it is a matter of getting the price of their steamer tickets from a pair of Ohio aldermen out for a spree, or fastening on to a millionaire (Hugh Herbert) who seems an easy mark, they still cannot shake off Armstrong, who is pretty resourceful, too, in his blunt way. However, in the Parisian hotel where they all fetch up, misunderstandings are straightened out to everybody's satisfaction. It is the pace in farce that matters most of all, and these players keep it up unflaggingly.—Regent; com. Dec. 14

★ THE DRAGON MURDER CASE

Warren William, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Warner Bros.)

A NEW Philo Vance here makes his bow in the person of Warren William, who is more debonair than William Powell, but no less tranquilly sure to get his man. Eugene Pallette is again the breezy chump, Sergeant Heath, wishing to arrest practically everybody in turn but the real criminal, and finally standing by for congratulations. There is also the same little coroner as in "The Kennel Murder Case," continually dragged away complaining from his meals to inspect a fresh corpse.

As in "The Kennel Murder Case," too, there is an element of the exotic. The owner of the house and grounds in which the murders take place is a specialist in under-water life, and has a marvellous display of rare fish on view in glass tanks, which are excellently photographed. But the suggestion of eeriness is due principally to the theory, promulgated by the owner's half-crazy old mother, that there is a sort of Loch Ness monster living at the bottom of the private swimming pool, which likes to make a meal of human flesh once in a way. A very efficient performance.—Capitol; com. Dec. 21.

★ CASH

Wendy Barrie, Robert Donat, Edmund Gwenn. (London Films; U.A.)

HERE is a piece of airy entertainment to be appreciated by those who like a cleverly-fitted pattern, but with small appeal to those who look for real life naturalism. Edmund Gwenn, that versatile character actor, is a company promoter whose fortunes have toppled in the depression. But the visits of duns and bailiffs to his almost servantless mansion cannot entirely quench his optimism. The mere sight of a goodly sum of paper money in the hands of the young electrician who has come to cut off the light sends his hopeful schemes of speculation rocketing sky high.

How the young man (Robert Donat), already attracted by Gwenn's charming daughter (Wendy Barrie), is induced to pose as chairman of a new company and dazzle three other reluctant financiers with a casual display of the notes; and how finally the notes flicker away and their passing is of no consequence provides some excellent material. There is a vein of satire running through the farce, and an amusing use of repetition in the dialogue and movements of this stylised production. The acting also is conspicuously adroit.—Civic; com. Dec. 14.

★ THANK YOUR STARS

Jack Oakie, Dorothy Dell. (Paramount.)

ANOTHER film of life behind the scenes in the entertainment business. It ranges extensively over the doings of a troupe engaged in "side-shows," through vaudeville acts and night clubs, and also includes the poisonous activities of a gossip columnist over the wireless.

Passions run hot in this world of make believe. There is the glib and smiling Jack Oakie, deeply in love with Dorothy Dell, whose crooning affects us differently from all the people in the film. She, too, less credibly perhaps, is just as deeply in love with Oakie, though the inevitable misunderstanding caused by his reckless gambling sunders them for a while, and he sinks to spruiking for a flea circus with only the faithful old war horse, Alison Skipworth, for a companion. Then there is Roscoe Karns, tortured by jealousy, even during his record-breaking stunt on top of the flagpole, over that pretty little wheedler, Arline Judge—and with sufficient reason. The upward progress of Ben Bernie's dance band punctuates the story, which moves with persuasive efficiency. But the columnist's change of heart after the thrashing strikes us as too sentimental a touch.—Capitol; com. Dec. 14.

★ I'LL FIX IT

Jack Holt, Mona Barrie. (Columbia.)

FOR Australian audiences the chief interest of this film lies in Mona Barrie, who improves in looks and in the polish of her acting with every picture. This young player brings a note of distinction to her parts through the superior quality of her voice and speech, and she impresses one always as having good sense and intelligence as well as beauty. Here she is a conscientious schoolteacher in an American town who does not see why she should waive school discipline in favor of the young brother of the town treasurer (Jack Holt), who is used to "fixing" things with everybody else.

It looks like the old problem of the irresistible force and the immoveable object. But one of those fortunate accidents, as it turns out, occurs to the young brother. Miss Barrie at a public inquiry into a contract juggles evidence for the sake of the treasurer in a manner that she would have thought reprehensible if it had been a case of examination marks. We leave hero and heroine in a reconstructed Paradise where shady deals are forgotten and the claims of algebra and baseball are reconciled.—Civic; com. Dec. 14.

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Intimate Jottings

Did you know, my dear Juliet, that—

Betty Nicholl has left Sydney en route for Melbourne and Tasmania, where she will rejoin her parents, Sir Herbert and Lady Nicholl?

Clifford-Knox Wedding

DID you know that the Hon. Mrs. Lewis Joseph Clifford, who was Elizabeth Knox, the younger daughter of a former Chief Justice, the late Sir Adrian Knox, and Lady Knox, of Bellevue Hill, has a ready-made family waiting to make her acquaintance in London?

The Hon. L. J. Clifford was a widower. His first wife, whom he married in 1914, was Miss Amy Webster, and their three children, Lewis, Mary, and Rosamund, are living in England. The family of Clifford of Chudleigh, as you know, is a very ancient one. The family seat is quite an historic landmark in Devon, and the family crest is an imposing one with griffins looking daggers across a central shield.

Strange Birds

SPECIMENS of bird life hitherto quite unrecorded stretched their wings and supplied suitable decorations for the supper-tables at the Christmas party arranged by the Ornithological Section of the Royal Zoological Society.

At the table presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, a nest of hydrangeas sheltered two yellow birds which guarded three blue eggs of uncertain origin. Stuffed macaws of brilliant plumage were attached to the perches made of hydrangea-blossoms across the table where Mrs. F. Anderson was hostess. Our own native black swans also floated on a lakelike surface at yet another table.

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Amateur photography is being revived as a hobby among the smart set. Who was the "cat" that said it was a good medium for showing up one's rivals as they really are?

✣ ✣ ✣

Jingles and Jollification

ON the principle that it takes two strong adults to look after one small child, there were more grown-ups than children among the thousand merrymakers on board the Cathay on Thursday. Anne Gordon did a good afternoon's work by being hostess-in-chief, and, for the occasion, was all dressed up as Queen of Hearts, complete with crown. No one could blame the ship's officers for discreetly looking on at the party from the comparative safety of their own deck so high up in the air.

Lesser luminaries did their job with great thoroughness and assisted little Miss Muffetts to avoid the spiders and such nuisances with gusto. The Australian Mothercraft Society will benefit from the proceeds of the party, and the trainees at Karitane, who represented characters from "Alice in Wonderland," are expecting a nice fat cheque for the cause.

Cricket and Law

HOW Betty Archdale, captain of the visiting team of English cricketers, manages to keep such a diffident and unsophisticated manner is a miracle when one considers her achievements and travelling experience. Her bright blue eyes and sun-tanned complexion give evidence of the open-air life she prefers above all others. This, mind you, in spite of the fact that Betty is a Master of Laws of the London University and has political aspirations. Her mother, Juliet, is the editor of "Time and Tide," Lady Rhondda's popular weekly paper.

To gain local color Betty hied forth to Russia some little time back and insisted on seeing all sorts of interesting aspects of the Soviet quite overlooked by less enterprising travellers.

They Like Us

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Cecil Roscoe, who arrived at the Garden Club on Sunday morning in preparation for their return trip to England, are loath to leave our shores. During the nine months of their stay in this country they have travelled widely and like Australia immensely.

Captain Roscoe has successfully inaugurated a new method of transport for Central and Northern Australia, which consists of specially constructed tractor and trailers. During the time that practical tests were necessary, these charming visitors made their headquarters at Alice Springs, where they continued to find happy and cheerful Australians making the utmost of difficult situations.

Unpunctual Escorts

NOTHING lovelier could be imagined, Juliet, than the oblong basket of roses, half dark red and the other half deep cream, on the mahogany table at No. 11 Onslow Avenue on the occasion of Mrs. Rupert Furber's big bridge party last week. Doctors' wives were very much in the majority and their contract play was of a high standard. Quite shameless was one quartet who played auction, and liked it, much to the amazement of their more serious friends.

Never noted for their punctuality, the doctor husbands who called for their wives after the party ran true to form, and it was a drooping little party that waited in the drizzling rain, anxiously scanning the horizon for their missing escorts.

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Cried the fair young Stadium fan, excitedly, "Why, he's just champing at the bit!" Said her friend, "You mean he's just bit the champ!"

Christmas at Sea

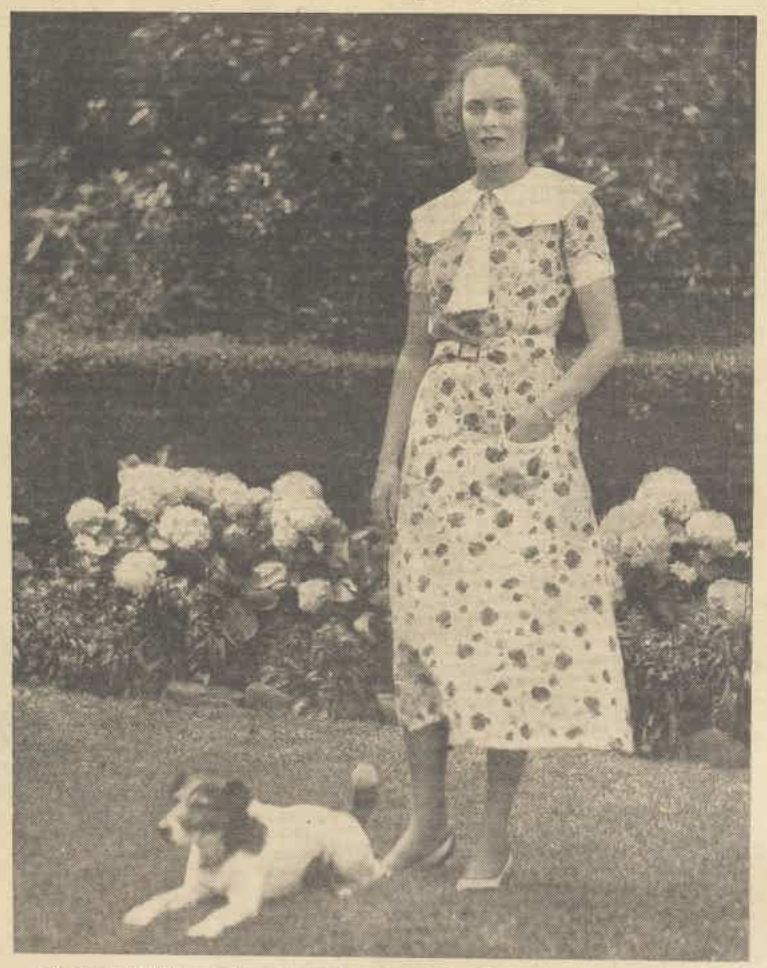
THE Doctors Murray, senior and junior, are leaving by the good ship Oronsay when it sails off on its Christmas cruise to New Zealand. They, father and son, so frequently watch the goings and comings of the deep-sea ships from their charming flat on the very top of Kingsclere that they evidently thought they would watch the swirling waters from a lower altitude.

Lots of other well-known city dwellers are determined to pull their Christmas crackers on the briny, and include Mr. and Mrs. Alan Grant, Sir John Harrison and his daughter.

Business Romance

THE two thousand pupils of the Metropolitan Business College are all agog over the recent wedding of their principal, Mr. Thomas Summerhayes, to his secretary, Miss Marjorie Byrne. Miss Byrne has held the job of Mr. Summerhayes' assistant for many years, so will certainly have an inside knowledge of her husband's business affairs.

The ceremony was performed at Strathfield by Rev. Victor Bell, an old school friend of the bridegroom's, on Friday afternoon, and from there the couple left for Springwood and a motoring honeymoon.



AN ATTRACTIVE garden study of Miss Sue Other Gee, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Other Gee, of Point Piper, with her dog, Peter.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Off the Beaten Track

VERY soon in the New Year Don Finley expects to be well along the "golden road to Samarkand." It is his intention to start forth with a party of ten kindred souls to Turkestan, Crimea, and Russia, where he will make the study of the theatre ancient and very modern his chief goal.

This part of the world is becoming quite the vogue with tourists in search of something new in the way of sight-seeing, and the recently-returned Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert speak of the many delights awaiting travellers.

Before Don departs he is arranging a talkie party at which will be shown a Russian programme of films, and then, as a final gesture, he will produce a revue with the quaint title of "Two Colored."

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John Wyndham was outstanding in the part of Mr. Prior in the Independent Theatre production of "Outward Bound" and received an ovation at the close of the play.

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Spanish Drama

THE Criterion Theatre went all Spanish on Saturday night, when Jean Bart's play, "The Squall," was produced by Gordon Forsythe. Mantillas and high tortoiseshell combs were the main features of the dressing, and Enid Lorimer, in the part of Dolores Mendez, in her black bombazine dress, looked the part of the Spanish peasant to the life. Sheilah Lloyd-Parry, who took the part of her prospective daughter-in-law, could not look like a Spanish peasant in any clothes, and her blonde beauty showed to advantage in her Sunday-go-to-meeting frock of voluminous folds and flounces.

The audience was not over-large for an opening night, but an enthusiastic burst of applause welcomed each artist and lots of flowers at the final curtain proved the popularity of the cast.

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On their recent world tour, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and their two sons visited no less than 25 different countries.

✣ ✣ ✣

Romano's Birthday

WALL trimmed up with blue hydrangeas was the stairway at Romano's on the occasion of their seventh birthday party on Thursday. Never have I seen more charming evening frocks, and the highlights I noticed for your edification included a pastel-pink satin frock which showed a deep rose taffeta underskirt when the wearer swayed around the room waltzing, quilted epaulets and paniers on a sea-green flat crepe frock, and the delightful contrast of red miniature lilies on the green and silver lame frock worn by Mrs. Billy Mackay.

"Giff," my dear, danced with Aileen Bell, of Coochin Coochin, Queensland, and Hera Roberts, both so very much taller than the enterprising A.D.C., and Denis Allen trod a measure with his sister, Margaret, whose frock was considerably shorter than the mode of the minute.

And have you noticed that—

Sydney residents are becoming more and more sea-minded and large contingents are spending Christmas on an ocean liner?

Jane Anne

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BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 11

CLUMSY fool that he was. How rude she would think him. He'd like to get up and apologise, and assure her that he wasn't looking at her at all. Perhaps that would hardly be complimentary. In any case, what a fool he'd look if she said.

"Presumably, that is why your eyes twice caught mine."

Or, worse still, if she said,

"Not at all. I was not aware that you were in the room."

Good heavens, what on earth was he thinking about? Had he gone mad?

He had.

The madness of love had descended upon Aubrey Easterwood for the first time in his life, and at first sight.

That night Aubrey Easterwood lay awake trying to conjure up a vision of the face; to reconstruct it, feature by feature; to see it again with his mind's eye as he had seen it that afternoon.

To his surprise he was entirely unsuccessful.

Never mind. He knew what it was like, and he knew that he would see it again to-morrow. Sooner or later he would be introduced to her, and then he gravely feared that, though not in the least socially-awkward, he would stutter and stammer and blush, and appear an even bigger fool than he was.

Who could she be?

That didn't really very greatly matter so long as she continued to exist in the same world as Aubrey Easterwood.

And suddenly he burst into song.

"There is a ladye sweet and kind,
Was never face so plea'd my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die!"

A bed at the other end of the verandah creaked. "Don't think me unappreciative, or less than delighted, but would you kindly shut that row?" said the voice of Stacey Burlestone.

Good Heavens, he'd absolutely forgotten that he was not alone in the verandah.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "I must have been singing in my sleep."

"Well, so long as you don't sing in my verandah . . . G'night."

She proved to be Mrs. Colin Mackleworth and curiously enough, it didn't in the least disturb Aubrey Easterwood to learn that she was married.

Young love is like that. While, as we all know, subject for amusement and ridicule, it is fleshless and bloodless; of the most crystal purity; ethereal; of the soul, the spirit and the mind; and, while the beauty on which it feeds includes beauty of face and form, it is not of the body. Nor, as a rule, does a youth's first love, gracefully known as calf-love, turn to ordinary love, its pure lambent flame light the fierce red fires of passion.

So Aubrey Easterwood was perfectly happy, gloriously happy in his love, in his adoration, of Daphne Mackleworth.

Life turned suddenly bright and smiling, and his heart sang within him.

Constantly was her face—and in sober truth it was a very unusual face and definitely beautiful—before him; her image in his mind.

Trotting through the dust at the head of his troop; following hounds at break-neck pace across terrible country in pursuit of the enduring jackal; schooling recruits over the jumps in the ride; at polo (and how he played when she was watching!); when attempting, or pretending, to read a book; in the Club bar when having the evening spot; at Mess when apparently listening respectfully to the words of wisdom emitted by his seniors; at his Physical Culture exercises; and especially at night—more especially and particularly at night—when, there being no other distractions, he could lie in the warm darkness and think of her, rehearse again every word of any brief conversation that he had been privileged to hold with her, consider ways and means and hopes and chances of seeing her again soon.

IT was not long before Captain Stacey Burlestone discovered the ingenuous youth's secret.

An observant man, delighted with the success of his scheme for rousing the boy from his introspective despondency, he had quickly noticed the sudden access of joyousness, light-hearted vitality, the new high spirits, the gaiety. The boy was tete-montee, bubbling with the pure joy of life, a new man. There could be but one cause for this.

There had been a marked improvement in his spirits and attitude to life soon after he had taken up his hobby of Physical Culture; and again when he found himself making unexpected, and indeed rather remarkable, progress in boxing; but this was something quite different.

If the other was good strong ale, this was champagne.

And even had he not developed the distressing habit of bursting into song—invariably love-song—and trolling snatches of ballads about ladies fair; and not only reading, but actually writing, or attempting to write, poetry, Stacey Burlestone would have known that Aubrey Easterwood was in love.

Captain Stacey Burlestone did not approve.

The less that impecunious subalterns had to do with love the better. It interfered with work. Marriage was fatal. When they married as young as that, it generally meant that they were in debt for the rest of their service. Not only in debt, but on short commons. Always anxious and bothered. Spoilt their polo, too. Couldn't afford proper ponies.

Aubrey had "great expectations," for he was the only nephew and heir of a very rich man—but it might be many and many a long year before those expectations were realised—and there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

However, it was not long before Burlestone, to use his own expression, located the seat of the trouble; for Aubrey Easterwood could not keep Mrs. Mackleworth's name out of the conversation.

This changed the direction of Stacey Burlestone's faint anxiety on behalf of the boy of whom he had grown so very fond. Handsome is as handsome does—and woman is as woman does. There can be no better friend for a young man than a married woman—of the right sort and the right age.

Mrs. Mackleworth might be of the right sort. On that point Stacey Burlestone reserved judgment. But she was not of the right age. She was far too young.

NOR did the impression and opinion that Burlestone had formed concerning her coincide with those of Aubrey Easterwood. Burlestone had a prejudice against huge dark eyes, for a start; and he didn't like "type" girls—artists' type, that is to say—whether Rubens, Burne-Jones, Dana Gibson, Barribal or Kirschner.

No, he didn't like "type" women; and especially he didn't like the Barribal type, in general—and he was not quite sure that he would like Mrs. Mackleworth, in particular.

Certainly he loathed "the man Mackleworth," as he called him.

Mrs. Mackleworth might be all right. Mackleworth himself was all wrong, and, in the event of any sort of trouble, would do something wrong. Something nasty.

Yes, he felt he was not being uncharitable in deciding that whatever Mackleworth did, in that event, would be nasty. However, it might be only a passing infatuation, the inevitable silly calf-love of a virgin boy.

But what a ghastly thing if so amazingly and extraordinarily nice a boy as Aubrey got involved in something—nasty.

He was so decent, so sensitive, so upright, so guileless, so ingenuous. It might be shattering, soul-searing; and do him infinite harm. Might do him every kind of harm there was, if he really fell in love with the woman and she led him on until there was—an affair.

He'd make it his business to get to know her, and to know as much as he could about her. Find out, as far as possible, on what sort of terms she was with Mackleworth. One could hardly imagine a nice woman being on any sort of terms with a man like Mackleworth, but you never knew. Women saw, or imagined, virtues, in men, that were certainly hidden from the eyes of their fellow-men. She might be in love with Mackleworth; or, at any rate, love him—and all might be well.

And she might be a thoroughly nice, normal, ordinary, good woman, fond of her husband and likely to be merely amused by Aubrey's devotion, even supposing she ever became aware of it.

But somehow he didn't think so.

His first impression of her was not wholly favorable. She was conscious of her undeniably good looks; pleased with herself; a trifle hard about the mouth and eyes perhaps; and probably as sophisticated as Aubrey was ingenuous.

And according to Moresby Wallingford, she was, on the authority of his pal, Hennessy Wogan, a lady of experience. But—Hennessy Wogan! One would prefer to trust Wogan's judgment in the matter of a horse rather than in that of a woman, perhaps.

On the whole, the other would have been better—Aubrey's falling in love with somebody's daughter, and the course of true love running smoothly . . . until it ran into the troubled waters of matrimony.

"Notice Mrs. Mackleworth at the meet this morning?" asked Easterwood one day as he and Burlestone sat at tiffin.

"Yes."

"Looking most amazingly pretty, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

Please turn to Page 38

GIVE *Colgate's* Cashmere Bouquet

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2. Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder: In pale green tapestry box, with dainty velour puff. 2/6.

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1. Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap. "The best loved soap in the world!" Gift box contains three cakes. 2/6.

7. Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box: Comprising Foundation Cream, Soap, Face Powder and Brilliantine. 3/9.

Stop 'wrinkling your brows' in the search for DIFFERENT presents! For here they are in Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet — fragrant with the quality of 128 years. Friends or relations—men, women . . . there's something here that all of them need — that all will be glad to receive — and that you will be proud to give them. And — though prices shouldn't enter into Christmas thoughts — all are very inexpensive.

9. Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box de luxe, embracing Foundation Cream, Brilliantine, Cleansing Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Soap, Lipstick and Talc. 10/-.

10. Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Creams in opal jars with jade-green tops. 2/6.

8. Cashmere Bouquet Gift Box containing Soap, Talc, Face Powder, Foundation Cream and Brilliantine. 6/-.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

December 22, 1934. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Charming Ways . . . of Introducing Interest to the Fireplace

. . . . . giving it a friendly air when fires are not!

There are two features which arrest the attention immediately on entering a room—one is the window and the other the fireplace. A leaping fire in a wide fireplace is one of the greatest joys of a home in winter, but in summer-time... oh, la, la!... an empty gaping hole called a grate is sometimes wholly discouraging and detrimental to the charm of the room.

. . . By . . .
OUR HOME DECORATOR

NOW, I have shown you three different types of fireplaces in the illustration, with three distinct suggestions for summery dress.

The fourth, pictured at the extreme right, is just a suggestion for a Christmassy treatment—a potted Christmas tree with garland over the mirror above. The tree can take the form of a huge cone, made with cardboard, painted green, and then decorated with a few silvery stars or anything else that takes your fancy.

By the way, the fireplace itself, as regards construction, is worthy of note in case some day you will build the home of your dreams—or reconstruct the old-fashioned fireplace that maybe graces your present living-room.

As regards the three fireplaces taking pride of place in this illustration, we will deal with the top-right one first.

An attractive screen has been utilised here. And how simple it is to make! The same idea could be used on a smaller scale to hide a gas fire.

The dark oak frame can be made up for you by any local carpenter at a very small cost, and then stained in harmony with the furniture.

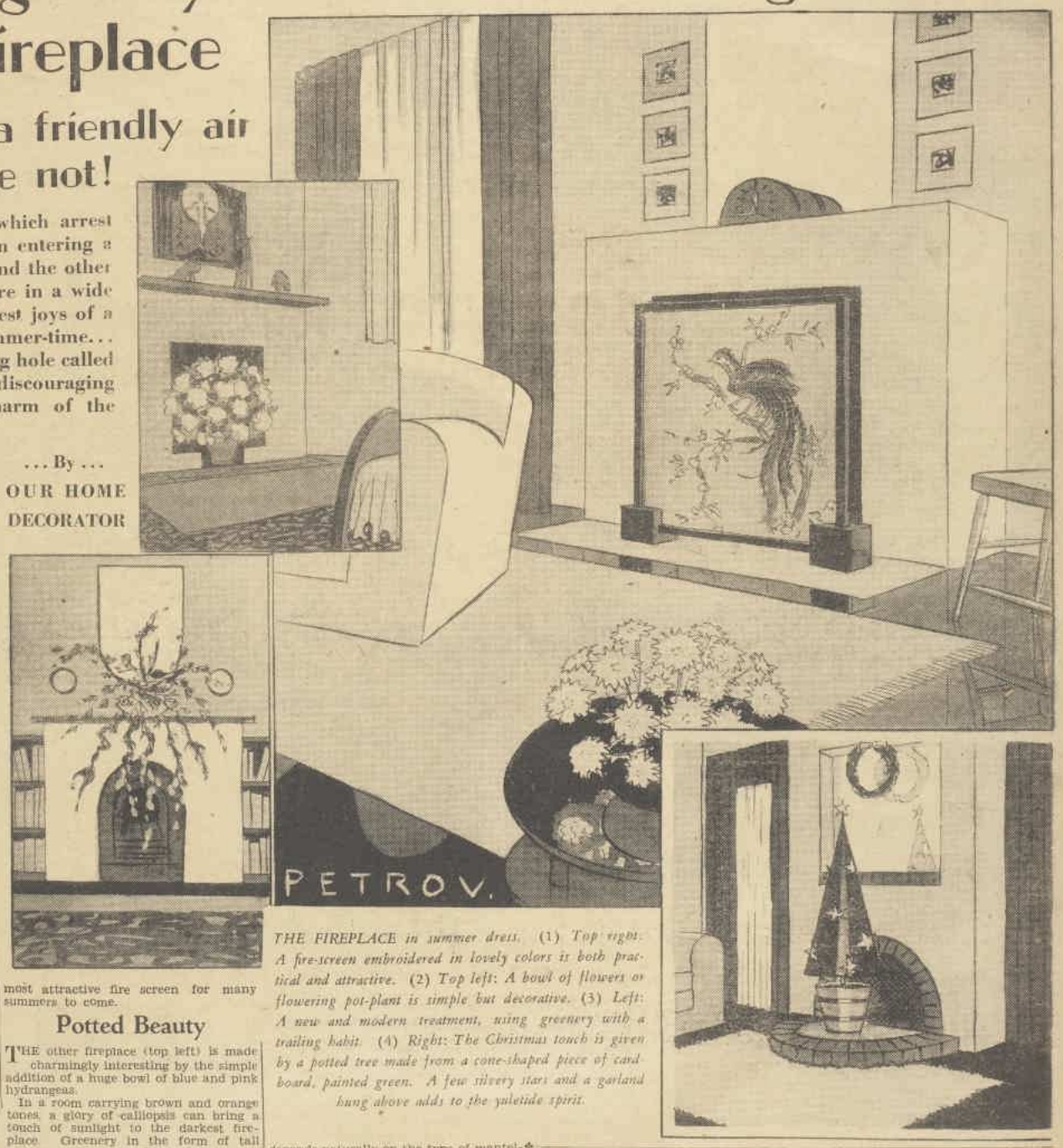
Our bird of paradise transfer (which costs 9d. and measures 20 x 30 inches) is ironed off on to strong twill or burlap (or even coarse linen) and then embroidered in bright, attractive colors to tone in with curtains or upholstery.

The embroidery is worked in close long and short stitch, and stem stitch.

Preferably, your colors should include rich greens, tawny russet, dull old rose, the soft red hue of glowing embers, a touch of primrose yellow, nigger and tobacco brown, two shades of fawn, and palest gold.

When your embroidery is finished, it should be stretched and framed and, as you see in the sketch, you will have a most attractive fire screen for many summers to come.

A MOST suitable design for a fire-screen. Work it in either silk or wool. The bird of paradise transfer measures 20 x 30 inches. Ask for No. N3020 when ordering. Price 9d. post free.



THE FIREPLACE in summer dress. (1) Top right: A fire-screen embroidered in lovely colors is both practical and attractive. (2) Top left: A bowl of flowers or flowering pot-plant is simple but decorative. (3) Left: A new and modern treatment, using greenery with a trailing habit. (4) Right: The Christmas touch is given by a potted tree made from a cone-shaped piece of cardboard, painted green. A few silvery stars and a garland hung above adds to the yuletide spirit.

Potted Beauty

THE other fireplace (top left) is made charmingly interesting by the simple addition of a huge bowl of blue and pink hydrangeas.

In a room carrying brown and orange tones, a glory of callilopsis can bring a touch of sunlight to the darkest fireplace. Greenery in the form of tall grasses, or any other light stuff at your disposal, should be interspersed with the flowers. Guinea-golds, just now coming into bloom, serve the purpose equally as well.

Not every flower is suitable. For instance, one could not imagine roses, the queen of flowers, hiding the grate.

Then again, flowering pot plants, or greens, could be brought in to display their loveliness before the grate.

Distinctly Different

NOW, the third illustration shows a distinctly different treatment again. This may grace the immaculately-polished type of grate, and covers, in its stride, the mantelpiece. Any form of greenery, for preference that with a trailing habit, would serve.

In this case, the mantelpiece must be bare of ornament or odds and ends.

The mantelpiece should be made a really decorative feature of a room. Too often, however, it carries a clock and an ornament or two just put there to fill empty space.

One does not wish to imply that it should carry a miscellaneous collection of stuff. The actual arrangement chosen depends naturally on the type of mantelpiece.

Experiment!

IF you have a brick fireplace, experiment with plates and a jug of leaves and flowers.

A brass bowl filled with choice blooms balanced with another bowl looks better than a shelf crowded with ornaments—however valuable they may be, or for whatever reasons you may wish them to be displayed.

In another case, tall candles and pleasantly colorful china may strike the happy note.

If you possess several lovely things, show them up a few at a time—change round a little. This is an old axiom, but it's worth noting.

Books are always a splendid ally in making the house look homelike, but their arrangement is sometimes a problem. Suitable book ends may hold a few well-bound books on the mantelpiece—if you favor such an idea; or for a few shillings a local carpenter can fix some shelves over the mantelpiece itself. These can then be painted or stained to correspond with the rest of the furniture in the room.

CLEVER IDEAS

HYDROGEN PEROXIDE diluted with an equal quantity of water will clean white straw or panama hats—apply with a cloth, wetting only a small part at a time, and dry with a clean cloth.—**Mrs. M. Ashwood, Brisbane St., Bulimba, Brisbane.**

AFTER TENNIS or strenuous walking the feet can be very much eased by rubbing them with a solution of methylated spirits to which a few drops of oil of lavender has been added. If you apply this before the exercise it will prevent your feet from becoming tired.—**Mrs. E. G. Johnson, Inglewood, Vic.**

IF STARCH is not available on washing day, use cornflour or malzena. Mix in the same way as starch, then stir in (while very hot) one teaspoonful of white floor polish. This gives a nice gloss to the clothes when ironed.—**Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra, Melbourne.**

BEFORE STARTING any dirty work, such as black-leading the stove, moisten a cake of soap and rub well into the hands until dry. When cleaning is finished, wash hands and all dirt will be quite easily removed.—**Miss L. Turrell, 188 Walkerville Terrace, Walkerville, Adelaide.**

TO MAKE hydrangeas last from two to three weeks indoors, scrape the stalks and burn, then place "head downwards" in water (enough to cover same) for about 10 minutes.—**Mrs. J. Moore, 89 Davidson Avenue, Concord, N.S.W.**

RUB STAINED parts with fine salt and water and the stains on nally ware will quickly disappear, leaving the cup quite smooth. Another way is to rub the stains with a strong borax solution, then with an oily cloth. This also keeps all nally ware bright and clean.—**Mrs. A. Martell, Bray Avenue, Semaphore Park, S.A.**

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LUNG TROUBLE

a progressively effective treatment, entirely different from all others, without operation.

Sufferers, not a few, but hundreds, who were the most sceptical "doubting thousands" regarding the marvellous efficacy of "Membrosus," are now the most profuse in their praises. They have tested and PROVED its worth for themselves. They no longer say, "It *can't* be *door*."

You, too, owe it to YOURSELF to try this thorough, reliable, effective remedy if you suffer from a LUNG TROUBLE or other chest complaints—chronic or otherwise. Remember the following reports are typical of hundreds!

LUNG TROUBLE: "I am progressing wonderfully. I have no sputum, my cough is much less, and I am putting on weight. My doctor only gave me a few months to live, but since taking your treatment I am altogether a different girl; everyone tells me now what a great difference they can see in me. My experience is that Membrosus gives you a night's rest; makes your voice stronger, makes you straighter instead of bent over, gives you a great appetite and also makes you much happier and brighter, and best of all a feeling of getting better."

CATARRH . . . HAY FEVER . . . ANTRIM TROUBLE

A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

It is the proved way of effectively treating these distressing complaints, and Membrosus, a tried and proved dry inhalation, has for years proved its remarkable healing capacity by driving out the toxins and germs which cause the trouble.

HAD CATARRH FOR YEARS "The stuffiness and discharge from the nostrils are steadily diminishing, and I find that my hearing and sense of smell are becoming keener than I have known them to be for years."

HAY FEVER "I am picking up my strength and feeling ever so much better. All signs of Hay Fever have disappeared, which is a great relief. The heat in the Summer did not affect me at all. I used to almost smother at night when it was hot."

ASTHMA . . . BRONCHITIS

POSITIVE AND LASTING RESULTS

Complete recovery without the slightest recurrence of attack from those distressing complaints is the experience of many hundreds of previous sufferers, who have used MEMBROSUS—that remarkable DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

For sufferers to recover as completely as to lose all distressing symptoms . . . to be able to lie down and sleep at night without fear of attack; for the mucus to be brought away easily; for those wheezing coughs to stop; for that tight, bound-up feeling to disappear; to be able to breathe freely at all times; to lose that shortness of breath, and walk up a hill, work, and play games without discomfort; for the attacks to become less frequent . . . and then to make a complete and lasting recovery, speaks volumes for **MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION** treatment, which is entirely different from all others, in that it is not inhaled merely to relieve attacks when they come, but by inhaling regularly causes the attacks to become less severe, and less frequent, until they clear up altogether.

ASTHMA "I have not had a sign of the Asthma for a while, so am sure I am cured. It is quite a treat not to be propped up in bed at night. I feel a different woman now, and quite enjoy my meals."

BRONCHITIS "My little girl used to dread us picking her up on account of the soreness of her chest. Now, since inhaling Membrosus for a few weeks, all pain has left her."

MEMBROSUS *(Regd.)*

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

which, in addition to coming into direct contact with the infected parts, enters the blood stream.

Send at once a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to "Membrosus," c/o Irvine, Ltd., Chemist (Estd. 27 years), 184 Victoria Road, Drummoyne, N.S.W. Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.

GASTRIC AND DUODENAL ULCERS

AND CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Sufferers from these complaints are now offered new hope of lasting benefit without special dieting. "GASTRENE TABLETS," a new Continental treatment, are now available in Australia.

The following letter has been received from a well-known Roman Catholic Priest:—

"The Gastrene Laboratories, Newtown.

"Dear Sirs,—For years past I was a sufferer with chronic gastric ulcers. Destiny had given up all hope of doing my duty. After treatment with Gastrene Tablets I find I am completely cured, and feel a new man. With confidence I can recommend your Gastrene Tablets to all sufferers from this distressing complaint.

Yours sincerely, A.O.M."

(Original letter can be viewed if desired.)

GASTRENE TABLETS are obtainable for 10/, post free, from N. P. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Univ.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown.

"Yes" Dying Out ... In America

CECIL B. DE MILLE, the well-known film producer, says that if Americans go on as they are now, dropping their consonants more and more noticeably, they will soon be talking in grunts.

Many aspirants to film fame, he says, cannot even speak, let alone act, their lines. Seventy-five per cent. of the extras he interviewed who were required to speak the word "wrestling," could only say "wressiln."

"Yes," he says, "is practically extinct, being nowadays replaced by 'Yeah' or one of many other abbreviations."

"Nobody now wants to go 'home,'" he adds. "They all want to go 'hoime.'"

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

When Baby Cries at Night!

By Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Babies who are perfectly healthy in every respect do not make a habit of waking up and crying throughout the night unless they have been wrongly trained in the hospital in which they were born.

IF baby cries at night, between the 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. feedings, there is something wrong, and it should be immediately rectified. This is necessary, not only for baby's sake, but for the mother, who should have eight hours of unbroken sleep every night, or, in all probability, her health will suffer.

Any of the following conditions would account for baby's restlessness:

(1) There is not enough fresh air in the room.

(2) Baby is too warmly clad or, less frequently, is cold through lack of sufficient clothing.

(3) His feet are cold, though his body is quite warm.

(4) He is uncomfortable because his napkin needs changing.

(5) His bed is not well made, and he falls over to one side of it. Make a "nest" for him, with your hand, before placing him into the cradle.

(6) There is a pin pricking him, or his clothing is rucked, or there is a flea in the bed.

(7) He is thirsty.

(8) He has wind in the stomach or bowels, or both.

(9) He is hungry.

(10) He is definitely ill.

Mothers, whose babies are in the habit of crying at night, might pin up this list beside the cot for handy reference in the small hours. By studying the list you may be able to eliminate all the causes down to 8.

This considerably narrows the field of investigation. You can now offer baby a few ounces of warm, **boiled** water from his feeding bottle.

Do not offer him any food (milk mixture) during the night.

You will probably find that, when he has taken as much water as he wants, and when you have "got his wind up" by sitting him up and gently rubbing his back from below upwards, he will settle down to sleep quite well. Change his napkin and turn him on to the opposite side from the one on which he was lying.

Avoid Night Feeds

IF the bad habit of night feeding was begun, while he was in hospital, you will have a good deal of difficulty in breaking him of this habit. If you weaken, and offer him milk, you will have still more trouble, as he will expect this night feed from you, just as he grew to expect it from the misguided nurses.

Every expectant mother should insist that no night feeds be given from the beginning. If the mother is constantly being deprived of sleep, and robbed of energy through having to give her baby an extra feed during the night, she may find that her breast milk will decrease. She will thus be forced to complement the day feeds with artificial food.

Therefore, when baby is restless at night give boiled water only.

If he is restless through underfeeding, give extra food up to the required total.

Probably Wind

IT is far more likely that baby's restlessness springs from wind and pain caused through over-feeding. If the boiled water does not satisfy him, and you have to get up again to him, give one teaspoon of dill water in two teaspoons of warm, boiled water in his bottle.

If you have no dill water at hand, give a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in a little warm boiled water. Then sit baby up to expel his wind. Afterwards tuck him down gently but firmly, and, having brought up his wind, he will feel relieved and fall asleep.

Should baby have wind in his bowels—the abdomen being hard and distended—give him an enema of salt and water, using one teaspoon salt to the pint. When this has been expelled, baby should be put back into a warm bed.

Guard Against Cold

DO not expose him to the cold. That would increase his discomfort. Warmed flannel, wrung out of hot water, may be applied to his stomach or abdomen or both, if necessary, to relieve pain. Be careful that the flannel is not hot enough to burn baby's skin.

If the cause of baby's wakefulness has been wind, study baby's diet next day and make sure he is not being overfed, fed too quickly, or fed on a wrongly-balanced milk mixture.

If you can find no cause for baby's restless nights, be sure to get medical advice as soon as possible.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Costly Carpet

HOW many readers could burn their carpets and find that they were worth more in ashes than what they cost when new? This actually happened.

A carpet which had covered the floor of a mint for five years was recently burnt. Throughout the years of its use little particles of gold-dust had been dropped by men making the coins. The carpet was cut in pieces, and the ashes put through various processes. The result was gold valued at £500.—**M.P.M.**

❖ ❖ ❖

A Canine Klaxon

RECENTLY I saw a car without a proper horn. Instead of this a small fox terrier sat on the seat beside the driver. When told to bark he would respond as quickly and as loudly as any proper horn.—**M.S.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Was It Inflation?

WHILE shearing on a northern sheep station, I was surprised one morning to see one of the shearers who had been gambling during the night deliberately cut a slit in the tube of his bicycle. He pushed in a roll of notes, and mended the tube. Then he put on the tyre, blew it up, and wheeled his bicycle back to his room.—**W.G.**

The Hat-Trick

ONE very windy Saturday recently my sister and some friends were very amused as they watched a man on a bike trying to retrieve his hat. Suddenly a gust of wind caught my sister's hat and sent it whirling into the air. To her horror it came to rest on the overhead electric wires. She and the others watched it, dumbfounded, wondering how it could be regained. Fortunately, another gust sent it flying back.—**E.C.**

❖ ❖ ❖

Very "Happy Returns—"

I AM the proud mother of three healthy children. My son, aged five, was born on Good Friday, and my twin daughters, aged three, were born on Christmas Day. Surely it is unusual to have one child born on the date of the death of Christ, and two on the day of His birth.

I wonder if anyone else has a record like this.—**E.S.**

❖ ❖ ❖

They Both Walked Home!

TWO women in North Sydney made constant use of land agents to obtain free car rides by pretending to be prospective purchasers.

However, one bright salesman eventually applied the closure. He drove them to a remote spot outside Waterfall, and told them to walk up to the summit of a small hill, and note the wonderful view. When they reached the indicated spot, they looked down to see the agent's car disappearing from view, while he waved good-bye!—**L.B.**

WHAT A GORGEOUS GIFT!

The New "Seventeen" Face Powder, by Kathleen Court, is a distinct achievement . . . the giving of a box of this powder to a friend (or to yourself!) shows discrimination out of the ordinary. Not only is the powder itself lovely beyond words, but the box is an artistic triumph. Neatly enclosed in a ribbon-secured recess is a little bottle of the incomparable "Seventeen" fragrance. Available in modess gradations of all standard shades. The whole set costs but 2/6 complete, powder and perfume, at high-class chemists and stores. This is the Gift of Feminine Elegance at its zenith, coming within the price range of economical good sense. Glorious "Sweetness"!

Kathleen Court (ENGLAND) LIMITED
324-326 REGENT STREET, LONDON

KILLS FLIES BY THE MILLION

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO RID YOUR HOME OF THESE PESTS.

3d. each or 5 for 1/-

ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

If unable to procure from your local Retailer send your Name and Address and name of this Paper with one shilling in Postal Notes or Stamps to

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P.O. Box 13, Rose Bay, Sydney

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive, it never fails.

Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start.

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63 WELLINGTON ST., KEW, E1. VICTORIA.

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery Cystex (Sis-tex). Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

FLY-TOX

Will Quickly KILL FLIES MOSQUITOES COCKROACHES

● Insects deserve no mercy; they are germ-laden, and a menace to life and health. Protect yourself from them. Spray genuine Fly-Tox regularly. Refuse all substitutes. F.1

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. "Established 24 years.">

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Naturally Gifted Men To Visit Sydney

Commencing January 3

Mr. James Lyons Mr. Barnie Lyons

Messrs. Lyons wish to announce that they have secured a suite of rooms at THE GRAND HOTEL, HUNTER STREET, and will be pleased to interview anyone on THURSDAY, JANUARY 3rd.

In the following we propose to give a brief outline of how Mr. James Lyons, more than 30 years ago, discovered that he was possessed of a rare gift that, by a simple method of manipulation with his hands, he could relieve suffering, and that years later how it was discovered that his son, Mr. Barnie Lyons, was also endowed with the same extraordinary power of bringing health and happiness and freedom from pain to suffering humanity.

BORN AT TOOWOOMBA

Mr. James Lyons was born at Westbrook, Toowoomba, Queensland. One day his sister, who was suffering from a headache, was unable to attend a social function, to which they had both been invited, so out of sympathy for her an in saying good-bye to her, he gently laid his hand on her head. He, as well as his sister, was greatly surprised when shortly afterwards she declared that her headache had quite gone. Naturally this extraordinary incident caused a lot of comment. As time went on many came to him with various pains such as headache, toothache, neuralgia, backache, etc. Some came to him believing that he really had an extraordinary power; many came to him openly sceptical, and even defying him to relieve their pain, but to their great surprise in practically every instance their suffering would cease after simple manipulative treatment.

NOT BY FAITH OR CONFIDENCE

From the foregoing statement of facts it will be seen that from the very early stages of his career that it was not necessary for the sufferer to exercise belief or confidence to be cured, for neither he nor his sister gave any thought of relief from her headache when he was simply saying good-bye, nor was it by the belief or confidence of those who openly defied him.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

It was many years later, when Mr. Lyons' third son, Barnie, then aged 7 years, was boarding at a college at Bangalow, on the Northern Rivers of New South Wales, that it was discovered that he was also gifted with the same manipulative powers, and was destined to a similar career of bringing health, strength, and freedom from pain as his father was doing.

Their success since that time has simply been a repetition of the Eternal law, that if a man has anything good to offer, it must eventually receive recognition, and the GIFT of HEALING transcends all other gifts, for it contributes to health and happiness.

Naturally, Mr. Lyons devoted much time and thoughtful observation to the power his son possessed in relation to the sick and suffering, and found by experience that they each had the power to stop almost any pain immediately. He also found that while his own gift had its greatest effect in soothing and strengthening the nervous system, his son's gifted power of healing exerted its wonderful effect in the blood system, by strengthening and stimulating the heart and the blood circulation.

This remarkable treatment has been responsible for bringing health and happiness to many people, many of whom had given up hope of ever enjoying a normal life again.

The treatment is not something that was acquired, or could be acquired even by a life-long study, because James Lyons was but 16 years of age when, quite by accident, he cured his sister's headache.

At the much younger age of seven years it was discovered by the Principal of the Convent where Barnie was boarding that he could cure toothache, headache, neuralgia, etc., by the touch of his hand in the same manner as his father. So it can be readily seen that the treatment is unique and original, and has no connection or even similarity to any of the generally accepted methods of treatment.

They do not ask the patient to exercise faith or confidence, so it is NO FAITH-HEALING.

They do not prescribe Drugs, Lotions, Herbs or Diets; neither do they use Electricity, Batteries, or Massage, or any of the artificial methods. The source of their WONDERFUL POWER IS PRE-NATAL. IT IS A NATURAL GIFT AT BIRTH.

FURTHER PARTICULARS WILL BE GIVEN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

Write to Messrs. Lyons, BOX 1219, G.P.O., Melbourne, for their book, which fully explains this treatment, as well as containing a great number of Letters, Testimonials, and names of satisfied patients.***

Come, Gladden their Little Hearts with a Party . . .

Children Adore Them So!

"Mummy, I've been invited to a real party. There'll be lots of games, cakes, and balloons; lots and lots of ice-cream—and a slippery-dip!" . . . Those very words were used by a wildly excited little boy this morning, and that is why I am writing to mothers everywhere to ask them to gladden the hearts of little ones with a party. School-days are over for many weeks to come. Christmas is upon us, with the glad New Year following—excuse enough surely for the biggest, brightest party they've ever had.

THE GREAT event of the party—the feast. Little people are almost as appreciative of the decorations as they are of the good things to eat.

ALL READY for the party—a happy mite snapped by our camera at David Jones' in a crepe paper frock made for her in their Demonstration Department. Country readers may have paper costumes cut out and directions supplied for their making if measurements and the foundation garment are sent in. The skirt length must be given, also waist measurement. David Jones' also supply books on the making of all crepe paper novelties, etc., for 9d.

YOUR programme must, of course, depend on the kind of party and the number of guests—a big party requires more careful planning than a small one. All the same, I think smaller parties are much more enjoyable than the more ambitious ones.

If time allows for it, a fancy dress party is well worth the trouble. It can be such fun; besides, children look such pets dressed up—the girls, say, as flowers, and boys as elves and goblins.

QUICKLY MADE paper cap: A pleated piece is added to the straight paper band, the foundation band of which can be a stocking top.

Crepe paper in its pastel loveliness or joyous, bold colorings, can be utilised so cheaply to make them.

I am given to understand that a little frock similar to the one the chubby mite is wearing in the picture costs less than half-a-crown!

For a girl's floral frock, the top of an old dress may be used as a foundation. The paper is cut out to this pattern and sewn on to it. This prevents the frock from tearing.

For a boy's costume, an old pair of pyjamas makes a very good foundation.

Whether they wear fancy dress or not, they love paper caps, and the cost of making is negligible. Here are given a few suggestions for caps which are easily made, and may be given to the guests to wear during the afternoon or evening—also note diagrams.

An average adult head size is 21 inches or 22 inches, so cut the patterns about 23 inches to allow for turnings, then sew or stick the edges and place a strip of paper about 1 inch wide round the head to prevent from stretching. The flower caps are best made up on stocking tops.

IF a verandah, small hall, or whatever room is used for the big attraction of the party—the feast—decorate it in some way.

Clusters of wistaria or large branches of poinsettias made from crepe paper make a wonderful show.

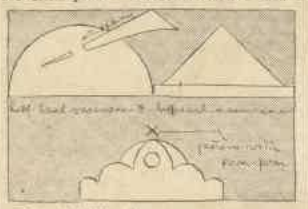
Both are easily and quickly made, and may be tied on to branches of trees, standing in boxes of sand, and tied to posts and over doorways.

A variation from this is to make a number of large, gaily-colored birds and perch them in branches of gum trees, and suspend others from the rafters on fine wires as if in flight (similar in this respect to our Christmas party decoration of last week, when little fish were pictured swinging from the ceiling on fine wires).

THE feast is, of course, the great event of any party, and little people are almost as appreciative of the decoration of an attractive table as they are of the good things to eat displayed upon it.

Where is the child who does not feel delightfully important at seeing his or her name on a little place card? The daintiest and quaintest place cards can be made from paper flowers, birds, or boats.

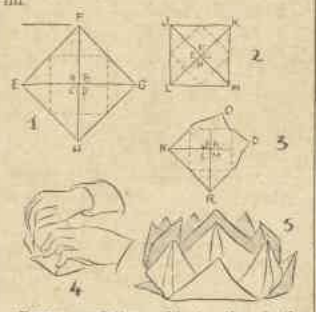
If a very special effect is desired, choose a flower the colors of which blend with the china used, and make a flower for each place. Put each flower and a leaf or two on a long wire stem, then coil the stem round to form a flat spiral stand. Tie the name card to the stem with ribbon, or slip into the spiral stand itself.



TO MAKE these attractive paper caps: Simply cut out two pieces, the straight or base, of which corresponds with half the head measurement, as indicated. They are then glued or stitched together.

Another way is to make flat cardboard stands and use the outer part of a match box. Cut out some birds, paint them the desired color, and stick one on either side of the box at the base. At the top stitch the birds' heads together, so that they are the same back and front. The name can be printed on the base or tied on.

Then there are decorations and novelties to consider. Big boys and girls can appreciate these just as much as little ones. And they certainly help to create the right atmosphere at a party. Many and varied are the flowers, birds, boats, caps, etc., which can be easily made from crepe paper. For the added joy these trifles give their cost is practically nil.



Paper serviettes add to the festive spirit, and diagrams and directions for folding them like a rose, as shown above, are here given.

THE ROSE: Find the centre of the napkin and fold the corners A, B, C, and D up to it (Fig. 1). Fold the new corners, E, F, G, and H, to the new centre (Fig. 2), then the corners J, K, L, and M to the centre (Fig. 3). Now turn the napkin over and again fold the four corners to the centre. Place the fingers firmly on the centre folds and, with the other hand, reach under and bring the first layer of points up (Fig. 4), then the second, then the third, and finally the fourth, until they form the rose (Fig. 5).

A tiny doll sitting on each small girl's plate, and some small mechanical toy on each boy's, adds to the interest and fun.

Some very attractive centre-piece should be decided upon. In the sketch on this page you will see that pretty balloons were used—quite pretty, too. After the feast each little guest is presented with one to take home and show mother.

Give them plenty of daintily-cut sandwiches, pretty little iced cakes, not forgetting the "hundreds and thousands," sweets, fruit, salad, or ice cream, if location and funds permit.

Always remember to get the party going as soon as the small guests arrive.

Games can be planned, and there are scores and scores of these. Our Children's Page often carries interesting and amusing games and competitions suitable for a party, so there is no need for me to give you any.—Eve Gye.

"THE SQUALL" At the Criterion

THERE was no lack of incident in "The Squall" produced at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday for a week's run.

The peace and happiness of a Spanish farmer's household is rudely disturbed early in the piece by the intrusion of Nubi, a Gypsy girl, portrayed by Daphne Winslow.

Protesting that she had been stolen by a wandering tribe as a baby, Nubi lied her way into the good graces of the family, much to the indignation of Don Diego, played in realistic fashion by Ward Leopold, who never for an instant was bemused with her glamor.

The men-folk of the household, consisting of Jose Mendez, played by Robert Burnard, his son Juan (Spencer Teakle), and Pedro (John Saul), all fell victims to the exotic charms of the intruder. Complications arose owing to the fact that the two young men were already affianced. The part of Jose's wife (Dolores Mendez) was faithfully portrayed by Enid Lorimer, who was quite aware of the portentous situation, but felt unable to take any drastic measures until Nubi had been given, figuratively speaking, enough rope to hang herself.

A dramatic finale, in which the trouble-maker was claimed again by her Gypsy lover, and the cessation of continual rain and wind, which had dominated the scenes, brought the play to a satisfactory ending.—V.M.

SAUNDERS

Christmas Star Bargain Carnival

Make Big Savings on Blue White Diamond Rings

"STAR BARGAIN"

This very Pretty Diamond Ring, with nine Blue-white Diamonds, Platinum and 18ct. Gold, reduced by £2/10/-.

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Ladies' Solid 9ct. Gold Watch, on Mesh Band, lovely shape, 15 Jewel high quality movement. Guaranteed 15 years. Save 10/-.

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Men's Gold-filled Watch, on Mesh Band, with accurate 15 Jewel lever movement. Luminous dial. Guaranteed 10 years. Popular shape, fits snugly to the wrist. Save 7/6.

Open till 9 p.m. Xmas Eve

Both Stores will be open for the convenience of late Shoppers. Shop in Comfort at Saunders'!

17/6 17/6

Solid 9ct. Gold Links, hand engraved. Strong Chain connections. Packed in neat Gift Box. Others, 15/-, 30/-.

Men's Pair Hair Brushes, Tortoise-shell Xylonite, in attractive Gift Case.

CARNIVAL PRICE 16/6

12/6 16/6

Latest Amber Cloud Glass Rose Bowls—looks like Tortoiseshell. Also in Jade Green color. Complete with flower-holders.

Usually 65/-. This Canteen has 6 each James Dixon's Nickel Spoons and Forks, and Sheffield Stainless Steel Knives. "STAR BARGAIN" PRICE 59/6

With "A" Quality Spoons & Forks, 75/-
With "A1" Quality Spoons & Forks, 85/-

SAUNDERS

805–13 George St., Railway Square; 385 Pitt St. (opp. Snows), Sydney.

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A TRUE STORY

By a Farm Mother

who learned in 1922 how to keep her family well with the doctor miles away

READ how this clever mother, who lived so far from the nearest doctor that she could not afford to take chances where health was concerned, learned how to keep her whole family feeling well and strong.

"We have been Nujol users since 1922," she writes, "because in that year Nujol set my aged father back on the road to normal health after a serious operation.

"Now we are on the third generation, so far as Nujol is concerned. Being a farm mother, miles from a doctor's aid, I have learned how essential regularity is in avoiding those ailments where a doctor is needed. We haven't the time, money, or desire to be sick."

Nothing we could say would add anything to this letter. It reveals a healthy history that goes back nearly twelve years, and shows how Nujol keeps all the members of this woman's family well. Three generations of health, thanks to Nujol!

If so many people have found Nujol such a simple, sure, easy way to be well, why don't you try it? Bring up your children on it and make them regular as clockwork. It can't hurt them, because it is perfectly pure, and it forms no habit.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form — Cream of Nujol. Cream of Nujol has a delicious taste and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no carthartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

Give

"Delysia Perfumes"

By FLORAYME

For Christmas

Lasting perfumes of Distinctive Loveliness that make all the Difference.

A Indian Bouquet. F. Frangipanni.
G. Eastern Bouquet.

Ask at Chemists and Stores for Free Trial. Prices, 1/-, 4/6, 7/6, 15/-, or ring X4147 for supplies.

VOTRE PARFUM EST DELICIEUX, says Mlle. Alice Delysia.

Obtainable at David Jones' Ltd.

FREE XMAS GIFTS

Dolls, Dolls, Dolls

Unbreakable dolls printed on cloth in brilliant fast colors intended to be stuffed. Made up in five minutes. Flower girl, 17 inches high, 1/3 each. Boy Blue, 17 inches high, 1/3 each. Surf girl, 16 inches high, 1/3 each. Baby Doll, 16 inches high, 1/3 each. Twin Dolls (Jack and Jill), 13 inches high, 1/- each, or the two for 1/9. All the above dolls posted free. Golliwogs, Teddy Bears, etc., Address as under. If stamps are sent 3d extra be added.

With every purchase of any two dolls, one extra Doll given free. Available for one month. Money orders to be sent to

Manager, ANGLO-AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. 82 PITT ST., Box 1163 HB., G.P.O., Sydney.

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets etc. INVISIBLY Re-woven.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.

90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6952

OPAL RINGS from 7/6. See E. E. Smith at "The Opal Mine," 113a Pitt St., near Hunter St.***

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Happy Solutions to Your Christmas Gift Problems

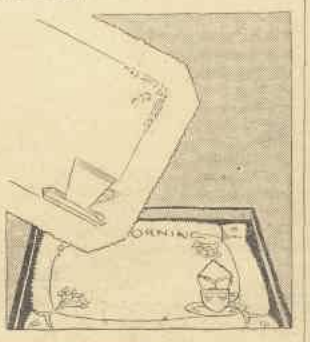
. . . Last minute suggestions—All of them Easy to make and Inexpensive, too!

Now, How Does This Newest and Prettiest of "Good Morning" Sets Appeal To You?

WHAT a delightful Christmas gift this "Good Morning" set would make!

A GIFT in which the donor has had a part in its making is twice as precious, infinitely more cherished. . . Strange it is, but even a trifling touch means a labor of love, and the present has greater value.

You will notice by the smaller sketch that there are two distinctive designs—be careful to state which one you prefer when ordering; also whether you desire the white or cream linen.



BREAKFAST in bed would be ever so much more inviting served on a tray with one of these novel cloths. In ordering, be sure to state your preference in linen — cream or white — and design. On the left is shown one of the original sets.

These new designs represent the Bulgarian or peasant type of embroidery, which is so popular.

The cottons, so bright and attractive, will, in your capable hands, soon transfer the traced designs to realistic loveliness.

You'll note that the serviette is tucked into the "cup" which is cleverly attached to the cloth.

Note the price for the set, including sufficient embroidery cotton, is 3/6, post free.

THE plainest little frock will take on an "air" with these accessories.

SMART SIGNS OF INDIVIDUALITY

Expressed in Little Feminine Accessories... Here are Two for You to Copy for Yourself —or Give at Christmas . . . .

IF you're handy with needle and thread you can copy this smart collar and cuff set, or the cute handbag.

The collar and cuffs are made from plain organdie. The fold-over tie at neck and wrist is tucked.

The edge of the collar is bound neatly with bias tape or with organdie in white or color to match the frock.

Often a handbag wearing an exclusive air can be created with little trouble and expense from almost nothing—and here is a modern example:

It was made from coarse linen fabric left over when new curtains went up in the living-room! The color, deep yellow, was worked in the manner shown with coarse sylko. A small steel or gold hobby button in the centre of each square gave it individuality. Try it.

A Gift Suggestion!

With the approach of the Christmas season, women, and for that matter men also, will be faced with the problem of choosing suitable Christmas gifts. A seasonable gift suggestion comes from Cutex, the world authority on manicure. The Cutex manicure sets will certainly appeal to discriminating people. There are small sets suitable for children which will provide them with the necessary education in the care of their nails. Sets for grown-ups in several sizes and very attractively packed. Most important of all, the prices are also attractive. The gift of a manicure set conveys a delicate compliment besides being a very charming and thoughtful gift.

DON'T... FORGET

THE Theatrical Garden Party, to be held in the grounds of Government House, on January 11, in aid of the District Nursing Association, and the Bush Nursing Association.

☆ ☆ ☆

A lecture to be given by Miss Elsie Regnet on the Oberammergau Passion Play to members of the Junior Theatre League on Sunday, December 23, at the Independent Theatre.

☆ ☆ ☆

The farewell luncheon in honor of Lady Game at the Women's Country Club on January 2.

☆ ☆ ☆

The final performance of "Counsellor-at-Law" by Elmer Rice, produced by the Independent Theatre at the Savoy Theatre on December 22.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual Christmas tree party to be held in the grounds of the Norland Nursing College, Charlotte Street, Ashfield, on December 22.

☆ ☆ ☆

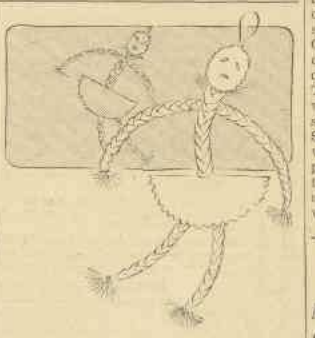
The second performance of "Everyman of Everystreet," by Mary D. Steele, produced by the Sydney Players' Club at St. James' Hall, Phillip Street, on December 22.

☆ ☆ ☆

Matinee performances of "Peter Pan," to be performed by the Independent Theatre at the Savoy Theatre on December 22, 24, and 29.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Legacy Club Children's Picnic, on December 22, at Clifton Gardens. Contributions will be received by Padre Baker, Welfare Officer, Legacy Club, Queen Victoria Buildings.



WHO LOVES a mascot—here's Minnie just begging to be made so that she might swing gracefully in the car or hang above the dressing table in your study.

A Cute Mascot

THERE are always a number of young people who adore mascots, and if you know of someone who'd appreciate Minnie the Mascot—give him!

All you need are five skeins of wool in any desired color and one of black, and some scraps of felt.

Cut two ovals of felt for the face, 2½ inches deep, fill with tissue paper and stitch together.

For the body just cut a skein of wool in three, place pieces together, fold in half and plait, binding the ends.

Untwist two skeins for the legs, cut one end. Slip through the body and make two plaits.

The arms are made in the same way.

Cut a circle of felt four inches in diameter for the skirt.

Blanket stitch with black, make a small centre hole, and slip over legs.

Work the features in black and hang by a loop through the head, as shown.

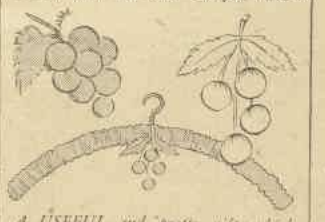
Useful and Gay

Moth Ball "Fruit" Decorations for Coat-Hangers. . .

SCRAPS of organdie or red and green silk, some pliable wire, cotton, and mothballs make this dainty and most useful Christmas gift.

Cover the hangers in the usual manner. Then cut circles of red silk, draw them up with a mothball in each, make a stalk of cotton (stranded cotton is best), and sew neatly into the top of the red silk.

Leaves can be made from green silk "veined" with the wire. So you have a bunch of "cherries" decorating your coat-hanger, to scare moths away.



A USEFUL and pretty gift which can be swiftly made and costs a mere trifle.

"Grapes" can be made the same way, using organdie or silk in mauve and purple shades, with a single leaf added if you have time and inclination.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

EVENING GARDEN Face Powder

2/6

AND GARDEN OF LILAC

1/6

by Imex

LAUGH AT PAIN

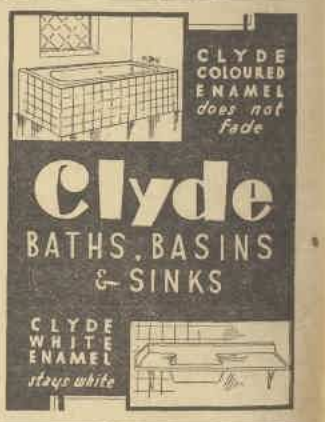
1/6 FOR 12 POWDERS OR 25 TABLETS

Amazing instant relief from Backache, Headaches and nervous disorders is given by "Presto". Take a "Presto" Powder or Tablet at the first signs of the attack and repeat every three or four hours, if necessary. You can take "Presto" with absolute safety—it contains no drugs.

PRESTO HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS

v.a.a. At All Chemists and Stores

MAGIC PAIN RELIEF



CLYDE COLOURED ENAMEL does not fade

Clyde BATHS, BASINS & SINKS

CLYDE WHITE ENAMEL stays white

Good cooks salute you-

if you use FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER

MAKE INTERESTING NEW FRIENDS BY MAIL. Correspondents all over Australia. Send P.N., 2/6, only fee, to Miss Shirley Keene, Box 18, P.O., Cooges.

A FREE XMAS GIFT

The Salvage Stores purchased at recent Government Customs Sale—

5000 PAIRS OF THE FAMOUS "DELYSIA TWINS"

NOVELTY FRENCH DOLLS

Each doll is 17in. high, prettily dressed in mole velvet costume, hurrt, etc. Unbreakable, fitted with VOICE and real hair. Imported to sell at 7/6 pair. We offer you 1 pair in different colours for 3/6, POST FREE.

With each pair is given ABSOLUTELY FREE a handsome coloured story-picture book.

SALVAGE STORES

Mention "Women's Weekly" 36 YORK ST., SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4602570

They'll Carry a Happy Message of Goodwill

— — for You at Yuletide wherever They may go!

Study them carefully — each and every one useful, cheery, yet inexpensively priced. Remember, they are just waiting to be wrapped in soft tissue, boxed prettily, attractively tied and labelled so that they may carry most charmingly your goodwill message for Christmas 1934.

FOR the "bookworm," what nicer gift than these green and gold fish book-ends for 15/9—or one of the latest novels.—Grace Bros. have all the newest books.

THREE "handy helps" that we all would like, but seldom buy for ourselves—a pad for telephone messages with a telephone cut-out of lacquered wood; a book for our favorite recipes, with a cover of poker-worked wood, and a telephone book cover of laced parchment, with a colorful motif. Prices, 1/6, 2/9, and 2/11.

TWO attractive examples of Australian pottery in the delightfully blended blues, or greens, or browns, that are a feature of the Newtone potteries. The vase is 1/11, and quaintly shaped jug, 4/-.

FOR the breakfast tray of the "Stay-in-Bed" are these two pieces of Crown Ducal China. A glass for orange juice and a three-in-one dish combining toast rack and separate compartments for butter and jam. They have a design of wild roses on a cream ground and priced 2/6 and 5/3 respectively.

SOMETHING new for the picnicker—cocktails in the open. This delightful cocktail shaker and "glass" is of Harlequin unbreakable ware, and made in Australia. Cool greens and blues are patterned on a plain cream background, and the top contains a strainer. Reasonably priced, they are a charming gift for the week-end tripper. Shaker, 5/-; glasses 2/6 each.

A PAIR of gardening scissors with brightly lacquered handles or a pair of soft gardening gloves with gay Roman-striped gauntlets, would make a thoughtful gift for the garden-lover. The gloves are of soft canvas with washing leather palms, and are 1/6, and the scissors 2/6.

AND SO HAVING gathered them all together we wrap them in gay, Christmassy paper or house them in pretty boxes. Satin ribbons or bright taper, gay labels finish them off—and away they go to gladden the hearts of all those near and dear to us.

—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

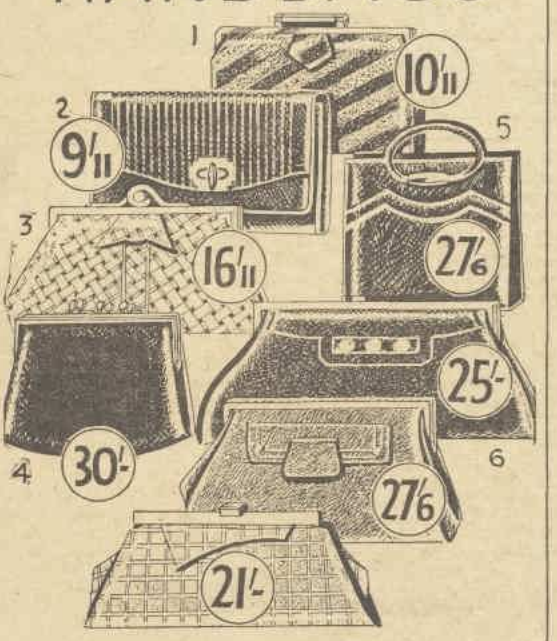
SURE TO GET IT AT . . .

Grace Bros

The Store of a Million Gifts!

Gifts for all—at Grace Bros.!—For Him—for Her—for all the family—for those "difficult" names on your gift list—no matter what your choice, you'll find it at Grace Bros. Nowhere will you find such variety—nowhere such value—as at "The Store of a Million Gifts"!

HANDBAGS



1. **TOP OPENING STYLE MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG,** with centre swing purse and mirror. In Black, Brown, Fawn, and Navy. Assorted frames.
PRICE, Each **10/11**

2. Special Value! **MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAGS.** Underarm style, with divided centre swing purse. Smart pleated effects. In Black and Brown.
PRICE, Each **9/11**

3. **WHITE LEATHER HANDBAG.** Washable quality, with smart chromium frame, divided centre swing purse and mirror.
PRICE, Each **16/11**

4. **IMPORTED MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG.** Smart new triple opening frame, fitted with purse and mirror. In Black, Brown, and Navy.
PRICE, Each **30/-**

5. **IMPORTED HANDBAGS.** In Morocco Leather. A smart top-opening style, fitted with centre swing purse and mirror. Navy, Black, and Brown.
PRICE, Each **27/6**

6. **MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG.** Top-opening style, fitted with divided centre swing purse and mirror. Navy, Brown, and Black.
PRICE, Each **25/-**

7. **MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG,** Top-opening style, fitted with divided centre swing purse and mirror. In Black and Brown.
PRICE, Each **27/6**

8. **WHITE HANDBAG,** with Chromium plated top-opening frame; washable quality, and fitted with divided centre swing purse and mirror.
PRICE, Each **21/-**

HANDBAGS—GROUND FLOOR, GROSE ST. BUILDING

IDEAL
XMAS GIFTS

30.—**Smart Roman Stripe Windsor Scarf.** In all popular tonings.
PRICE, each **6/11**

31.—**Attractive Scarf,** with the newest fringed ends. In all the smartest of colourings.
PRICE, each **8/11**

Neckwear Dept., Ground Floor, Grose St. Building.

GRACE BROS. XMAS SHOPPING PROGRAMME

Friday, December 21st — Open until 9 p.m.
Saturday, December 22nd, — Open until 12.30 p.m.
Monday (Xmas Eve) — Open until 5.45 p.m.
Tuesday (Xmas Day), — Closed all day.
Wednesday (Boxing Day), — Closed all day.
Thursday, December 27th, — Open at 9.5 a.m.

GLOVES

DULL ART. SILK GLOVES

8. Slip-on style, open at side and with stiffened cuffs. In White, Grey, and Beige, with suitable contrast trims.
PRICE, pair **5/11**

REAL KID GLOVES

9. Pull-on style, with elastic at wrist, effectively finished with contrast piping. In smart Black and White contrasts.
PRICE, pair **15/11**

WASHABLE DOESKIN GLOVES

10. Pull-on style, with elastic at wrist. In the popular White and Natural shades.
PRICE, pair **12/6**

Steer Clear
OF
GIFT WORRIES
GRACE BROS.
GIFT CHEQUES
WILL SOLVE
YOUR PROBLEM

Here is the perfect solution to your Gift problem—and the ideal Gift—a "Blue Bird" Cheque which will enable your friends to actually select their own gifts!—at Grace Bros.

Gift Cheques obtainable at Grace Bros. Enquiry Office, Mezzanine Floor, Broadway Building.

GRACE BROS. Ltd. ≡ BROADWAY SYDNEY ≡ PHONE M 6506

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2GB HIGHLIGHTS

2GB again thanks readers of The Australian Women's Weekly for their splendid response to our request for letters of comment and criticism.

This week the prize goes to A. Lynham, Mellermerlong, Box 19, Middlearm, via Goulburn, whose letter we have selected as being the most interesting because it represents the point of view of a country listener, and also because it provides an answer to criticism made by a previous prize-winner.

AS mentioned before, 2GB does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by letter writers.

In a competition such as this we wish to remain strictly impartial.

The winning letter reads:

"I would like to make a few remarks regarding 2GB radio station. I rather enjoy reading letters of criticism, as they all make it possible to improve the programmes, etc. First of all, the statement in last week's letter re Mrs. Stelzer being a failure, I could not agree with, as my idea of Mrs. Stelzer as an announcer is just the reverse. I am a long-distance listener-in and seldom miss her session, and the kindness, happiness and sympathy shown to all sections speaks for itself.

"There is The Happiness Club, for instance, which started with a dozen or so members and, to-day, is one of the largest of its kind. Only hard work, energy and long hours keep it together, and to make an appeal over the air for charity one would have to be one shade above perfect to get better results.

"I always get messages very clearly. Perhaps the reason for the voice not being distinctly heard was due to faulty wireless set.

"Secondly, why are records played when bed-time stories are being read? One absolutely drowns the other.

"A. LYNHAM."

Five Shillings... For a Letter

2GB wants your opinion of its programme. If you have not already sent in a letter, send it now; and if you have already sent a letter, we don't mind if you send another. We like criticism that is constructive, and five shillings is paid for the week's best letter of 150 to 200 words. Address it, Publicity Editor, 2GB.

NEGRO ARTIST ACTOR

THOSE who admired the sensitive and spiritual acting of Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones" will welcome the news that he is to appear in an English production, "Bosambo," based on an Edgar Wallace novel which is not a mystery yarn, but a story of Central Africa, by name: "Sanders of the River." Glimpses of the doings and character of the famous negro singer, who started life as a lawyer and only became a singer and actor by accident, will be told by **Katherine Jordan on Saturday afternoon, December 22, at 4.0 p.m., in her "Artists at Home" session.**

GREAT ORGANIST PASSES

LEMAIRE, the man who wrote the "Andantino" which became "Moonlight and Roses" at the hand of the dance musicians, was an organist of remarkable power and virtuosity. When he visited Sydney, years ago, he amazed huge audiences by his improvising on the Sydney Town Hall organ, which at that time was one of the wonders of the world.

Almost unnoticed he slipped out of life a month back, but he has left behind a few melodies by which he will be remembered for some time to come. One of these is "Gavotte," which will be featured in the World Broadcasting Service presentation, **"Fireside Phantasies," from 2GB on Sunday, December 23, at 3.50 p.m.**

XMAS EMPIRE BROADCAST

ON Christmas Day, 2GB, through the courtesy of Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia) Ltd. will relay the Christmas service from St. George's Chapel, Windsor (England), from 8.45 to 9.30 p.m., Sydney time.

At 11.59 p.m. Sydney time, there will be a sequence of bell chimes from Bethlehem, Bombay, Wellington, Ottawa, Ireland and Russia. Then there will be a series of items from all parts of the British Empire, depicting life and work at Christmas time overseas. Immediately following this, His Majesty the King, speaking from Sandringham, will give a message to the people of the Empire on Boxing Day at 1 a.m.

This is a service which all 2GB listeners will appreciate.

CHURCH AND THEATRE

WHEN an American church invited a great dancer to dance as part of the service the world was profoundly shocked, yet in Spain to this day there is a cathedral which includes dancing as part of its Shrovetide Festival. And until the Reformation, dramatic performances frequently took place in the churches. In 1928, 300 years after their cessation, John Masefield was asked to write a play for performance in Canterbury Cathedral. Miss Beatrice McDonald, one of the few Sydney women fortunate enough to witness the first performance, will describe it from 2GB in a talk, "John Masefield's 'Coming of Christ,'" at 7.20 p.m., on Sunday, December 23.

A vast crowd of people flocked from all over England to see the performance and, except for a few singers from London, the players were all local folk. Special music was composed, and the costumes were simple, but gorgeous, so that in the setting of the magnificent ancient cathedral it seemed that the splendor of the Middle Ages had come back again.

PART OF CHRISTMAS

TO many women Christmas would not be Christmas without hearing Handel's "Messiah." It has become as much part of Christmas as Santa Claus and plum pudding, and whereas once thousands listened to its performance every year, radio has made it possible for millions to hear it now. As part of its Christmas entertainment, **2GB will present an hour of selected music from the great oratorio at 9.0 p.m. on Christmas Day.**

WHO WROTE "FAUST"?

GOUNOD is known to the world as the composer of "Faust," yet there is a story that he is not the composer of the opera. It is said that a young student brought him the score of the opera for criticism. Gounod set about having it produced as his own work, and when the young man claimed it he was taken for a lunatic and finally did go mad. About the only proof offered for this remarkable statement is that none of Gounod's other music was ever up to the standard of "Faust." That is flimsy enough evidence when one considers the vagaries of genius. **"Famous Composers: Gounod," at 12.45 p.m., Sunday, December 23.**

GRIMM'S FAIRY-FOLK

CHRISTMAS is the children's festival, for does it not celebrate the birth of a babe? But that makes it none the less valuable to grown-ups; for once a year it bids us loosen the tension that is part of being grown-up men and women with responsibilities, and become care-free like the children.

Hence George Edwards' dramatic offering for Christmas Sunday, "A Fantasia of Fairy Tales," should appeal to all, provided it preserves the right balance of reverence and humor to amuse grown-ups and convince the kiddies. It will certainly be a novelty to hear George Edwards and Nell Stirling as the little people of Grimm's famous book. From 2GB, Sunday, December 23, at 9.45 p.m.

NEWS OF ANNOUNCERS

MRS. STELZER will be going on her annual holidays round about Christmas. She will be touring the North Coast, and in her absence her session from 2GB will be taken by Auntie Val.

Mrs. Jordan has been freed from her sessions other than her popular "Nine to Ten" hour, so that she can give more of her time to outside work and to meeting her listeners. Between 11 and 12 each day she is to be found at 2GB.

THIS IS A STRIKING illustration of the softening effect of hydrangeas on an otherwise bare-looking terrace. They lend gay warmth and, as you can see, a certain privacy to this home. Keep them well soaked through the flowering season—they drink water by the bucketful!

HOLIDAY-MAKING . . . with a Clear Conscience

. . . How To Leave the Garden So It Will Welcome You Brightly When You Return.

—By THE OLD GARDENER

THE genuine garden-lover is as bad as the dog-lover—she feels she can never go away for a holiday because of the neglect to her garden while she is away. And if she does take a holiday, her thoughts are ever with the poor parched flowers, her unattended garden. But, in this interesting article, the Old Gardener tells you how to get over this difficulty — how to look after your garden before you go. Listen to his advice:

GOOD-MORNING, Miss! To-day I want to tell you and all holiday-makers how to leave your gardens so that they will flourish while you are away.

You must understand that when you go away from your garden for a week or two great changes take place, even if everything, with the constant care of months, is growing well. Many surprises will await you on your return. You do not know what kind of weather you will have during that time—wind, storms, and all kinds of weather are likely to occur. Above all, see that everything is firmly tied to the stakes where necessary.

Just let me take a walk with you around your garden and I'll point out the necessary things that should be done before you go away.

MISS ANNE GORDON, as she appears in "Peter Pan," Sir James Barrie's delightful fantasy. The Independent Theatre is giving a series of matinee performances of this play at the Savoy on December 22, 26, and 29.

—Peter Pan Studios.

The chrysanthemums are growing apace. See—I'll just nip them back. Those side-branches also require tipping with a sharp pair of secateurs. One can do a lot of cutting here and there, and a good clean cut will heal much more quickly than when cut with a blunt instrument. See that the plants are securely tied. The dahlias, too, require the same attention.

Those chrysanthemums I notice have a little rust. Spray them to prevent further spreading. Look over the dahlias for any caterpillars which may destroy the leaves or young buds on those early-flowering varieties.

That rose-bed needs attention, too. Cut off all spent flowers, dead wood, or useless, spindly growth. Give them a spray with lime sulphur to prevent any attack from disease during the holidays. Fork the bed over lightly. Don't dig deep, as the rose-roots are easily disturbed or injured.

Turn all your beds over thoroughly, and then pile on the mulch, old grass, leaves, or manure. Don't be afraid of it.

When the digging, weeding, and mulching are completed, get the hose going and thoroughly soak the garden, every portion of it, from back to front, not just a sprinkling to wet the surface, but a thorough drenching. Get the water down to the subsoil. Once there, the mulch will retain it, the whole of the garden will flourish, and you will feel quite happy while you are away in the knowledge that it will be impossible for your garden to become dry.

LET me explain why the mulch and thorough soaking are necessary. Plants cannot take up solid food, so it is necessary that water be present in the soil in order that the food may be taken in by the root-hairs of the plant in the form of solution. Living plants contain from 60 to 90 per cent. of water or sap. You can, then, realise why, if the water supply is cut off, the plant ultimately dies.

This water or sap also acts as a conveyer of dissolved plant food to the various portions of the plant. The water is held in the soil by physical forces, and, of course, the amount present depends on the rainfall, evaporation, drainage, and fineness of the soil.

Good soil, therefore, with plenty of humus, such as manure, grass, straw, leaves, etc., should be able to absorb a large amount of moisture during rain or systematic watering, while at the same time give it up freely when required by the plants.

Another thing to remember is this: The darker we keep our soil the less attraction it has for the rays of the sun. Study for yourself a garden which is mostly sand. During those hot, summer days, note how the sun strikes and glances and makes the air like shimmering glass to the eye. Have you ever noticed the sun gleaming on an iron roof? This is the same in sandy soil.

Now look at a garden thoroughly manured and mulched. What a difference, and how green, fresh, and robust all the plants appear! The ground is cool and the moisture retained.

Break Up the Soil

CAPILLARY moisture is the one most useful to all plant life. The interstices between soil-grains act in the same manner as if we had a number of very fine tubes throughout the soil masses conveying the water from a lower to a higher level and from a moist to a dry position. The moisture exists as a film around the soil-grains, so the greater the surface exposed the greater will be the water-holding capacity.

Never, then, let your garden become hard and flat. Always keep the surface for a few inches deep broken up so that these glasslike tubes in the soil are disturbed and a mulch of soil is formed. Evaporation then is impossible.

Attend Those Pot-plants!

BEFORE you go away, lift your pot plants out of the pots and bury them up to the rim in the garden. Mulch the top with any old material. Soak them thoroughly, and they will keep fresh for quite a few days.

Now I'll have to be going along. Yes, the compliments of the season to you—to all my interested gardening friends—and a very pleasant holiday.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

SO...CONFIDENTLY *we* FACE *the* HOLIDAYS!

And with a few little hints I leave you with the wish that you'll look your loveliest this Christmas . . . .

By Evelyn

CAROLE LOMBARD, of Paramount, who is wearing this great sombrero, always adds extra cream and oil to her skin before essaying forth to sun bathe. She powders liberally over this foundation.

CHRISTMAS—I can hardly believe it—is only a few days away. Somehow the days and weeks and months seem to merge one into the other and fly ever so swiftly, and yet they seemed to lag so when I was a little girl. I just wonder how and where all my readers will spend Christmas, but I hope you will all be happy, and that you will look your loveliest whatever you do, wherever you are.

I AM going to give you to-day just a few worth-while hints which you will possibly appreciate, seeing I have your appearance so much at heart.

Now, let me see, where shall I start? . . . Oh, yes, your finger-tips:

If you wish to give an added shimmer to your nails, here is a good tip.

After you have removed the old varnish from your nails, polish with a powder or paste. Then apply your fresh coat of varnish in the usual way. You will be enchanted by the mirror finish this little extra something gives. And you will find that the varnish will stay immaculate so much longer.

You might remember that last week I asked you to remove the varnish for a day or two and give your nails a "breather." I might as well mention now that I have discovered that an oily polish remover is better to use for this purpose than the old drying type of nail polish remover, since it leaves the cuticle soft, smooth, and free from hard, dried edges.

Nail cuticles are usually a bugbear, but if olive oil or vaseline is rubbed into them nightly (pushed down with a soft towel), they will not give you the slightest trouble.

Some girls, too, complain that their finger-nails break easily. A really good cure for this ailment is warm olive oil. Soak your finger-nails in the warmed oil every night—every night for a week, if you can—and you'll not complain again.

A Summer Bleach

IN case you want to give your face a simple home bleach, there is nothing to beat the homely old cucumber.

Get two firm cucumbers. Slice them into a double saucepan, and barely cover with water.

Simmer gently until absolutely soft, and then strain through two layers of butter muslin.

When all the juice has been extracted, add twice the quantity of water and stir thoroughly.

A teaspoonful of borax should now be added to the cucumber juice and, after dissolving, add two tablespoons of glycerine. Shake and add one teaspoon of simple tincture of benzoin.

Put this mixture in a bottle and then:

Wash your face thoroughly with good soap (I believe in the best of soap), rinse in lukewarm water, and then dab on the lotion and allow it to dry in.

I would, if I were you, do this once a week. It is delightfully cool and freshening—in fact, rejuvenating to a tired, dull skin.

Moreover, it is considered to be excellent for freckled skins.

Perspiration

ANOTHER summer problem which you may feel concerned about is perspiration.

I would advise you to wash frequently with lukewarm water and soap—soap containing a rather high percentage of alkali in it.

The washing should always be followed by a good rinsing with cold water, and it is advisable to add a few drops of toilet vinegar or eau-de-Cologne to this.

For hot, clammy hands, witch hazel is sometimes of great benefit.

After the washing, powder should be applied, and this should contain a little powdered alum.

If your skin feels red and burning after a day out in the open air, then dab on calomine lotion at night, and you will feel that most of the burn is out by the next morning. This can be used on the face, on the neck, and arms.

The great thing to remember with both freckles and burning is that if you wish to avoid them, you must add extra grease and oil to give your skin a protective layer against the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

NOW, as regards make-up: You should never apply cream, powder, or rouge over old make-up. The skin should be perfectly clean. Wiping the powder puff over the skin every minute of the day or evening only adds to a "muddy" appearance.

Cleanse your face and then apply vanishing cream—a good one that goes smoothly on to your skin.

If you use rouge, apply it now, smoothing it well in and evenly. Refrain from two red blobs or patches. Stand in a good light, and remember to taper the edges off with a wad of cotton wool.

Next your powder. Dust it on, leaving the nose until last, unless you are anxious to accentuate it. The powder should be smoothed over without any rubbing, until the whole face has a soft, velvety appearance.

Now soften your lips with a little cold cream and apply your lipstick with the tip of your finger—commencing at the centre and not going right to the corners if your mouth is too large.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

Patient: What are the symptoms of gout, and is it true that over indulgence in alcohol is the cause of it?

ALCOHOLISM is not the only offender in the production of gout, although the two are often associated. Food is equally important in its production. In fact, constant over-eating, without proper elimination, seems almost to predispose an individual to the disease. Strangely enough, an attack of gout may develop after shock, worry, an accident or a surgical operation.

The cause of gout is really unknown, although it is safe to say that something goes wrong with the chemistry of the body in regard to the absorption of food and the elimination of wastes.

It is easily said that gout is caused by an accumulation of uric acid in the blood. That fact is debatable.

Physiological chemistry has not yet solved the problem of gout in every detail, although many theories have been advanced.

Since most cases come on after thirty and before fifty, there is every reason to believe that the sufferers—although not necessarily "high-livers," in other words, persons who indulge in case and rich foods—are individuals who are not exercising enough and are taking in more food than their bodies require.

As regards the possible manifestations of gout, it is best to think of it either as acute, as chronic, or as being of an irregular type.

In acute gout, the hands and feet are usually affected first. There are slight twinges of pain, not in the wrists and ankles, but in the joints of the fingers and toes. With such early warning symptoms may come restlessness and irritability. At this time an examination of the urine reveals certain chemical changes.

When the gout pains are severe they usually appear in the early morning, perhaps while the sufferer is asleep. Very often this pain is agonising in severity and confined to the big toe; more often the right toe than the left one. Following this the joint swells, is extremely tender to touch, and there may be fever. Later in the day all the symptoms may improve.

In chronic gout the attacks come at intervals and increase in frequency as time goes on. Often many joints are affected. After a time the joints of the toes and fingers may become permanently deformed.

An hereditary factor seems to be important in gout. Usually it seems to pass through the males from one to the other, although a "high-liver" may escape it, while his brother, of sedentary habits, may acquire the disease.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

MISS EDNA GAYWOOD, chosen "Miss Victoria" from hundreds of entrants in our physical culture contest, demonstrates for you an exercise that helps her keep slender with a graceful poise. Stand firmly, keeping head high, and hands above head, and raise the left leg as straight as possible to the side. Lower it slowly to the ground, and repeat with the other leg.

The most *comfortable corset* I've ever worn

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BEST RECIPE PRIZES

An unusual and seasonable recipe for summer curry wins this week's best recipe prize of £1.

Every week, in addition to the first prize of £1, twelve consolation cash prizes are awarded.

TO enter this interesting competition all you have to do is to send in one of your favorite and tested recipes.

Following are the recipes winning this week's awards:—

SUMMER CURRY

Peel and slice 1lb. onions. Cook in butter or bacon fat till quite soft, without being brown. Meanwhile peel and cut up 1lb. tomatoes; add to the onions with salt and cook together for 10 minutes. Put in 2 bananas and an apple (peeled and chopped); simmer for another 10 minutes, then add curry powder to taste. The curry must then simmer for at least half an hour. Add a tablespoonful each of sugar and any favorite jam, and the juice of 1 orange. Mix well together, and stir in a breakfast cup of boiling water. Cook until the water has evaporated. Add and evaporate several cups of water, one at a time, in this way. Do not add any more water before serving the curry, as it must be as dry as possible. But, at the last moment, break in an egg and stir vigorously, so that every trace of egg disappears. Put the curry into a fireproof dish, cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes (which makes a pleasant change from the usual rice). This dish may be browned in the oven if liked.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Drew, Shamrock St., Kedron, Brisbane.

APRICOT CAKES

One large tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, about 18 cooked and drained unsweetened apricots.

Follow usual method for cake mixture. Place one teaspoon in greased gem irons, then one of the apricots, then another teaspoon of the mixture, and bake in fairly hot oven.

When cold, ice with icing made with icing sugar and a couple of cooked apricots and juice, and trim with diced uncooked apricot. When icing is set, cut and fill with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Lowbridge, 152 Wold's Avenue, Kogarah, N.S.W.

FRUITY BRITTLES

Five ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped dates, 1-3 cup chopped walnuts, cornflakes.

Rub butter into flour. Mix in sugar, fruit, and nuts. Beat egg and stir well in. Roll small pieces of mixture in plenty of cornflakes. Drop on hot greased oven shelf and bake quickly in fairly hot oven. The biscuits will rise quickly, then drop and have a "bubbly" appearance. They are easily burned unless carefully watched.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Dunn, Cohuna, Vic.

THE SIMPLICITY of this navy crepe frock, worn by Frances Drake, Paramount player, is charming. White silk frogs adorning the bodice are a very attractive finish.

TAGLACK

Beat 1 egg well; add enough flour—half plain and half self-raising—to make a moderately soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Make dough into small balls the size of a large marble. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Put a cup of honey on the fire in a pan and bring to the boil; drop in the balls with 1 cup of chopped nuts and boil until the honey begins to thicken. Grease a flat dish and pour the mixture into it. With the hand slightly wet, pat the surface until quite flat. Sprinkle with sugar and stand on greaseproof paper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Bennett, 22 Hounslow Avenue, Hilton, S.A.

LUNCHEON SALAD

Place three sheep's tongues in a saucepan in 1½ pints of water and boil till tender. Skin and slice tongues very thinly, place the slices in a small round mould; dissolve 1 tablespoon gelatine in ½ pint of the stock in which the tongues were boiled. Add pepper to taste, salt if needed. Strain stock and pour over the tongues. Set aside to get cold and set into jelly. Take two tomatoes, peel and cut into circles; boil one egg hard, peel, and cut into slices. Dissolve one dessertspoonful of gelatine in a cup of hot water and allow to cool. Pour half on to a shallow dish; place the tomato and egg slices on the gelatine. Pour over the remainder of gelatine and let set. Then cut into rounds with a pastry-cutter, having jellied tomato and egg slices. Prepare a nice lettuce on a dish. Turn out the tongue mould; decorate with the jellied circles and serve with vinegar or salad dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wilson, 21 Young St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

RICHMOND MAIDS

One cup sweet milk, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup raisins (seeded), 1 lemon, yolks of 3 eggs, pinch of salt.

Put all the milk in a double boiler (a jar standing in a saucepan of water will do) and cook gently till it curds; then strain. Beat the sugar and eggs together; add the grated rind and juice of the lemon, the raisins cut in small pieces, and the curd. Beat till smooth. Line patty-tins with short pastry, fill with mixture, and bake in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to F. Wall, South St., Toowoomba, Qld.

APPLE AMBER

Boil up ½ pint of milk with the thinly-cut rind of ½ lemon. Pour it over 1oz. soft breadcrumbs. Beat 2oz. castor sugar, 2 egg yolks, and 1½oz. butter to a cream; to this add 1-8th of a pint of apple puree. Mix all together, add the strained juice of ½ lemon, and pour into well-buttered piedish the edges of which have been lined with fancifully-cut rounds of paste. Bake till firm in a moderate oven. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of the 2 eggs beaten to a froth and sweetened with sugar. Dredge with castor sugar and return to the oven till nicely browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. J. Boorman, Gray St., Pt. Noarlunga, S.A.

FRUIT BLANC MANGE

One packet gelatine, 6oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, 1 pint fruit, ½ pint water.

Soak half gelatine in milk, and the other half in water. Stew the fruit (peaches, strawberries, pineapple, or any fruit you may choose) with half the sugar. Add the gelatine, which has been soaked in water, and, when dissolved, pour into a mould. Then make a blanc mange of the milk with the remaining sugar. When the fruit, which is in the mould, is set, pour in the blanc mange, which should be nearly cold. Put aside to set. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. J. Dunn, Patrick St., Stawell, Vic.

SOUR MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE

One and half cups flour, 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar. Add sour milk, in which soda has been dissolved. Then add rest of ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. B. L. Bowers, 8 Miller St., Haberfield, Sydney.

PORK CHOP SUEY

Six lean pork chops, 1 onion, 2 sticks celery, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons Chinese soy sauce, 6 cups rice.

Remove meat from chops, dice, and fry five minutes in melted butter. Add finely-chopped onion, and celery, and beaten egg, and stir for a few minutes. Mix in sauce and serve with rice.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. N. Jackson, 44 Alma St., Darlington, N.S.W.

BLOATER STRAWS

Make ¼lb. puff pastry in the usual way, but rub 2 teaspoons of bloater paste into the flour before mixing it. After the last rolling out of the pastry, cut into strips 3 inches long by 1 inch wide, and bake 10 minutes in a brisk oven. When the straws are almost cold, spread each with bloater paste and decorate them with whipped cream flavored with salt and cayenne pepper.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. R. Shepard, 2 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

SALMON MOULD

Two tablespoons butter, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 small tin salmon, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pinch cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon.

Melt butter, add crumbs, and milk, and cook five minutes until crumbs are soft. Add salmon, parsley, slightly beaten eggs, and the seasoning. Turn into a well-greased mould. Bake in a moderate oven till mixture is firm. If a border mould is used fill the centre with cooked peas and carrots. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Edith Cartner, Ghangarlook, Upper Burragorang, via Camden, N.S.W.

YORK AND LANCASTER ROSES

One and a quarter pints milk, ¼lb. rice, 1 cup of melted raspberry or any red jelly.

Boil rice in milk, and sweeten to taste. Set aside to get cold. Shape into balls and pat lightly to flatten them. Arrange in cows in a shallow dish. Mix the jelly and allow to cool, but not set. Pour over rice roses, set aside to cool and set. Decorate with a little angelica. Cut in shapes of leaves, and place around roses.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss Myrtle Robertson, Korobeit, Vic.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser.

Our Diet Hint

Precious Peaches

By R. E. FIGGIS, Hon. Dietitian The New Health Society

THE peaches are here, some good, some not so good. A ripe peach is a gastronomic treasure which appeals to most people and needs no commendation. It's mostly water, flavored and sweetened, but it has some vitamins, three in fact, A, B, and C., a fair supply of minerals, a little more potassium than the apple, and a little more phosphorous than the grape, but only half as much iron as the banana. It is a little more alkaline than the pear. If it is not ripe when it comes into the home, cooking will ripen it quite nicely, and a soup plate full of properly stewed peaches will make a very good main dish for the tired business man's evening meal after a hot summer day. This will help to balance the acidity of his sandwich lunch and his egg and bacon breakfast, and he will bless the kind lady who shares it with him.

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FRUIT JUICES . . . make *Very Delicious* DRINKS

By....
Margaret Shepherd
Instructor to Leading Hospitals

THERE is an almost endless variety of ways in which the juices of summer fruits may be combined to make delicious beverages. Use lemons, oranges, grapes, pineapples, and berries with cold tea, soda-water, or ginger-ale.

IN the preparation of all summer drinks there are a few rules to be remembered, after which one can achieve originality in the combining of flavors.

1. See that all beverages are thoroughly chilled in the refrigerator or ice-chest before serving. Drinks that are not cold will melt the ice when added and thus dilute the drink. Also ice-cold drinks, if made with a carbonated beverage, will retain their fizz longer than the lukewarm variety.

2. Large pieces of ice in the drinks are preferable to small pieces as they chill more thoroughly, and they do not melt so quickly or dilute the drink.

3. Use long tumblers for serving cold drinks. They hold more ice than the squat variety. A colored beverage in them enhances their slender beauty.

VARIOUS colors can be produced by combining acid fruits and an alkali. Hard water or a little limewater added to red plum juice will make it a delightful violet color, which will return to red if lemon or orange juice is added. Any deep red juice added to orange juice will produce a dull brown-colored drink.

A little lemon juice will bring out the flavor of any delicately-flavored fruit. Too much will, of course, mask the flavor entirely.

A little sugar added to take off the tartness of lemons and other fruit does no harm in moderation. In excess, however, it creates a thirst of its own. This excess sugar, if not used up in energy, will rebuild adipose tissue. If more sugar is needed to satisfy individual tastes, it is as well to have a syrup of sugar and water in readiness, as sugar takes time to dissolve in cold liquids. This syrup can be passed round in a small jug.

To make a quantity of cool drinks for a party, it is as well to have an inexpensive foundation. It should be something with sufficient tang to prevent the drink from being insipid, but not enough to predominate.

Freshly-made and strained tea is stimulating and refreshing. So, also, is apple juice, prepared from green, ripe apples for preference. Wash the apples; cut them into pieces, cover with cold water, and boil until very soft. Then strain through a clean cloth. This juice may be stored and used with lemon, orange, or grape juice.

FINISHING TOUCHES

THERE are various ways in which finishing touches may be added to fruit drinks when serving.

To iced tea, add sections of lemon with a whole clove stuck in each.

A whole cherry may be placed in each tumbler of drink or small pieces of other fruit.

A sprig of mint in light-colored beverages enhances the color and appearance.

Thin slices of lemon or orange may be left floating on the liquid or attached to the rim of individual glasses.

HAWAIIAN PUNCH

Two cups orange juice, 2 cups iced water, 1½ cups icing sugar, 1 cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup lemon juice.

Mix fruit juices and sugar together. Stir until dissolved. Add iced water and serve.

SUMMER PUNCH

One handful cherries, 1 cup sugar, soda water, 1 quart ginger ale, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups orange juice.

Mix the orange, lemon juice, and sugar together. Stand aside for 4 hours. Put some cracked ice into a jug; pour over it the fruit juice, ginger ale, and soda water. Add washed cherries. Serve at once.

FRUIT PUNCHES may be served in a crystal dish. Thin slices of lemon or orange floating on the surface should then be used as a garnish.

ICED COFFEE

One cup cream, 1 tablespoon vanilla essence, 8 cups clear, strong coffee, sugar.

When the coffee is cold, add ½ cup whipped cream, vanilla essence, and sugar. Put into a freezer packed with coarse salt and ice. Freeze to a mush only. Serve in glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

If you do not intend freezing this mixture, use less vanilla essence, and coffee not quite so strong.

FRUIT PUNCH

One pineapple, 1 quart raspberry juice, 1 quart red currant juice, 3 lemons, 4 oranges, sugar.

Add the strained juice of oranges, lemons, and pineapple to the raspberry and red currant juice. Mix thoroughly. Boil 6oz. sugar in one quart water for 10 minutes. Cool a little. Add to the fruit juice. Chill thoroughly. Put a small cube of ice in each tumbler, pour over the above mixture, adding one-third of soda water to each tumbler. Top with whipped cream which has been flavored with vanilla essence.

CHINA PUNCH

One cup crushed pineapple, 1 pint peach juice, 2 cups sugar, 2 pints soda water, 2 cups water, 4 oranges, 3 lemons, 2 cups freshly-made China tea.

Boil water and sugar together for 10 minutes. Allow to cool. Strain the freshly-made tea and the fruit juices. Stand 1 hour. Add soda water and sufficient water to fill 6 or 7 tumblers.

AMBROSIA

Two cups currant jelly, 1½ cups strong tea, 3 lemons, 3 oranges, ice.

Strain the freshly-made, strong tea into a jug. Add the currant jelly and the strained juice of oranges and lemons. Stir well. Add ice.

RASPBERRY SYRUP

Raspberry cordial syrup, or fresh raspberries, 1 lemon, ginger ale, ice, sprigs mint.

Fill tumblers one-third full of raspberry syrup or cordial. Add the juice of a lemon, ginger ale and ice to each tumbler. Garnish with fresh sprigs of mint.

CHERRY NECTAR

Two pounds cherries, 3 cups cider vinegar, sugar.

Choose sweet, juicy cherries. Stem and stone them. Pour the vinegar over them, adding some cracked cherry stones. Stand for 4 days, stirring occasionally. Strain through a bag. Squeeze well. To each pint of juice, add 1 pint sugar. Boil for 20 minutes. Seal in jars. Serve two tablespoons of this to a glass of iced water or soda water.

TEA PUNCH

One cup strong tea, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water, 5 lemons, 5 oranges, 1 quart strawberry juice, 1 tin pineapple juice, block ice, maraschino cherries, soda water.

Put 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water into a saucepan. Boil gently for 5 minutes. Add one cup of strong, freshly-made tea. Cool; add 1 quart soda water, strawberry juice, the juice of oranges and lemons, and the juice from a tin of pineapple. Mix together and pour over a block of ice. Add one cup cherries.

RHUBARB PUNCH

One quart chopped rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 6 cloves, 1 inch cinnamon stick, small piece ginger root.

Put the rhubarb and sugar into a saucepan, with sufficient water to cover. Cook until very soft. Strain. Boil 1 cup water, with cloves, cinnamon, and ginger root together, for 8 minutes; strain. Combine the two liquids. Chill thoroughly. Add cracked ice and serve.

MINT CUP

One and a half cups mint leaves and buds, 1½ cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup strawberry juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 pint bottle of cooking claret, soda water, 1 quart water.

Make a syrup by boiling 1 quart water and the sugar together for 20 minutes. Pour boiling water over the mint and bruised buds. Cover, and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Strain; add to the syrup. When cool, add the strawberry juice, the strained juice of oranges and lemons, claret. Dilute to taste with soda water. Garnish with fresh sprigs of mint dusted with castor sugar.

CURRANT PUNCH

One cup currants, 2 lemons, 2 oranges, 2 quarts soda water, 1 cup sugar.

Put the currants and 2 cups water into a saucepan; boil gently until the currants are soft and broken. Add the sugar and simmer 10 minutes. Strain; to two cups of this currant syrup, add the strained juice of 2 oranges and 2 lemons. Chill thoroughly. Add the soda water and serve with slices of orange.

PINEAPPLE JULEP

Two tins of pineapple or 1 large pineapple, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint water, ½ cup raspberry syrup, soda water.

Put the two tins of pineapple into a saucepan. If fresh fruit, peel and cut into small pieces, retaining the juice. Add the sugar and 2 cups water; boil together for 10 minutes. Add the raspberry syrup, orange and lemon juice. Allow to cool. Strain over cracked ice. Add soda water just before serving.

SPRIGS OF MINT, dusted with castor sugar, make an attractive garnish for this jug of mint cup, a beverage which owes its delicious flavor to the combination of orange, lemon and strawberry juices with mint and claret.

BOSTON CREAM

One and a half pounds sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, 3 cups water, 2oz. tartaric or citric acid, 1 egg white.

Boil water and sugar together. Allow it to cool. Add the essence, tartaric acid, and stiffly-beaten egg white. Stir well and bottle. Add 1 tablespoon of the above mixture to ¼ tumbler of water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

(All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.)

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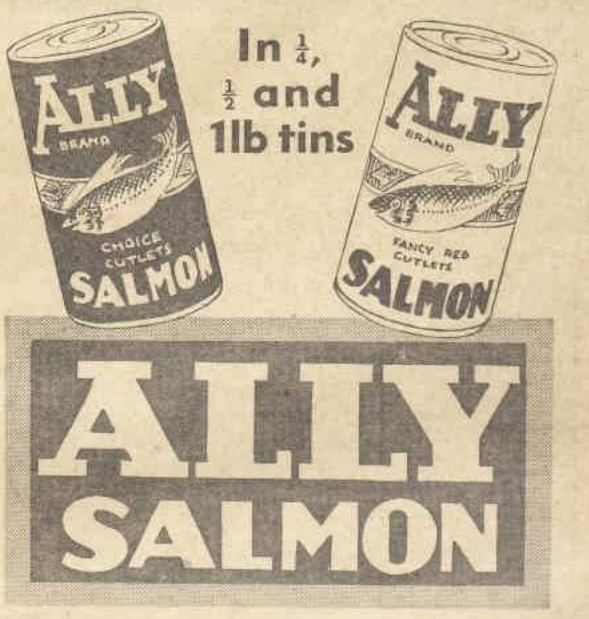

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ONE *Christmas* MORNING

Continued from Page 13

THEY were late at the little church. They hesitated together in the tiny ivy-covered porch, as they listened to the children's voices within singing the dear old song.

"O come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem . . ."

And, somehow, now, standing here with the sun gleaming on the barren lands without, and the holly trees laden with berries beyond, and the knowledge that Nonie was beside him, Clem realised that he had wanted to come to his little village church most frightfully.

They sang with the others.

Afterwards the vicar stood in the porch to wish all and sundry a pleasant Christmastide. He noticed the newcomers.

"You ought to be in my carol party," he said, "it is in aid of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops Fund, we want everyone we can get."

"We'll come." Nonie promised to Clem's utter confusion. But somehow with her gentleness she had a way of managing things for him. He could not interfere. Funny that! The vicar gave all details of where they could meet.

"I just had to say yes, it would make it seem so much more Christmassy," she told Clem as they walked back.

"But I don't sing."

"Then you can go round with the box."

She had an answer for everything.

In the little inn there was hot roast beef just as there had been at home, and a pudding afterwards, only there were no sixpences in it. Somehow, Clem forgot that he had particularly told Mrs. Thwaites that there was to be nothing Christmassy on the menu. A box of crackers had been discovered in the larder and he and Nonie were pulling them. Silly mottoes and funny hats. Still, did anything matter very much?

They went to the vicar's for tea.

The vicar's was in a state of confusion. There were toys scattered all over everywhere, the result of stockings from the small fry. One of the family had already retired in the throes of Boxing Day biliousness. The rest were uproarious. They hailed the newcomers with an enthusiasm that at first horrified Clem, and later only made him feel that Christmas was the ONE time of the year.

"Cake," said the vicar and he cut the big white confection that his wife handed to him. "She made it."

Usually Clem would have eschewed it as the plague, but to-day he could not resist it.

The family were clawing round him. "Be a polar bear," suggested the youngest one of all, "be a polar bear and let me go ridey."

So he was a polar bear and it took the last atom of crease out of his trousers.

The tiniest one clung to him. "You're the nicest polar bear ever," she whispered. "I believe you're a fairy one," and somehow he felt highly complimented.

He saw the tiniest one with her small arms round Nonie's neck. He saw Nonie talking to her tenderly, in that way that girls do talk to little ones, and he felt within him the first faint thrill of rapture. For is not the true spirit of Christmas that of the mother and the child?

The little fat vicar was bustling about with overcoats.

"It will be cold before the evening is through," he said; then hurriedly, "where is my tuning-fork?"

His wife found it.

Outside the frost had set in. The Christmas morning had been full of sweet promise after the wet night. Now there was crystal on every hedge and tree. There was the white glisten on the ground, and the echo of the glad bells from over the hill. The little crowd gathered together and paraded forth.

"He says that he can't sing," said Nonie, "so he'll take the collecting box."

The little vicar handed it over. "Generally the trouble is that those who can't sing, will do so," he said, "it is a real joy to have somebody admit that they can't, and want to be quiet."

They went down the little street to the first big house, and took up their stand. The vicar blew his tuning fork hard, and everybody burst (not quite at the same moment) into a volley of sound.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay all about
Crisp and fresh and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

During the pause the vicar beat heavily on the side of the lantern for the four beats that came between the verses.

"I'm dreaming this," thought Clem, as he rested against a pillar of the house with his money box, "this is something I've imagined and it can't be true."

Then he saw Nonie's little triangle of a face, and he realised the earnestness in her voice, and knew that, to her, Christmas was the loveliest thing ever.

Hither page and stand by me,
If thou knowest it telling,
Yonder peasant who is he,
Where and what his dwelling?

The old carol drifted out upon the still night air, and with it much of the spirit of Christmas that is so real and true; but Clem, watching Nonie with the soft light of the lantern falling on her face, suddenly found himself thinking of the mistletoe at home.

Then the great doors opened and the carol party were ushered inside. Mince pies and sherry were awaiting them. A note was cramed into the money box.

"Merry Christmas, all."

"Merry Christmas."

And they trooped out again into the night.

It went on from house to house. Sweet old carols. The first Noel and the story of the shepherds. Why, Clem had forgotten all about it, and it brought back memories of his baby days when his mother had first taught him to lisp it.

It was quite late when they turned back to the little inn, he and Nonie.

"I shall be leaving to-morrow," she said, "the man at the garage can get the car done. He said it wasn't as big a job as he had expected."

"But he'll never work on Boxing Day?" protested Clem, and he felt a horrible yearning in his heart.

"He will for me," she said. "I told him it was my birthday."

They had entered the little inn parlor, with the paper chains, and the mistletoe. Clem laid his hands on her shoulder.

"Nonie, I don't want you to go. This has been the first Christmas I've had for years."

"One Christmas morning," she said and smiled.

HE did not know what came over him, but he knew that he had got to kiss her. He stooped over her, but she pushed him away. Her face changed. "No, Clem, you mustn't do that. Please, you mustn't do that."

"Why not? What is mistletoe for?"

She turned quickly and he saw her standing there, her back to the table, her little face white. "There is something I have got to tell you."

"To tell me?" He thought of his own stories, and suddenly wondered if there were a husband in the background. Well, she was pretty enough, and lovable enough.

"I followed you here."

"You WHAT?"

He drew in a deep breath, and went over to the fireplace. He stood there staring at her.

"It's quite true, and I know how awful it sounds, and what you'll think of me afterwards. The car didn't break down at all. The big end is grand. That's the truth."

It was the truth, too, he knew it by her eyes, and the way she faced him, half defiant, half frightened.

He said, "Supposing you come here and tell me some more."

She came towards him. "I asked Chummy to introduce me and he wouldn't. Said you were going away to mope, and didn't want to be bothered. I . . . I sort of felt sorry for you. I knew you couldn't hate Christmas really, but just wanted taking out of yourself."

"Oh, you did, did you?" Somehow he wanted to laugh. It was just like one of his own stories, one with a twist in the end. "Go on," he said.

"I got the address out of Chummy. You mustn't blame him, he didn't realise what I was after. He gave it away quite simply—he is rather innocent, poor dear."

It was the last adjective that Clem would have applied to Chummy, but then you never can tell! He put his arms round Nonie.

"Look here," he said, "I don't care what you have done, or why. I'm only glad that you are what you are."

"But I'm a minx," she admitted, "and you ought to be most frightfully angry with me."

Outside the bells rang out, loudly again as though they were glad. Mrs. Thwaites, who had been bringing in a tray of sandwiches, discreetly and silently shut the door again. There was a smile in her eyes. Christmas time is so evidently the time for romance.

"I'm going to kiss you," he told Nonie, "you should not have put the mistletoe here if you didn't expect this."

There was silence for a moment, then she whispered from his shoulder. "I don't know that I expected it, but I was just hoping . . . ."

(Copyright)

December 22, 1934.

SPECIAL *Seasonal* *Free* PATTERN

LADY'S. . .
NIGHTGOWN

THIS week's free pattern depicting a lady's nightdress is specially designed for a trousseau or a holiday wardrobe. The lace yoke provides a dainty effect, extending over the shoulders where the flare is joined. The flared frill is cut in one with the material. Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material: 3 yards, 36in. wide. Lace: 1 yard, 36in. wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN COUPON.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS. (Attach 1d. stamp.)

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Special Seasonal Pattern Coupon—22/12/'34.

The Street Artist

ALL day he toiled in some dull street
And dreamed his visions true,
Where high stone walls their shadows cast,
Careless of all the crowd that passed,
And paused, and passed anew.

In beauty his own hands had made
He lived from day to day,
Mid scarlet flowers, and skies of blue,
And shadowed slopes, he never knew
The world around was grey.

Through valleys green the cool streams ran,
Deep fringed with fern and flower,
By green-haired willows bending low,
And white birds wheeled to skies aglow
In sunset's burning hour.

And some, before the pictured hills,
Stood still, remembering
The mountains, longed for, all their days,
Who, fettered fast by city ways,
Might only dream of Spring.

But still recalled with longing pain,
The song of mountain rills,
Where grey mists drift, and upward curl,
And morning walks in rose and pearl
Among the shining hills.

And others who have never seen
The splendid morning rise
On misty hill, or valleys dim,
Or long, cool slopes, gave thanks to him
Who spread before their eyes

A beauty they had never known,
Perchance might never see,
The tender green of woodland ways,
Wide leagues of space in noonday's haze
Or dusk's tranquillity.

—NELLIE A. EVANS.

CUPID'S *Not* a SNOB

Continued from Page 6

"IN love with me?" Lady asked incredulously. "Don't be silly, Thomas. Besides, what difference does it make that he delivered washing? I can't see."

"Lady, you'd better come home. Things will go wrong."

"What do you mean, wrong?"

"Oh, you'll lose your head and everything will get jumbled up! You'll be living in some cheap theatrical boarding-house when you're fifty, saying: 'Yes, I've seen better days. My husband has had a bad season this year.'"

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Lady, jumping down off the box. "If you came here to talk like a snob, you may as well go home."

"I didn't," said Tommy. "I came to invite you to supper. Hal and Harriet are coming in."

"I can't," Lady lied. "I've made other arrangements."

She had decided, on the spur of the moment, to invite herself to supper with Jeff.

"Would you mind telling me what the arrangements are?" Tommy asked in a forced, casual tone.

"Yes, I would," said Lady. "Go on home, Tommy. You're annoying me."

So Tommy went home, and told Lady's father what he suspected.

"I think," he said, "that this washerwoman's son is in love with her. And I think she's having supper with him to-night. Something should be done about it."

Oscar Sheridan rose and walked to the window.

"You know Lady," he said. "I might as well buy the license for her marriage as forbid her to see him. I can't do a thing with her. Her mother spoiled her."

"When Lady does something Oscar doesn't like," Mrs. Sheridan interposed, "I spoiled her. When he has reason to be proud of her, he brought her up without my assistance."

"I wasn't suggesting that you forbid her to see him," said Tommy. "Why not invite him down some time and let her see him among her own crowd? She'd wake up then."

"How about the yacht party at the week-end?" said Mrs. Sheridan.

Thus it was arranged between three people who had never delivered washing when they were kids, and couldn't know how hard it is to long for something you can't have.

JEFF and Lady were having dinner together. Jeff used the wrong fork for his salad and buttered his bread without breaking it first. He was happier than he had ever been in all his life. Lady stared at him across the table. Suddenly she leaned forward.

"Jeff," she said, "why don't you tell me something about yourself?"

"There's nothing much to tell," said Jeff. "It wouldn't interest you, Lady."

"Yes it would," she said, "or I wouldn't have asked you."

"Well," he said awkwardly, "my father was a tram-driver." He cleared his throat. "We hadn't much money, and there were four kids besides myself. My mother started taking in washing, and I sold papers and delivered the washing when I got out of school.

"I always wanted to go on the stage on account of the money dancers make. My mother died just as I was getting on nicely——" Here he stopped and laughed self-consciously. "I always forget whom I'm talking to," he said. "I suppose eighty pounds a week doesn't seem much to you, but it seemed a lot to me when they gave me ten.

"Well, as I said, Mum died just when I was getting able to do things for her, and my Dad got married again and went to Bradford. Two of the kids are married, and one of them ran away and joined the Navy. I'm having the other one educated. I didn't have much schooling myself. I'd like to send him to Oxford. Then he can take care of himself."

Lady said slowly: "It must be nice to know that you have made something of yourself—all by yourself I mean, with no name behind you to make people whisper behind their hands and give you things you don't deserve, just because you were lucky enough to be born into a certain family."

"It isn't nice!" Jeff retorted quickly. "You don't know how much it means to have something to back you up when you're hungry and cold and discouraged. And then, too, there's this about it, Lady. No matter how much money I make, or how far I go, I'm still Jeff Borden from Stepney. It's part of my publicity. They've played up my birth and poverty because it pleases the public. But when I go into—well, society—I mean real society—I'm just a paid entertainer. Do you see? I'm just like one of their servants. They pay me to dance for them."

Please turn to Page 37

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.

SHIRT-WAIST FROCK

WW833.—This striking model introduces the shirt-waist frock. Pattern provides for an alternative type of sleeves, short, as illustration, or full length. Skirt fashions two D-pleats back and front. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

USE SPOTTED LINEN

WW834.—A suitable style for a sports frock in spotted linen. The upper portion of blouse has drop shoulders, and the skirt inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIPES FOR SMART SERVICE

WW835.—Fashion broadcasts stripes for a runabout frock. Short sleeves join the drop shoulders. Pleats are added at the base of the skirt. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

HIP-LENGTH SWAGGER

WW836. — Why not a hip-length swagger coat, with this novel fastening? Loose sleeves prevent the coat from crushing your frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

AN EFFECTIVE JUMPER

WW837.—This jumper blouse is very attractive with pleated frilling in front. Omit this and you have a suitable blouse for golf. Fastening is provided at front of the neck. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

USING UP REMNANTS

WW838.—Two remnants can be used to good effect for a frock like this. Skirt has pleats back and front. Fastening is provided in front of the neck. Pattern 6 and 8 years. Material: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

A CHEAP PLAY FROCK

WW839. — Run up a cheap little frock in haircord after this style, using plain material for the collar. Sleeves are cut in one with the shoulder yoke. Pattern, 6 and 8 years. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WITH PLEATED FRILLING

WW840.—This attractive frock has drop shoulders, and is delightfully trimmed with narrow pleated frilling. Skirt provides flared godets. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FLARED SHOULDER FRILLS

WW841.—A youthful summer frock with flared shoulder frills in place of sleeves. Skirt is shaped over the hips and is slightly flared. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1069J, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on the next page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

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Pattern Coupon, 22/12/34.

SPECIAL SEASONAL . . . Free Pattern

FOR special seasonal free pattern and coupon please see opposite page.

Our Free Pattern

The holiday season is now with us and new frocks are the order of the day. This week's free pattern will prove a popular style. It has a side flare added over the hips to create smart effect. Front blouse has a shaped panel extending to the neck.

It may be worn with a bow or hand-made flower, or with a contrast neck trimming forming a jabot in front.

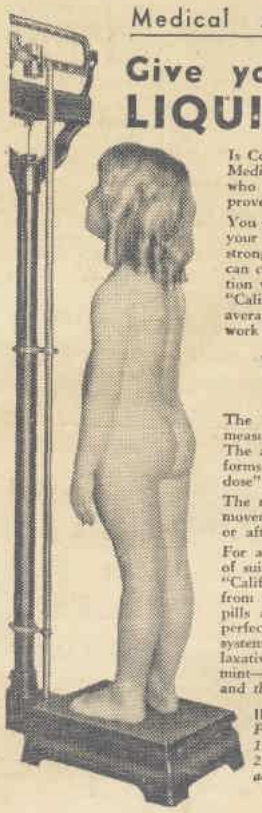
Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.

Material Required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

Medical Advice to Mothers

Give your Children a LIQUID Laxative



Is Constipation in children curable? Yes! Medical men have proved it and parents who have followed their advice have proved it.

You can never cure constipation by giving your boy or girl pills, tablets, or any strong, habit-forming purgative. But you can correct this condition by gentle regulation with a natural liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" will make the average child's bowels as regular as clockwork in a very short time.

Why Hospitals use a Liquid Laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured exactly to meet individual needs. The action is therefore under control. It forms no habit; no need to give a "double dose" next time.

The right liquid laxative brings a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterwards.

For a child's use, be sure it is composed of suitable ingredients and above all, safe. "California Syrup of Figs" is entirely free from synthetic chemicals often found in pills and tablets. It is a perfectly safe, perfectly suited preparation for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative, flavoured with cassia, cloves, and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious—and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2¼ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".*

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E.6-6.

"JEFF BORDEN," Lady asked softly, "have you ever been in love?"

He stared at her for a long moment.

"That is not a fair question to ask," he said quietly. "Seeing that you know—that—I'm—in—love with you."

"I didn't know," Lady said. "I just wanted to make sure. Forgive me, Jeff."

"I could forgive you anything," Jeff said steadily. "I could forgive you if you stuck a knife in my heart. That's how I love you, Lady."

Lady looked away because there were tears in her eyes.

She said, without looking at him: "Could we go away from here?" and he said: "Yes."

They left their dinner half eaten. Twenty minutes later they were in Lady's dressing-room at the theatre. Jeff stood on one side of the room, simply looking at her.

Lady said huskily:

"Jeff, aren't you going to—to kiss me?"

"No," said Jeff in a tortured tone.

"Why?"

"Lady, I can't—I can't! Don't you understand?"

"Why can't you? Because I'm a Sheridan?"

"Because you're one thing and—and I'm another. I'm a damned fool, but—but I want to marry you. I can't marry you, and so I can't kiss you, because, Lady, if I kissed you, nothing on earth could keep me from—from asking you to marry me!"

Lady crossed the room and stood close to him. She held up her left hand and showed him her solitaire.

"Another man asked me to marry him," she said, "and I've been wearing this, but—I'm wearing it no longer."

She pulled the ring from her finger and laid it on the dressing-table beside her. Her eyes held his, pleading.

"Jeff——" she said, "Jeff—ask me to marry you."

"Lady," he moaned, "don't—don't! It couldn't last—your parents wouldn't accept me!"

"My parents" she said steadily, "will accept those I accept. If they don't, it is unimportant. They are only my parents. You are the man I love."

He turned his eyes away.

"I can't!" he said again. "I can't!"

Suddenly Lady stood on tiptoe and put her arms round his neck. Her mouth was close to his, her eyes on a level with his.

"I've never before begged a man to kiss me," she whispered.

There are certain things which are beyond human endurance. Jeff was strong, but not as strong as he wanted to be. He crushed her against him and kissed her, not once, but a dozen times. He pushed her away finally and sat down at the dressing-table to put his head in his arms. Lady's eyes were shining. She knelt beside him.

She whispered:

"You said nothing on earth could keep you from——"

Jeff groped for her hand, found it, and gripped it hard.

"Lady, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Jeff."

A STRANGE engagement, truly. When Lady went home that night she told her father.

"Dammit!" he said, "I might have known you'd get into something. A fortune-hunter—that's all he is!"

"I've got into happiness," Lady said, looking at her father squarely. "Is that a sin? And he's not a fortune-hunter, Daddy. Because I'm a Sheridan, must I go through life suspecting the motives of everyone who loves me?"

"Because you're a Sheridan," her father said, "you should have been born with brains."

The next day at the theatre Lady approached Jeff.

"Daddy and Mother and a few friends are off on a cruise next week-end and they want us to join them," she said. "They're going to arrange to be back for our Monday performance. Will you go?"

He smiled.

"Inspection—is that it?" he asked.

"I suppose it is," said Lady. "Do you mind?"

"Perhaps I can dance for them," he said, smiling crookedly, but his heart was in his throat. His beautiful little Lady! His adored little Lady! They'd all pull together against him.

He had a week for preparations. When he went home that night, after the theatre, he spent four hours poring over a book of etiquette which he had bought secretly. There was so much to remember! He studied the plates that showed the arrangement of the silver on a properly-laid table. At four in the morning he threw the book across the room and buried his face in his pillow.

"Lord!" he said in muffled tones. "A book isn't going to do me any good. What they'll remember is that I delivered washing as a kid!"

Tommy had his ring back. He was smiling at Lady in the moonlight.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.

CUPID'S *Not* a SNOB

Continued from Page 32

They were sitting side by side on a marble bench.

"Lady," he said, "don't you think it will be rather hard to keep his—his origin from your friends?"

"It will be hard to keep his sweetness from them," she answered, smiling, "and that's the most important thing, isn't it? I won't try to keep his origin from them. He delivered washing while I was kicking my nurse in the shins because I couldn't sail my boat in the artificial pond when I should have been studying. I can't see where I was any better than Jeff. He was useful. I've never been. I've never done anything worth while. I wonder that he loves me. I'm not good enough for him."

"Oh, rot!" said Tommy. "Do a little heavy thinking. He's utterly uneducated. He'll embarrass you like the devil. It's all right while you're still in love, but think of thirty years tied to a man who never knew what a filet mignon was until he was twenty!"

"Well," Lady said, "I'd never heard of hardships until I was twenty, and that's worse."

"Have it your own way," said Tommy, pocketing the ring. "I'll carry this with me. When you wake up, let me know."

IT was the first time Jeff had ever been on a yacht. He wore white flannels and a blue coat, just as Tommy Manning did. But he called his cabin his "room."

Hal and Harriet were there, frankly curious. Mrs. Sheridan tried not to stare at Jeff anxiously when he started to talk. Mr. Sheridan didn't look at him at all. Betty Somers and Tubby Baxter were carrying on a rapid-fire conversation which might as well have been Greek to Jeff.

He stirred uneasily in his wicker chair. Lady smiled at him.

"They're talking about a polo match," she said.

"You aren't interested in polo, Mr. Borden?" Tommy drawled.

"I don't know anything about it," said Jeff. "I might be interested if I'd ever seen a game."

"You've never seen a match?" Betty Somers cried incredulously. "I didn't think there was anybody in the world——" and then she stopped and flushed.

Mrs. Sheridan said quickly:

"Betty, dear, did your mother find the Worthingtons in Paris, or haven't you heard?"

Betty accepted her escape gratefully.

"She found them," she said, "and do you know what? She says that Mrs. Worthington is interested in that Frenchman—what's his name? Del something-or-other."

"It's Demarois, isn't it?" said Tommy. "You mean the chap who was divorced by Sally Tupper about a year ago because he spent all her money on other women?"

"That's the one. Old Worthington is raging."

"So I should think!" Tubby growled. "The fellow's a fortune-hunter. Nobody knows where he came from—the gutter, probably. He only married Sally because she had an income of fifty thousand a year."

Lady looked at Jeff. He was staring intently at Tubby. Tubby caught his eye and had the grace to blush.

A silence fell. Tommy rose and stretched.

"How about some bridge, Lady?" he suggested. "Mr. Borden?"

"Sorry," Jeff said. "I don't play."

"Hal?" Tommy asked. "Harriet?"

They rose with alacrity.

Mrs. Sheridan said:

"Shall we make up another table, Tubby?"

"If Betty wants to play," he said.

When they had gone Jeff looked at Lady.

"You see?" he said.

"Bridge is a deadly bore, anyway," said Lady.

Jeff went through eight hours more of that sort of conversation. Everyone talked about things of which he had never heard. He sat silent. At dinner he was miserable. He tried to remember the exact position of the silver in the illustration in the etiquette book. He used the wrong knife for his butter, realised it, and looked at Lady to see if she had noticed. She was engaged in an animated conversation with Tubby. The more Jeff tried to concentrate on that silver illustration, the more muddled he became, and the more miserable. Lady did not look at him through the entire meal.

"She's ashamed of me," he thought. "Ashamed. She's sorry that she lost her head."

After dinner there was a full moon. Jeff leaned against the deck rail and stared at the water. He was joined by Tommy.

"They're going to dance in a few minutes," Tommy said. "I thought perhaps you'd dance for us."

"I should be very pleased to," Jeff said heavily.

He looked out at the water again, and then asked abruptly:

"Will you come down to my room with me?"

"Certainly," Tommy said.

In his cabin, Jeff turned to Tommy.

"Lady's sorry, you know. I can see it in her eyes. I'm sorry, too. I've been a fool. I thought—well, I fought against it all right—but I thought it might be true that if you loved a person other things didn't matter. I was wrong, though. You were engaged to her, weren't you—before?"

"In a way," Tommy said. "It wasn't too definite."

"You'd better make it definite," Jeff said heavily. "You're her kind. I'm not."

"Lady's not the kind to go back on a bargain," Tommy said.

"She'll go back on this one," said Jeff. "I'll see that she does."

"Well," Tommy said uncertainly, "I feel pretty low——"

"Never mind that," Jeff interrupted. "You expected it. You'll have to help me. Do you know where to get some of her father's wine?"

"Yes."

"Bring me a couple of bottles of it and—and arrange to get me off the boat somewhere at midnight. Can you do that? I mean, after the others have gone to bed?"

"I think so," said Tommy. "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing much," said Jeff. "Breeding will out, you know. Tell them I said I'd dance for them."

LADY turned, half an hour later, to see Jeff lurching towards her.

"Jeff—are you ill?"

He leaned against a post and stared at her.

"Kiss me, Lady," he said thickly, and reached for her.

She retreated a little and said under her breath:

"Darling, they're watching us."

Jeff followed her retreat, still clutching at her.

"We'll tell 'em all to go to the devil, won't we, Lady? We don't want their damned money, and their patronage, do we? We love each other, don't we?"

"Jeff—you're drunk!" she cried softly.

"Good wine," he said, blinking at her. "Y'r father's got damned good wine, Lady."

Tommy called across the floor: "Going to dance for us now, Jeff?"

"Sure!" Jeff called back, waving at him. "Start the music, Tommy!"

Lady clutched at him as the gramophone started grinding out a popular blues song. But Jeff lurched to the middle of the floor. Almost immediately he was in the midst of his dance routine. He looked towards Lady and grinned.

Please turn to Page 35

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

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CUPID'S *Not* a SNOB

Continued from Page 34

LADY'S eyes filled with tears. Was this the man with whom she was in love? Had her family been right, after all? She looked away.

She could hear Jeff's feet clapping harder, faster. A paid entertainer! His only asset was a pair of feet that amused people! Lady clenched her hands.

Suddenly there was a muffled shout of laughter. Jeff had fallen in a heap and was grinning round at everybody.

"Keep it going," he said. "I'll be up in a minute—just—one—little—minute."

Lady went over to him and touched his shoulder.

"I think you'd better not dance any more, Jeff," she said. "Shall we go down to your cabin?"

He staggered after her, uncertainly. She closed the cabin door.

"Jeff—Jeff——"

"Fellow can't have a good time," he mumbled. "Can't do anything with that lot of snobs up there. They liked it. Why did you stop me?"

"They were laughing at you!" she cried passionately. "I couldn't stand that!"

"You're a snob, too," he said. "Just another little snob—— But I don't care! I suppose you won't marry me now, but it doesn't matter—I make eighty quid a week, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought it would be fine to marry into a wealthy family and mix with your crowd," said Jeff. "But I see that I wouldn't be able to stand them after all. They're awful."

Lady went white. "Then you were just a——" she said softly. "You didn't love me after all?"

"Not very much," Jeff said. "You're a nice little kid, but I couldn't stand this life, honest."

"Oh, Jeff, Jeff!" she cried.

"Don't make a scene," he said. "Tommy wants to marry you—he can stand this life—I can't."

Lady was very white and very still, standing there. Finally she spoke.

"All right, Jeff. I see now that I didn't know as much as—I thought—I did."

"I guess you didn't," Jeff said. "But we all make mistakes. I suppose this is good-bye until I see you at the theatre."

"This is good-bye," said Lady. "I'm not coming back to the theatre. You can tell them for me."

The door closed behind her. Jeff sat down on his bed and put his head in his hands.

"Lady!" he said, over and over. "Oh, Lady, Lady, my darling one!"

Tommy came in a few minutes later.

"It's all arranged," he said. "You can get off at midnight or a little later. We're putting ashore, and one of the crew will take you in a small boat."

"Thanks," said Jeff.

Tommy was ill at ease. He crossed the cabin and put out his hand.

"Well, old man," he said, "good-bye and good luck. I—I rather misjudged you, I'm afraid."

"Good-bye," Jeff said. "Take care of Lady."

IT was three o'clock when Lady knocked at Tommy's door. She had a coat thrown about her and looked very white.

"Tommy," she said, "I—I can't sleep. Will you come out on deck with me?"

"Yes," Tommy said. "Wait a minute."

He slipped into his clothes and they went up on deck. Lady gripped the deck rail and made a little sobbing noise in her throat.

"Tommy," she said, "I think my heart is broken. It's the only thing in the world that can be the matter with me."

"Listen, Lady," Tommy said, "people don't have broken hearts any more."

"Tommy, I love him! I love him! I can't help it!"

"You'll forget him, darling."

"I can't! I've been almost mad down there for three hours!"

"Marry me, Lady. I'll help you forget him. I'll take you all over the world on our honeymoon."

"I couldn't marry anybody now—I could never marry anybody else!"

"Nonsense!" Tommy said uneasily. "Why, in a month or two——"

"No," she moaned. "In a month or two it will be worse. I know. I feel it, somehow." She burst into wild weeping. Between her sobs she gasped: "This is what I've been doing for three hours—I can't help it. I can't stop——"

"Lady," Tommy said, "Lady, you're sure that you won't marry me? You're absolutely sure that you love him?"

"I feel dead inside," Lady moaned.

"Listen, Lady," Tommy said, "Jeff—loves you. He'd die for you. I've been fighting something stronger than I am. I thought I was right, but evidently I wasn't."

"What do you mean?"

"It was like this. . . ."

Jeff was sitting on the packing-case smoking. A pair of trim silken ankles stopped before his eyes and stood there. He looked up.

"Lady——" he stammered. "Miss Sheridan—I thought you weren't coming back!"

"You adorable idiot!" Lady said, her eyes shining.

Jeff swallowed hard. She was looking at him as though she loved him.

"Why am I an idiot?"

"To think," she said, "that you could get away with it! Oh, Jeff! Didn't you know that you'd broken my heart that night?"

"I only knew that I left mine there on the yacht," he said unsteadily.

"And took mine with you," she said, "breakage and all."

"Tommy," Jeff said, "is a traitor."

"Tommy is a darling," Lady said. "I kissed him for it. I loved him more that night than I ever did when I was engaged to him."

"You're awfully sure, Lady?"

"Dead sure!" said Lady.

"Lady," Jeff said, "this is a very public place. I can't kiss you here."

"You could if you tried," Lady said, "but there are lots of places that aren't public where you could kiss me more than once."

(Copyright)

SUPPER at MIDNIGHT

Continued from Page 5

"I MET the native officer, the subadhar, who was in London for a few weeks. He told me what had really happened in the hills that day."

Rogers drew his breath. In her scorn, as she stood there, she was very beautiful.

"And his father?"

He indicated the door through which the old man had plodded a few minutes ago.

She shook her head slowly.

"He does not know. I kept the news from him. He believes that David died like a hero. It would break his heart if he found out. I hid the truth in my heart."

And her eyes dimmed with tears.

Rogers sighed.

"But it isn't the truth," he said quietly.

"Do you deny that you killed David?" she flashed at him.

"No," he said monotonously. "I killed him. But he wasn't running away."

"Not running away!"

There was an hysterical sob in her voice.

"No," went on Rogers. "I only discovered too late that Lieutenant Masters was deliberately retreating in order to draw the Mahsuds into the machine-gun trap that we had prepared. He pretended to run away and the exultant tribesmen chased him only to be met by our guns. Clever tactics. But Masters paid for it by his death. I was the fool. I was the coward."

He stretched out his hand for his hat. With the tired expression of the eternally damned he shuffled towards the door. He had lied. But he lied because he was half in love with the girl already.

Stricken like the marble statue of Samothrace, she stood and watched him. A light dawning in her eyes, the beginning of real love in a woman.

"It was David's book of poems by Ernest Dawson that you read in those lonely hours," she murmured.

"Yes," he nodded. "I read it after his death. I came to understand him better after that. . . ." He twisted the knob of the door. "Give my respects to your father, Colonel Masters, and say I'm sorry I can't accept the job. Say I was a waster that bolted at the first talk of work. Say, oh, say anything. And thank you for the supper."

He opened the door. Framed in the doorway was the Colonel, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Hullo!" he said in a surprised tone.

Rogers was about to slip past him. But he halted. The girl's voice was speaking.

"Captain Rogers is going to accept the job, daddy. I've been talking to him. I think he's the very man for you."

The old man chuckled and wiped his drooping moustache.

"Never made a mistake in my life about men." (Copyright)

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Of course, the proof of any pudding is in the eating, and the very first bite will convince you about Peek Frean's. That rich, fruity flavour; that smooth, mellow goodness; you'll find it as good as the best of made-at-home puddings. (And let's whisper, even better than some!)

Santa Claus Plum Puddings are sold in two sizes—1lb. and 2lb. Directions for serving hot are given on each container.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores.

PEEK FREAN

A WOMAN IN TROUBLE

Muddy Complexion—Rheumatism—Overweight—Too Tired to Work

If this woman had taken a different remedy for each of her complaints, she would have been kept very busy! Imagine too the length of time that would have been required to effect an all-round cure!

In actual fact, she took only one medicine. And she took that medicine for but six weeks before she saw every one of her complaints fading away. The simple explanation is that all her troubles arose from one common cause.

In a letter she says:—"Since I started taking Kruschen six weeks ago, my health has greatly improved. My complexion, which had a muddy appearance, is changed to a clear and healthy look. My rheumatism has almost gone. My weight two months ago was 11 st. 6 lbs., and yesterday, when I was weighed by the same scales, I weighed 10 st. 8 lbs. This decrease has helped me wonderfully, for I don't feel half so tired, and am able to work better than I have done for months. I shall never be without Kruschen after this."—(Miss) A. L. R.

Half the complaints that afflict humanity—from simply feeling "off colour" to acute rheumatism—can all be traced back to one root cause—internal sluggishness.

There is one sure, safe way to keep yourself regular inside—the "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

Kruschen is a scientific combination of six mineral salts which keep your eliminating organs in proper tune and so clear away the waste matter that clogs your system and poisons the blood.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts. For that reason, every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Hubby: At last I've got a week's vacation.

Wifey: That's fine, Jack. Now you can weed the garden, mow the lawn, clean out the cellar, fix the roof, paint the kitchen and do those other little jobs I have mentioned so often.

"Is that a dray horse you have there?"

"No, it's a brown horse, and stop your baby talk!"

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Organic Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

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TERRY and TEDDY — The TERRIBLE TWINS

By Harry Eyre Jr.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall

WHILE Fred, Wunderlust, and all the girls and boys of Mushroom Grove slept soundly in their beds, poor Santa Claus had work to think about.

"Dear, dear,' he sighed, as he rose from his big armchair and gazed at a long list of names he had in his notebook. "Ten—twenty—thirty—yes, thirty more children to visit!"

"Thirty?" said Mrs. Claus, Santa Claus' devoted wife, "that's not many. Why you go to thousands every year."

"I don't know," went on Santa Claus, concealing a smile, "I think I must be getting old. The strain seems to be showing on me of late. I think I work too hard."

"But, Santa dear, you only work one night every year, surely that's not too much," said his good wife, a little agitated.

"Of course, I don't mind. I wouldn't mind working every night if I had enough toys to deliver—you know that," went on Santa Claus, smiling broadly. "I was just joking."

"Well, that's enough joking for one Christmas. Now you must get to work. I'll saddle the reindeer and then you can be off," said Mrs. Claus decisively.

This she did, and in a short time Santa Claus was sailing gaily through the air in his sleigh. There were sacks and sacks of toys in his sleigh, and as Santa Claus was turning his reindeer to one side he saw one of the big sacks fall from the sleigh.

With his eye on the sack all the time, he started to go down to earth so he could pick it up again.

When he reached the ground, he picked the sack up, arranged it carefully in the sleigh, and prepared to go up into the sky once more.

AS he gazed around at the country, he was surprised to see a little hut quite near to him.

"That's strange," said Santa Claus to himself, "never knew anyone lived here. There can't be any children there or I'd know about them—but there are!" He had caught sight of some children's clothes hanging on a line. Quickly, he looked in his little notebook and then at a small chart. No, they had not been marked in either of them.

"Well, they must get presents, and I will give them some," said Santa Claus, once more to himself.

He hopped out of the sleigh and carried the biggest sack with him to the side of the little hut.

In he crept and left some wonderful presents; and a big roll of money and a letter saying, "A very happy Christmas to you all and never let me hear you say 'There is no Santa Claus'."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE

Tricks to Play on Friends

BALANCING TRICK

TO balance a needle on the head of a pin seems to be absurd, but it can be done in the following manner: A bottle is obtained and a cork tightly fitted into it. Into this cork a pin is forced so that it projects for half an inch or so; a second cork is procured, and the needle is now fitted into the cork with its point outwards. Two ordinary forks are next inserted into the side of the cork with the needle in so that they hang down clear of the sides of the bottle when the needle point is placed upon the pin-head.

* * *

COIN TRICK

GET an ordinary bottle with a fairly wide mouth, just big enough to let sixpence fall through the neck easily. Bend a match without actually breaking it in any way into a V-shape, so that when resting across the neck of the bottle it will support the sixpence. Then challenge anyone to get coin into the bottle without touching either bottle, match, or coin. This looks impossible, but is really very easy. A few drops of water allowed to fall on the joint of the V of the match will cause the three to swell, the match will straighten, and the coin fall into the bottle.

HOLDING THE PENNY

THIS trick is only suitable for a very tall person, or should be played with a person much shorter than the performer. A challenge is put forth that a penny held between the fingers cannot be taken away by another person without his touching the person holding the penny. The penny is shown held in the ordinary way, but immediately the challenge is accepted, the hand is held high above the head. If the opponent jumps in the air, or stands upon a chair, the coin should be held so high that it cannot be reached.

PRIZE OF 5/- to Stan Bresnham (15), 57 Robert Street, Willoughby, for this original sketch in black and white.

Jolly Games for the Holidays

HUNT THE RING

THE players in this game form a circle, with one in the middle. In their hands the circle players hold a cord on which a small curtain ring is strung. This ring has to be passed under cover of the hands from one player to another, so that the one in the centre does not sight it. When he does so the player who showed it goes into the middle.

* * *

BLIND MAN'S WAND

A PLAYER is blindfolded and stationed in the centre of the room, a light cane or wand being placed in his hand. The rest of the company join hands and dance round him, singing the chorus of some popular song, by way of enlivening the proceedings. When the last note is sung all stand still. The blind man holds out his wand, and the person towards whom it chances to point must, according to the rules of the game, take hold of the end. The blind man then gives three cries, which the player holding the wand must imitate as well as he can. If he fails to disguise his voice he is found out, and has to take the place of the blind man. If not, the circle dances round as before.

* * *

MAGIC MUSIC

ALL the players must leave the room except one, who must arrange what the others are to do. Then he or she calls the others in, and they must guess what they are to act about. If they do the wrong thing the piano must be played softly, but it must increase in loudness as they approach doing what is right, and when at last they do it, the piano is played very very loud. Sometimes only one player is set upon the task, the rest of the company finding amusement in watching him.

FIVE VOWELS

THE players question each other alternately, and the answers should be brief, suitable and prompt; but must not include the vowel the person demanding the answer says must not be included. Here is an example. Alice: "John, do you like cream buns? Answer without an 'a'." John: "Yes, I like them very much. Are you fond of dancing, Mary? Answer without an 'e'." Mary: "I am most partial to it," and so on.

* * *

ORCHESTRAS

ONE boy or girl is chosen as the leader, or conductor, and arranges the musicians in rows, and selects an imaginary instrument for each to play. When the conductor claps his hands everyone must play upon his or her supposed instrument, but when the leader stops and copies the movements of another player, say, of the violin, all the others must stop, except the violinist, who continues until the conductor starts to play on another instrument. All players should keep their eyes on the leader, and should be ready to play their respective instruments should he require it. Forfeits should be extracted if they fail to do this, or if they go on playing after the conductor has stopped.

* * *

HANGING A HAT ON THE PANEL OF A DOOR

THIS is a very amusing trick to play on your friends as soon as you enter a room. With one hand covered by your hat, rub a pencil sharply down the side of the door. The pencil will adhere to it, and a hat with a flat brim can be hung upon the pencil. However, don't spoil the paint on the door.

Schoolmaster: What is the quickest way to produce sawdust?

Dunno. I don't know, sir.

Irate Schoolmaster: Use your head, boy! Use your head!

Prize Card to Noel Brice, Castlereagh St., Coonamble, N.S.W.

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS,—

Now that Christmas Day is so near, I want you all to join me in a plot—quite a simple one. It is this: That we do at least one good turn on Christmas Day. You might give a little present to a poor boy or girl or give your mother a helping hand. It does not matter what you do so long as you do one good turn.

And, by doing that good turn, you and I and all of us will have what I wish you—A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Cheerily Yours,
JILL.

Customer (heatedly): Do you know there was a fly in the Christmas cake I bought the other day? I want you to exchange it for another one.

Shopkeeper: Certainly, madam, if you will return the fly I will give you a currant in its place.

Don't miss getting the Christmas issue of Fatty Finn's Weekly. It has sixteen pages and is full of fun for boys and girls of all ages.

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HOLIDAY SCENE AT COLLAROY BEACH

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

PARENTS! Your children's mental fare is important. Order Patty Finn's Weekly for them—healthy, amusing, full of interest.

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 22

"WONDERFUL seat on a horse."

"Yes."

"Hands too. And an extraordinarily plucky rider. That's twice she's been the only woman to finish, or at any rate, in at the death."

"Yes."

"Amazing how a woman can finish a run like that, in this heat, and look as cool as a cucumber."

"Yes."

"Wonderfully 'all-round' woman. Very musical, you know."

"Yes."

"And reads Italian. Talks it fluently. She's reading a paper on Dante at the Literary Society show on Saturday, with recitations from the 'Paradiso' and 'Inferno' in the original Italian. Extraordinarily well-read and well-educated woman."

"Yes."

"Paints too."

"Surely no need!"

"I mean water-colors, of course," said Aubrey Easterwood coldly.

A brief silence and a quick recovery.

"Dances divinely; absolutely."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Mackleworth."

"Yes."

"Plays a jolly good game of tennis, too."

"Yes."

"I say, don't you like her, Stacey?"

"I don't know her as well as you do."

"No. You would if you did, I'm sure."

"Yes?"

"I can't understand what she sees in that fellow Mackleworth, can you?"

"No."

"You don't like him either?"

"No."

"I think he's perfectly detestable. Absolutely manneriess. The compleat bounder."

"Yes."

"They can't have a thing in common."

"Don't know about that, I'm sure," growled Stacey Burlestone. "They may have a lot."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, as I've said, I don't know Mrs. Mackleworth as well as you do. And Mackleworth may, in the domestic circle, display virtues and charms which—well, which he keeps for the domestic circle."

"He certainly does that, if he's got 'em," observed Easterwood.

"You haven't boxed with him yet, have you?" asked Burlestone.

"No, and I don't think I shall—until—well, until I've got to."

"Until the finals, you mean? Mightn't it be a good thing to spar with him a bit, get a few friendly bouts, and take his measure?"

"Well, somehow I don't feel like it," replied Easterwood. . . "I did speak about it to Sergeant Buckley before the South Lancs went, and he said something that strikes me as sensible. While you're taking another man's measure, he is also taking yours."

"That's so," agreed Burlestone.

"If I don't box with Mackleworth and he doesn't see me boxing, I shall be as much an unknown quantity to him as he is to me. So there isn't much in it, really, is there? No, I don't think I want to spar with him."

"That's interesting. That's very interesting," mused Stacey Burlestone aloud, in his thoughtful way. "I wonder why. I wonder what's the real psychological phenomenon behind that."

"Oh, I don't know."

"No, you probably don't. I fancy that most of us don't know, most of the time, the real motive behind most of our actions. I don't mean ordinary actions, of course, like feeding your face or putting your boots on; but things like this. F'r instance, a case in point. There's a certain person to whom I owe a letter and to whom I ought to write a letter; but for the life of me I can't bring myself to do it, and I simply and honestly don't know why. There's no reason—in my conscious mind at least—why I shouldn't do it, but I can't. . . . I wonder why you feel you can't box Mackleworth, or rather why you feel you don't want to."

"Oh, I don't know," was the reply.

"Well, we admit that, but why don't you know? Dip into it a bit. Come now, think up some reason why you don't want to spar with Mackleworth."

"Perhaps I'm afraid of a hiding," smiled Easterwood.

"Bosh! You know that's nonsense, because you are going for him anyhow. You do still mean to go for the championship, don't you?"

"Rather."

"D'you mean you're afraid that you might find him so good that you'll be compelled to abandon the idea?"

"No, I don't. I should hate to say it to anyone but you, Stacey, but I feel pretty confident."

"Of the officers' heavyweight championship of India?"

"Well, I didn't exactly mean that I feel confident of that, though what I said implied it. What I really meant was that I feel quite confident of my ability to take care of myself in a ring, with Mackleworth."

"H'm. It's not that, then."

A brief silence.

"Now then, Aubrey, why don't you want to spar with Mackleworth? Come on. Out with it."

"Don't know."

"Well, dig in and find out. Is it because he's Mrs. Mackleworth's husband?"

"What d'you mean? What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, has it got anything to do with it? D'you mind this third degree, old chap? Am I bothering you, or being impertinent?"

"Good Lord, no. . . I dunno—his being her husband may have something to do with it."

"Not the old 'humiliation' idea?" asked Burlestone. "You don't subconsciously feel that the one man in the world from whom you don't want a hiding is Mrs. Mackleworth's husband—because he is Mrs. Mackleworth's husband?"

"Well, if it were subconscious I shouldn't know it, should I?"

"No, unless my question had brought it up into your conscious mind. Give it a thought. Do you feel like that?"

Aubrey Easterwood stirred his coffee reflectively.

"Well, it's a difficult question to answer, Stacey. I certainly should loathe to take a good beating from Mackleworth, but I believe that's because he is—Mackleworth."

"And not because he is Mrs. Mackleworth's husband?"

"I really don't think so. No, honestly I don't. I think it's because I dislike him so intensely."

"And why do you dislike Mackleworth so intensely?"

Do You Know—

That the typewriter made its first public appearance in the town of Ilion, Herkimer County, N.Y., in the autumn of 1873. The inventors were Carlos Glidden; Samuel W. Soule, and Latham Sholes, and it was Sholes who gave the machine its name of "typewriter."

"Oh. . . you know. . . You detest him yourself. I hate everything about him."

"Including the fact that he is Mrs. Mackleworth's husband?"

Aubrey Easterwood leaned back in his chair, brought forth his cigarette case, tapped a cigarette, lit it, and blew a long cloud of smoke, before answering.

"I don't like him any better for being Mrs. Mackleworth's husband, but honestly I think I should dislike him just as much as I do, if he were a bachelor, or somebody else's husband."

"I wonder," mused Stacey Burlestone.

"Another idea," he added, a moment later. "Do you think the reason why you don't want to spar with him is that you might lose your temper? From what I've seen of you in action, and from what I've heard from Buckley and other people, you are a remarkably imperturbable boxer.

. . . Is that it? You think you might see red and go wild?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think so," replied Easterwood. "Hope not, anyhow. Fatal thing to do."

"Absolutely," agreed his friend. "Wonder if that's it, and if so, why should you lose your temper with him more than with anybody else?"

"Well, I admit I detest the fellow," was the reply, "and I should certainly accept a bang on the nose from him with less gratitude than I should from anybody else."

"And then follows the question why, and the vicious circle's complete, eh?" smiled Burlestone as he rose from his chair.

"Anyhow, I don't want to box with Captain Colin Mackleworth—and I'm not going to do so until I must," said Easterwood doggedly.

"Interesting," murmured Stacey Burlestone again as he rose and turned to take up his helmet and riding-whip.

"NO, I don't know Mrs. Mackleworth as well as you do, my son, but I'm jolly well going to," murmured Captain Stacey Burlestone to himself, as he rode out of the compound.

"Without being one of those funny fools who imagine that they understand women," he thought to himself. "I think I've enough both of intuition and experience to form a fairly accurate opinion. . . . What about a dance or two, and a sit-out or two, in a dark place with her on Thursday night? Sacrifice my rubber of bridge in a good cause. And then what? Suppose I detested her. I can't pass that on to young Aubrey. Or if I found out that she really did have a past—been the worst woman in Widdecombe—it would be a dirty job telling him anything about her, apart from the fact that he wouldn't believe a word of it."

At the Thursday evening dance at the Gymkhana Club, Captain Stacey Burlestone made himself particularly agreeable to Mrs. Mackleworth; and he was a man who had the power to make himself—particularly agreeable.

Three times he danced with her, and greatly he enjoyed it.

Aubrey Easterwood danced, and sat out with her, five times; but the remainder of the dances she gave to Mr. Clarence Wellingson, assistant magistrate of Quetawur.

An honest man, Burlestone frankly admitted—to himself—that he found her delightful, charming. Yet curiously enigmatic. Pleasant, friendly, easy and agreeable, she was anything but flirtatious. Not once in conversation did she strike a note that jarred; nothing cynical, malicious or unkind. Her comments on the station and its inhabitants, though witty and amusing, were never satirical, unfriendly or cruel.

While reserving judgment, he decided that, so far, he had formed the impression that she was a nice amusing clever woman, probably quite a good sort, and certainly far too good for Mackleworth.

Still, he didn't like huge dark eyes, and wasn't certain that, at times, her mouth was not a little hard, her extremely beautiful eyebrows inclined to draw together, her red lips too thin, the line of her jaw too marked and strong.

But there again, her frowning was probably just a nervous trick . . . headache . . . habit. And anyhow, surely any woman who'd lived, for however brief a space, with Captain Colin Mackleworth, might well suffer a little hardening of the mouth, and a tendency at times, to frown.

Yes, if young Aubrey hadn't been involved in the matter at all, probably he himself would have liked Mrs. Mackleworth very much.

Very much indeed.

He didn't know when he'd seen so interesting a face.

An interesting talker, too. Knew how to be pleasant to a man.

To a man? . . . To any man? . . . Every man?

What about women? It would be interesting to find out what the womenfolk thought of her. It might not be conclusive, but it was indicative, if she were unpopular with them.

On the other hand, is any extremely attractive—nay beautiful—woman, who is also fashionable, smart, chic, fascinating, accomplished, likely to be very popular among the women of an Indian station? Do they love the loveliest when they see it? Speaking generally, that is?

Anyhow, she was an extremely interesting subject for study.

Captain Stacey Burlestone found himself pursuing his studies.

Literally pursuing? The devil of it was that it was so extremely difficult to get near her; tete-a-tete, c'est a dire. It was easy enough to see her every day, and more than once every day, in the company of other people. But it was almost impossible to see her alone, thanks to young Aubrey, not to mention Clarence Wellingson, Moresby Wallingford, and a dozen more.

And what did old Tony Wallingford want to go chasing a married woman for? Especially when he had a wife like Joan Wallingford. A jolly sight too good for him.

Anyhow—there they were—flies round the honey pot.

And, of course, one cannot study people satisfactorily in public. It is inevitable that, in a crowd, they are not quite their natural selves.

It was almost impossible to get a morning ride alone with Mrs. Mackleworth, thanks to one or other, or a dozen, of her gay cavaliers—who were anything but gay when together in her society. It was equally difficult to ride home alone with her after the bi-weekly hunt. Flies round the honey pot indeed, then, in numbers.

Why, it was becoming none too easy to get a dance with her; for, at the weekly dances, the flies simply swarmed.

And he didn't wish to copy the tactics of Aubrey, or Moresby Wallingford and young Clarence Wellingson, who obviously booked dances with her a week ahead. Probably on each Thursday night they booked the same dances for the following week.

And you couldn't really talk to anybody while playing tennis with her; and when the set was over, you simply joined the crowd, sitting in a row and looking on.

Jolly difficult. Ten thousand pities dear Mary Harrington-Spens had gone home. She'd have helped. She'd have been invaluable.

To be continued

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As used by famous Film Stars

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If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

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ENGLISH AND New South Wales women cricketers share a repast at the Sydney Cricket Ground at the afternoon tea interval during the first international women's cricket match. Miss Betty Archdale, captain of the English cricketers, is seen on the extreme right of the picture with her team. These unusual pictures give an idea of the happy spirit that exists in all women's sports. —Women's Weekly photos.

WOMEN Improve *International Cricket* STANDARD

Unrehearsed Incidents in Games

By *RUTH PREDDEY*

Cricket enthusiasts in Victoria and New South Wales are already talking excitedly of "the day we played the English touring team," and are speculating as to whether their particular favorites will find a place in the Australian team.

On the other hand, Queenslanders will not have an opportunity of seeing an international women's cricket match until Saturday, when the State side meets England on the Exhibition Ground. Some of the Adelaide girls may meet the English team in Melbourne.

MISS KATH SMITH, the Queensland fast bowler, who captains the Queensland team in their match against England on Saturday.

SO far every match has been crowded with incidents—unrehearsed incidents—that assure success for the three Test matches, which will be played in Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne, where the English team will embark on their homeward journey, via New Zealand.

As in Melbourne, the Sydney supporters of the game enjoyed every minute of play and, although the majority of the spectators were comprised of men, they were the first to acknowledge the fact that "cricket is no longer a man's game."

It was a strange sight. The "hill" and its crowd were strangely silent. It was not until towards the end of the match that the first barracker was heard imploring one of the batsmen to "have a hit," and then the accompanying cry, "You'll never get 'em out!" but perhaps the barracker realised that it was women playing, and therefore remained unheard—or was it that for the first time in years they were getting all the thrills that they so dearly love.

THE boundary fence was not out of reach. One fine drive by Hazel Pritchard passed midway between mid-on and the bowler and rattled the pickets. They drove and cut the ball with the vim of a veteran.

Very few uppish shots were given. When they were given they were invariably snapped up by some keen fielder.

The bowlers lacked little in direction and accuracy, but the hard pitch of the Sydney Cricket Ground gave little assistance to the pin bowlers. The call "no-ball" was heard on but few occasions, but when once penalised the same bowler did not spoil her average by repeating the offence.

Drinks For All

DRINKS were carried to the players by the twelfth man in each team, and on every occasion the umpires were invited to "have one" also with the players.

On two occasions the players personally poured out the drinks and carried them to the umpires. This was an unrehearsed scene that was warmly applauded by the crowd present.

The umpires, Messrs. Simpkins and Puffett, were appointed from the N.S.W. Women's Umpires' Association. They did yeoman work, and their decisions met with the approval of the crowd.

Then there was the incident of the schoolboy who appointed himself gate-keeper for the cricketers on the opening day. Straw hat in hand, he always had a cheery word to say both to the incoming and the outgoing batsmen.

Probably the most disgruntled people at the ground were those in the members' stand. Here they had no hesitation in showing their resentment, inasmuch that they were deprived for the first time in international cricket from having a close-up view of the players. "Why can't they use the dressing rooms here," exclaimed one member, but the public who swarmed around the girls' dressing-room in the Sheridan Stand, who formed human lanes for the cricketers to enter through as they came off the fields; who stood six deep outside the tearoom while the cricketers had their afternoon tea; and later when the match was over, waited outside the gates and cheered lustily as each English or Australian player made her way to the waiting car, are not likely to view with favor any changing of the dressing rooms.

Perhaps the greatest compliment paid to the women cricketers came from an elderly enthusiast in the Members' stand, who used many expletives in describing their play, and then apologetically said "I keep forgetting they are women I am watching."

The Australian Cricket Council can have no qualms in regard to the attendance at the Test matches after the success of the State matches, and women's cricket has undoubtedly come to stay.

Date of Rowing Championships

BECAUSE West Australia has forfeited its right to hold women's rowing championships in that State, South Australia will entertain visiting crews from probably four States in 1935.

The South Australian Ladies' Rowing Association has fixed the date of the interstate championships for Saturday, April 27, 1935. They will be held on the Port River.

Ordinarily, the crews would have met in Perth in 1935, but as West Australia has not competed since 1929, they had to forfeit their right to entertaining the remainder of the crews. South Australia was rather hoping that its turn would fall during its Centenary in 1936, as it probably would if Perth had not dropped out.

Miss Florence Killmier, all-Australian secretary for the present season, has written to Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland officials, informing them of the date chosen for the championships.

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TO WAKE UP A LAZY LIVER.

For "liverishness," biliousness, headache, drowsiness, bad complexion, etc., try taking before breakfast a little "Alkia Saltrates."

When you sleep the heart immediately slows down and then the sluggishly-moving blood deposits throughout the system any toxins and impurities which may be present. That results in a clogged liver, "the beginning of all disease." It saps the body's only reserves against disease. You have headache, and often ache all over. The toxins reach the brain, hence that tired, languorous don't-care feeling. Blemished and yellow complexion, indigestion, furred tongue, feverishness and despondency and other symptoms. Heart depressants, pain-deadening drugs and pills afford only temporary relief.

A pure blood supply is the only solid foundation upon which to build good health. Then your body acts better, same as a fire burns better with soot cleared from the chimney. Drink before breakfast a level teaspoonful of "Alkia Saltrates" in a half-tumbler of water. This promptly washes out all impurities, leaving the way clear to receive and properly digest food. The "Saltrates" water also reaches the liver by absorption, thus stimulating that organ and removing any congestion or sluggishness. All chemists can supply "Alkia Saltrates." It is harmless as sugar and probably the greatest solvent and eliminant known to science. Its amazing curative properties will make you a crank on the subject of internal cleanliness.—C.N.H.***

Important Aid to Complexion Beauty

True skin beauty comes, not from cosmetics, but from within. Constipation causes many bad complexions. When regular daily elimination is not obtained, bodily toxins are gradually absorbed into the system. Thus pimples and "spots" are caused. The first step towards complexion beauty, then, is the prevention of constipation. Sanitarium San-Bran is a natural remedy for constipation. It supplies the roughage which is essential for normal, regular bowel action. And San-Bran is delicious to eat; just light, golden flakes of tempting goodness.

Start to-morrow. Add two tablespoonsful of San-Bran to your usual breakfast cereal. This quantity of San-Bran taken daily is usually sufficient to ensure bowel regularity, and complexion and health both will reap the benefit. Your grocer sells San-Bran.***

JOAN HARTIGAN'S *Tennis* REVIEW

By JOAN HARTIGAN

Unfortunately for officials and spectators, Kooyong courts have been unfit for play during most of the week for the Victorian championships, necessitating them being played on the Albert Ground.

HOWEVER, the semi-finals and finals took place at Kooyong. The courts were in excellent condition, which is really marvellous considering that little over a week ago they were in flood.

It was rather strange for the competitors to have to move during a tournament from one lot of courts to another, but, under the circumstances, it was unavoidable as the crowd could never be accommodated at the Albert Ground.

With the conclusion of the Victorian championships, Dorothy Round adds the second State title to her many championships.

My hard task commenced when I met Nell Hopman in the semi-finals. This was an excellent game in which Nell led five games to three before I caught up with her score, but I eventually lost that game 6-8. In the following game I think Nell relaxed a little, and gave me an easy win, but the third and deciding set was very even until I eventually won it at 7-5.

The other semi-final, in which Dorothy Round met Evelyn Dearman, was very interesting right from the start. Long rallies were the feature of the game, and some excellent driving was indulged in, especially on the part of Evelyn Dearman, who appeared to be playing one of her best games since her arrival in Australia.

Dorothy Round won 6-4, 8-6, and so we met again in the finals.

In this match I was able to equal the score to 7-all, but from then on Dorothy Round won the next eight games in succession, and thereby won the match, 9-7, 6-0.

The junior finals were between Nancy Wynne and Thelma Coyne, in which the former won, after a very exciting battle. This match was easily one of the most spectacular, and every stroke was fought to a finish.

Mrs. Hopman caused the first surprise of the women's singles by defeating Miss Nancy Lyle, of Great Britain.

Having defeated Miss Blick in straight sets in the recent interstate matches, I felt fairly confident before playing her but she played a much improved game than on the previous occasions, and after winning the first set, and catching me at 4-all in the second, she was very unlucky to lose. Mrs. Hopman and I met in one semi-final, and Miss Round and Miss Bearman in the other.

Juniors Played Well

N.S.W. juniors, Misses Coyne, Rice, and Chene, have all done remarkably well. Miss Coyne, of all the juniors, is outstanding. She is a most wonderful player for her age, having control of every possible shot. There should be no limit to her possibilities.

A well-known tennis critic remarked to me the other day that he considered her shots to be much better than Miss Round's and having watched Miss Round it certainly is a big thing to say and to mean as he did.

Miss Coyne was called upon to play three singles in the one day, and was unable to do herself justice. Surely this is far too much to expect from any player, more especially as Miss Coyne had an excellent chance of doing well against Miss Lyle.

The committee would take no steps to alter it, and said that if the players entered in both senior and junior events they must take the consequences.

This seems hardly a feasible explanation, seeing that Miss Coyne did not play any match on the Saturday which was the first day of the tournament, and only played a junior singles on the Monday. After playing a junior singles on Tuesday morning, and championship against G. Toyne in the afternoon, and then having to play Nancy Lyle, no wonder she admitted to being tired.

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TRY THIS RECIPE!

SAVOURY EGGS.

Boil 4 eggs hard and cut them in halves. Remove the yolks and put them in a basin. Add 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon sardines, 1 dessertspoon Lea & Perrins sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pound the mixture well together, then fill the whites with it. Cut a small piece off the end of the egg so that it will stand upright. Place on a lettuce leaf and coat the top with a little mayonnaise.

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GLOVE DEPARTMENT—GROUND FLOOR

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Usly. 12/11, 12/6

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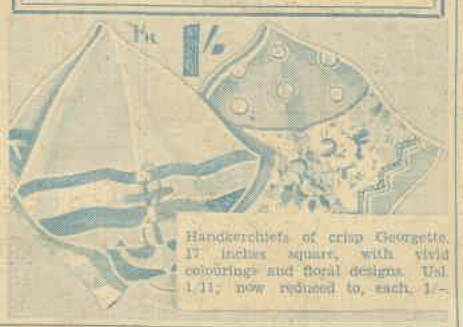

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What Women Are Doing

Unusual Gift

AUXILIARIES throughout Australia are busy playing "Mother" Christmas just now to children in hospitals, orphanages and kindergartens.

It is doubtful, however, if any have received a more unusual or pathetic request for a Christmas gift than that which came from one of the little patients at the Orthopaedic Hospital, Frankston (Vic.).

One of the little girls asked to see inside a home because she has spent most of her life in hospital.

She was taken by a kindly hostess to a private home nearby, and spent the day with the two children who live there.

* * *

Her Music Was Broadcast All Over Australia

THE impressive music that was broadcast through the streets of Melbourne and to all corners of Australia on the Sunday of the Eucharistic procession was provided by Miss Agnes McClelland at the pipe organ in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Miss McClelland —Mendelssohn photo

Miss McClelland's music was on the air fairly frequently during the Eucharistic Congress, for she played for every service that was broadcast from the Cathedral.

She did not see her home in St. Kilda for more than a week. Services were so frequent that she had to stay within easy distance of the organ, at a boarding-house at East Melbourne.

Miss McClelland, who is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McClelland, was educated at the Catholic Ladies' College, and was always interested in music.

She did a full course at Albert St. Conservatorium, and has a pleasant soprano voice. Later she studied the organ as a pupil of Mr. Arthur E. H. Nickson, and she has been official organist at the Cathedral since last May.

In addition to all this, Miss McClelland has found time to be musical director to the Malvern Operatic Society, and has also helped to produce revues for charity.

* * *

Gifts from Queensland For Their Majesties

MRS. GRAHAM MYLNE and Mrs. H. Sterne and Miss Marjorie Schofield have received notification that the simplicity of the Queensland Country Women's Association address, and the gift made to Their Majesties the King and Queen, through the Duke of Gloucester when he was in Brisbane, has appealed to members throughout Queensland.

The gift, presented with the address to the Duke, was a tiny box of Queensland polished wood containing two silver badges, one for the King and the other for the Queen.

This gift is of more than ordinary interest, because the Queen is president of the Sandringham Women's Institute, which, like the Q.C.W.A., is affiliated with the Associated Country Women of the World, one of whose vice-presidents is Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, foundation president of the Q.C.W.A.

The country women, organised in different parts of the world, take other names occasionally, but the title used by the Australian associations has appealed to the federation that binds the members throughout the world, and so the Australian name of "Country Women" is used for the federated body. In England and in New Zealand, the name adopted is "Women's Institutes."

* * *

Formidable Opponent In Organised Debates

AMONG the foremost debaters of Sydney is Mrs. Doris Ritchie, who has probably confused and confounded more debaters in that city than any other woman.

Twice she has been the leader of the women's team that successfully competed for the Radiola Cup, organised by the N.S.W. Debating Union. On one occasion no fewer than 36 men's teams were opposed to her.

Complete knowledge of one's subject is considered by Mrs. Ritchie to be the most important adjunct of a successful debater.

Mrs. Ritchie has held public-speaking classes at the Sydney University, Abbotsleigh, and Meriden schools, and numbers men among the students of her private classes.

Feather in Woman Lawyer's Cap

ADELAIDE has a brilliant new lawyer in Miss Roma Mitchell, who was the only woman to be admitted to the Bar in South Australia on December 15, and who is also the only woman ever to have won the David Murray Scholarship for Law.

This scholarship is given to the student who has gained the greatest distinctions in the whole course during the year of graduation, and, as some of the male graduates passed their examinations brilliantly, this is certainly a feather in Miss Mitchell's cap.

Two other women graduates in Law — Misses Jean Gilmore and Marjorie Frick—also had their LL.B. degrees conferred upon them at the Adelaide University on December 12, but as they had not finished their articles they were not in a position to be admitted to the Bar with Miss Mitchell, among whose distinctions were a first-class degree and top place in Evidence.

Back To New Zealand After Ten Years

VERY soon, in the third week in January, Melbourne friends will be bidding farewell to Miss Elsie Griffin, who plans to return home to New Zealand and to rest for a while at the home of her mother, Mrs. C. Griffin, in Auckland, before she makes any future plans.

Miss Griffin is a national figure in Y.W.C.A. circles. She began her work when she became national general secretary at Dunedin, N.Z., in 1914. After that she went to America to study. She was general secretary at Auckland for six years, and in 1924 she went abroad to study again—this time to England.

Ever since her return ten years ago Miss Griffin has remained in Melbourne as national general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., and she is also honorary secretary of the Australian Pan-Pacific Women's Committee.

* * *

Crippled Children Helped by Mrs. Bonney's "Little Ship"

MRS. DOLORES BONNEY'S generosity has lately appealed to thousands of sporting Queenslanders.

When it was decided to open the Brisbane Lord Mayor's Fund to try and induce the Centenary Air Race competitors to visit Brisbane, Mrs. Bonney donated fifty flights in "My little ship," her pretty little blue plane, the proceeds to be devoted to the fund.

When it was found impossible to bring the air race competitors to Brisbane, individual donations were returned, but Mrs. Bonney decided to continue the scheme to benefit the Crippled Children's Fund.

This public-spirited airwoman took part in the formation escort when the Duke of Gloucester launched the Australia-England air mail, and is still keeping secret details of her proposed long-distance flight.

Our Paper Link Between Women Bowlers Here and Overseas

MRS. H. E. TWAMLEY, president of the Queensland Ladies' Bowling Association, has received a letter from Surrey, England, by air mail, stating that a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly has been read by some Surrey lady bowlers, and as her name had been mentioned as president of the Queensland Ladies' Bowling Association, they were delighted to get in touch with her to learn something about Australian women bowlers.

Mrs. H. E. Twamley —Regent

"I, on my part, was even more pleased to hear from them," says Mrs. Twamley, "as the way is now open to create a friendly feeling between the two associations. Your paper has, therefore, been the magic key to bring this about, and, in the near future, let us hope that lady bowlers will follow the trail set by the English lady cricketers."

* * *

Wilma Berkeley Has Had Success in London

WILMA BERKELEY, one of the Albert Street, Melbourne, Conservatorium students who went to London at Melba's bidding some seven years ago, has managed to hold her own even in these days when most artists are having rather a thin time in the Old World. Quite recently she was broadcasting in Dublin, from the opera, "La Traviata."

Since she left Melbourne Wilma Berkeley married Leonard Fleming, now known as a South African author, but he, too, was born in this country.

Shows Great Promise In Art Career

AN unusually brilliant art student is Christine Pecket, who was enrolled at the Technical College, Sydney, under the auspices of the Crippled Children's Society.

Her first essays in art were assisted by a correspondence course, and this year is the first period when she has had full-time instruction under expert teachers.

Her originality of outlook is amazing and is being encouraged by Mr. Fred Leist, who supervises her work. As well as allowing her talent full scope her technical equipment is being perfected.

Two portraits of her mother and a self portrait are included in the very creditable array of work accomplished during the year.

* * *

Kindergartens Are The Hobby Of Mrs. T. A. a'Beckett

KINDERGARTENS and their welfare are very nearly a full-time job with Mrs. T. A. a'Beckett.

The Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria has celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and Mrs. a'Beckett has been associated with it from the beginning. She was vice-president of the council, then hon. secretary, before she became its popular president.

She is full of original ideas for raising money. An enormous word-making competition was one of her bright ideas, and the Loan Exhibition of Antiques, held in 1932, was another.

The huge Pioneers' Ball that raised £750 for the kindergartens was first mooted by her, and during the past week she has displayed a keen interest in 30 Christmas tree parties given at 30 separate kindergartens.

As well as being vice-president of the Lyceum Club, and on the committee of Janet Clarke Hall, Mrs. a'Beckett, who is a Bachelor of Science, teaches at Scotch College in the mornings, so she leads a busy life.

* * *

News of Australian Novelist Abroad

MARY MITCHELL, who went off to London soon after the publication of her particularly successful first novel, "Warning to Wantons," plans to stay in that city for about another year, but she is determined to make this country her future headquarters.

Her arrival in London was not heralded by the big publicity usually given Best Sellers. This was probably due to the fact that she slipped in quietly after a long restful voyage on a Swedish cargo boat.

Quite recently she has been spending some weeks in Sweden, having gone there with the idea of finishing her second book, which is to be published early next year. She stayed for a few weeks at a weaving school in beautiful country, then went to the city to hear some operas.

Dutch, French, and Scottish— And Living in Australia

MRS. ARTHUR AMIES, the attractive wife of the principal of the College of Dentistry, Melbourne, makes all her friends gasp when she tells them that her mother is Dutch and her father French, and she was born in The Hague, Holland.

The reason for their surprise is the fact that she speaks with a delightful Scotch accent. The accent is not surprising, for she spent most of her life in Scotland, with a short period at school in Germany.

Mrs. Amies is as brainy as she is pretty. She did most of a medical course and obtained her degree in Dentistry at Edinburgh University. After that she practised dentistry in Edinburgh, and later in Harley St., London.

Four years ago she married and came to Australia, but for most of this year she has been absent from her Melbourne home. She returned to Edinburgh to further her studies in medicine, and before many more years have passed she will probably go back again to complete the final examinations.

* * *

Her Own Corps-de-Ballet Within the Ballet

THE visit of the Russian Ballet is a boon to Australian dancers and dancing-teachers in more ways than one.

Several of its members are qualified to examine for the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, Cecchetti Branch, and many Australians are being hurriedly coached for the examination.

Miss Molly Lake

Molly Lake has the highest honor that the society can offer. She is a Fellow of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, Cecchetti Branch, and has travelled the world.

She danced with Pavlova for several years, and her other dancing engagements included eight lonely months in Soviet Russia, when she was the only English member of the company.

Every moment of spare time both in Sydney and Melbourne has been given up to examining, and if the ballet goes to Adelaide and Perth she will be just as busy there.

She has a corps-de-ballet of her own within the Russian Ballet, and many of the delightful ballets they dance are of her own devising. These include the Etude Plastique and the Polka, which have attracted much attention.

* * *

Half-sister to C.W.A.

AN interesting and very vivacious visitor to Australia is Mrs. G. Walton, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Walton, who came out from England to represent Lord Baden-Powell at the Centenary Jamboree until the latter arrives.

Mrs. Walton is assistant commissioner for Wolf Cubs for Berkshire, England, and as such is to be the guest of honor at numerous Scout and Girl Guide parties in practically every State. But, although she is fond of the Cub work, it is not hard to see that her heart is in her beloved Women's Institute, which is a kind of half-sister to Australia's Country Women's Association, and of which she is president for Berkshire.

The C.W.A. in Adelaide has already rallied round and given a party at its rest rooms. Except for hospital visiting and bush work, Mrs. Walton says there is a great deal of similarity between the Institute and the C.W.A. Members of the former are keen on travel talks and on knowing what is happening in other parts of the world, and they have a great many addresses by interesting women from here, there, and everywhere.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY --- By WEP.

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Flowers o' the Sea

"COME underneath my big umbrella, little girlies!" Perhaps Miss Elaine Hamill (left) and Miss Betty Broad received this invitation. So they souvenired the umbrella! Anyway, its gay awning stripes and vast size make it an enviable acquisition, however it got into the picture. In their colorful costumes, so brilliantly set, the girls look like lovely sea anemones flowering on the seashore. —Beach wear by courtesy of Farmer's. Women's Weekly photo.

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Walking the Plank!

"IT'S NOT SO easy to keep your balance on this slippery diving board," says Miss Elaine Hamill, "but I'll be all set for diving in a minute!" The South Sea pareo, which Miss Hamill is wearing, is from Farmer's, and is quite the last whisper in bathing wear. It is cleverly cut in one piece and printed in gay flag colors. —Women's Weekly photo.

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Mandrake the Magician

Ambassador Vandergriff, having lost papers of extreme importance, calls in **Inspector Sheldon,** of the U.S. Secret Service. They are baffled by the case when **Mandrake, the Master Magician,** appears with his Nubian slave, **Lothar,** and informs them that **The Cobra,** a powerful arch-criminal, has stolen the documents. Sheldon, his daughter, **Barbara,** and **Tommy Lord,** his assistant, embark on a liner on the first stage of their search for the missing papers. On the ship they meet a stranger, **Gordini Talon,** who saves Barbara from a cobra in her cabin. On deck one night Barbara asks Lord to get her wrap. Neither sees the shadow of a man with a knife. Read on—

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COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

SON *of the* GODS

By REX BEACH

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES 1934

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 1.

SAM LEE stood at the open window of his apartment overlooking the park, and the very fact that the window stood open gave him a feeling of freedom which amounted almost to intoxication.

He was restless, eager, dissatisfied, elated. His notes on to-day's lectures needed elaboration, but — it was spring; a gay rebellion had broken out in him, a thousand mischievous tongues were whispering in his ears, his thoughts were as unruly as wild horses.

There was his brand new Hispano-Suiza standing at the kerb below. People invariably stopped to admire it, and at this moment Sam could make out a group of figures on the sidewalk near the car. He could hear their voices. Girls' voices! Laughter!

The telephone tinkled discreetly, then came Moy's soft "'Allo!" A moment and he entered the living-room, bowed and announced:

"Mister Spuggum calling you, sir." Moy was a Korean; the simplest English names were baffling to him.

Sam went into the hall, took the instrument and spoke.

"Hello, Sam!" came a cheerful voice. "This is Spud Gorham. Are you working?"

"Not—yet. I was just getting ready—"

Spud talked through his words:

"It's too nice a night for the movies, and anyhow Kicker and I are down to our last cigs. You sound like a fellow who'd enjoy taking us all for a ride. Girls and everything. Am I right? . . ."

"Are you sure it would be—all right?"

"Certainly!" Mr. Gorham spoke with heartiness. "Absotively oh kay! It'll be a polite expedition in search of scientific knowledge and no parking whatever. They'll have to be home early."

Sam Lee called for his polo coat, and a few moments later he ran down the steps of the apartment house and joined the group on the sidewalk. He was greeted enthusiastically by Spud Gorham and Kicker Wade, who introduced him with something of a theatrical flourish to their three companions. The latter were no little impressed at meeting the owner of a fifteen-thousand-dollar car.

All of them addressed him simultaneously and in some confusion, at which Kicker said breezily:

"Don't let royalty rattle you, girls. Cut out the high voice and talk in the natural register. Sam is a timid, flickering spark and he wouldn't blaze if you fanned him."

Sam Lee's white teeth gleamed as he fitted his key to the lock and pressed the starter. "I'm not a gladiator at small talk," he admitted, "but I'm a thrilling listener."

"It makes me nervous to ride with a driver who talks too much," declared the girl at his side. "My, this car runs like silk, doesn't it?"

There followed a moment or two of general chatter. One of the girls began to hum the chorus of a popular song, and the others joined in.

After a while the girl at Sam's side—he believed her name was Hart, but he was not sure—inquired of him:

"Where is your home, Mr. Lee?"

"New York."

"I'm a Westerner . . . Bartonville, Ohio!"

Sam looked at her, and again his teeth shone in a smile. "I was born in San Francisco," said he.

There came a gale of laughter from the back seats. Kicker, Spud and their two companions were talking like parrots.

Through the upper end of the city and out into the country Sam drove.

A dog rushed out from a farmhouse gate and raced along beside the running board. Kicker Wade waved his cap and jeered at the animal as it fell behind, then with a sudden change of tone announced that he was hungry. Somebody suggested it would be fun to get a bite somewhere and then dance for an hour.

Sam Lee turned his smiling face to inquire: "What do you say if we go back the shore road and stop at the Bird Cage?"

The Bird Cage was the most popular roadhouse on the north shore. It had been done in the Chinese fashion, with miniature flower gardens and dwarfed pine trees surrounding the dancing floor and with tiny pebbled pools spanned by toy bamboo bridges separating the tables. Scores of bird cages, each with a twittering canary of imperial yellow, swung from the lacquered beams, and all the attendants were in Oriental costume. The cover charge amounted to more than most of the students at Eastern spent on themselves in a week, and, in consequence, it was not liberally patronised by the college crowd. But Sam went there frequently to dine alone.

He let his companions out under the porte cochere, parked his car, and returned to the porch, then led the way inside. The three girls were chattering animatedly as he removed his coat and cap and tossed them to the coat man.

It was his first chance to see them distinctly, and he was curious to discover whether these friends of Spud's and Kicker's, especially Miss Hart, would prove as attractive in a revealing light as in the semi-obscurity of the night. He was not disappointed. They were healthy, charming, animated girls: Alice—Alice Hart—was unusually pretty. Sam had learned by now that she was an advanced student at the School of Design. Of the other two, one held a position of some importance in a publishing house and——

Sam felt his gaze drawn from Alice's face to that of Kicker's girl, perhaps his attention was attracted by the fact that she broke in the middle of what she was saying and stared at him out of startled eyes. A look of incredulity succeeded her smile! She opened her lips to speak, but the obsequious proprietor of the Bird Cage bustled up at that moment with a word of welcome to Sam and an inquiry as to where he wished his party seated. When the latter had made his wishes known the girls were on their way to the dressing-room.

The orchestra in the cafe started playing, the dance floor filled, and the three college men moved forward and looked in.

Wade felt a touch on his arm: a maid in an Oriental blouse, blue silk trousers, and felt-soled slippers advised him that one of the ladies wished to speak to him. He followed her.

A STORMY face peered out at Kicker from the dressing-room door, an angry voice greeted him.

"You've got your nerve!"

"Hello! what's wrong?"

"You know very well. You get us out of here this minute before anybody sees us." The speaker was furious, her eyes were glowing. "The idea! Alice is crying. She's almost in hysterics and——"

Illumination came to Kicker. "You mean —Sam? Aw, see here! Don't be a goofer."

"I recognised him the minute we got in here. If this is your idea of a practical joke——" the excited young woman choked. "Well, I think it's pretty rotten and I'm going to tell my father. The Regents will hear about this, Mr. Fresh, you see if they don't."

"But listen, dearie——"

"Listen nothing! You get us out of here, that's all. The idea of your daring to take us out with a Chinaman!"

"I can't. Think I'm going to bawl myself out, and him, too? What would I tell him?"

"We should worry what you tell him."

Gorham had observed storm signals and was approaching. Sam Lee still stood in the doorway absorbed in watching the dancers. His back was to his guests.

When Spud learned what was amiss he joined his entreaties to Kicker's, but with no success.

"His name isn't Sam Lee, at all; it's Lee Sam." The indignant instigator of the scene made herself heard. "I never thought when you introduced him, but the instant I got a good look——"

"Lee Sam is the Chinese way to say his name," Kicker explained. "They get everything backwards. Now listen. He's a big guy—his father is the richest Oriental in New York and he owns more stores than Carter has pills. He's the Chinese Marshall Field. Sam's a kind of prince. He's an honor man at the university and——"

"Are you going to call a taxi?"

"Is who going to call what taxi?" Gorham demanded roughly. "You'd wear out a new one on the way home. We're further from home than Capetown. If you must go, Sam will drive us back."

"He won't drive me back."

"No me, either!"

"I should say not!" Alice Hart now added her voice to the others.

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The two young men exchanged apprehensive glances, each waited for the other to speak. Spud finally began: "Well, I'm not going to break it to him. We asked him to take us out and we accepted his invitation to come here."

"'We asked him!'" snapped one of the girls. "Tell him somebody is sick! Dying! Anything!"

"I wish it was the truth."

Kicker nodded his complete agreement with Gotham's desire. "I'd like to tell him truthfully and with tears in my eyes that you all had hydrophobia. I bet it would cheer him up. . . . All right! I talked us into this buggy ride, I suppose I can talk us out of it. Anyhow, I'll try. But you ought to walk back." He and Spud returned to their host.

"Our party has blown up," Wade began as casually as might be. "Mabel has got something the matter with her and wants to go home."

Sam turned from his patient observation of the dancers and said politely: "I'm sorry. Can anything be done?"

There were times when Sam Lee's college mates argued that he looked not at all Chinese, and again times when they were not so positive about it. At this moment, however, there could be no doubt as to what he was—Spud and Kicker saw an Oriental facing them.

"Would she like to leave at once?" Sam inquired.

Kicker made a hopeless gesture. "At once, or sooner! And they want me to call a taxi."

"Too much air in that open car," Spud explained desperately. "It's—neuralgia, or toothache, or something. Grabbed her just like—that! At least——"

"Would you min——?" Wade, in spite of his case-hardened nerve, hesitated, stammered. "Could I—er—borrow a ten spot until the first? I'll pay it back, this time. Honest!"

Sam smiled and took a new banknote from his bill-fold. He always carried new money, as his friends had learned. "If she's suffering I'll ask you to say good-night for me and express my regrets. You fellows must see them safely home, of course."

"This is mighty decent of you, Sam."

"You're a prince!" Both youths were greatly relieved. "Too bad our party was a bust, but—we'll see you to-morrow."

As they crossed the lobby Kicker breathed to his friend: "Gosh, Spud! I feel as if I'd stamped on a baby's finger." A moment later they and the three girls passed out into the night.

Sam explained to the cafe proprietor that he would not require that table for six after all, and for a while he continued to look on at the dancers. Outwardly he was unruffled, his face wore a faint smile, his eyes were stony; inwardly he boiled. In an effort to retain his self-control he repeated in a sort of panic: "The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not master of himself" . . . "Noble natures are calm and content" . . . "The lowest order of men are vicious in spite of instruction."

He had supposed, of course, when Gorham invited him to come out and assured him that everything was "all right," that the girls knew who and what he was. Otherwise he would not have subjected himself to the risk of humiliation. Who was the honor man among eight hundred sophomores at Eastern University? A despised Chinese! To whom did they look up in the lecture rooms? To whom did they come for help outside of class hours? To Sam Lee! . . . The gods were laughing. He, too, should laugh, but there was no laughter in him.

CHAPTER 2.

SAM LEE'S experience at the Bird Cage was not the first of its kind: he was by way of becoming accustomed to humiliations of one sort and another. He had come to Eastern expecting to find a tolerance as broad as the ocean. Among his people the quest of knowledge is considered the most honorable of pursuits and respectful homage is paid to the humblest of students even by the high-born and the wealthy. In the Chinese mind intellect has dignity second only to old age. But he had found it to be quite different with Americans.

It did not appear to make the slightest difference that he was American-born, that he had never seen and probably never would see the land of his fathers, or that he had a "white mind": his virtues and his accomplishments were considered only skin deep.

This phenomenon would have been more readily comprehensible had Sam conducted himself like the other Chinese scholars who lived at the House of Nations along with the hundred or more students of foreign birth. That little group of Orientals held itself aloof and avoided touch with the student body as much as possible. They liked the whites no better than the whites liked them. But with Sam it was otherwise.

For instance, he served diligently on class committees, a thankless and a profitless task; he wrote for the college paper, he subscribed time and money to every worthy cause.

More than one fellow he coached in those subjects in which he himself stood highest and there were a number of boys, like Gorham and Wade—they called themselves men, of course—who shamefully abused his generosity in money matters. He had even entered into American sports and had earned a place in the Varsity tennis team.

To-night as he drove homeward it seemed to him that he was the lonellest young man in the whole world, and he took a melancholy satisfaction out of indulging in self-pity. He had been attracted by Alice Hart, no denying it. For an hour, hand in hand with her, he had trod the lotus path. Gates had opened, he had glimpsed enchanted gardens, then they had slammed shut in his face. Race prejudice again!

Lee Ying, his honorable parent, lived in state on the roof of the newest, the tallest, the finest business building in that quarter of New York. A modern fire-proof structure of steel and terra cotta it was; and the merchant's home itself was a peaceful refuge, rich in beauty and full of pleasantries. The rooms were airy and spacious, and they housed many treasures. There was a roof garden with shrubs and trees and flowers and a tinkling fountain looking down upon narrow Mott and Pell and Doyers Streets with their swarms of yellow men and children.

The home reflected the lofty dignity, the benignant calm of its distinguished owner. But the elder Lee was a sage and a philosopher; he was by nature and by training incapable of understanding resentment at harsh treatment, and Sam very well knew it. Lee Ying would have smiled at such a childish weakness and counselled his boy to rise above it; or told him that adversity is necessary to the development of a man's virtue.

Following that ride into the country Alice Hart asked herself a good many times whether she had behaved in a manner to reflect credit upon herself.

It had been an embarrassing situation, to be sure, and she was the person who had most cause for resentment, but Wade and Gorham were responsible. Sam Lee was no more to blame for it than she was. If Mabel and Fay hadn't been so furious the difficulty could have been met somehow.

Miss Hart, be it said, was given to evasions and avoidances: her whole life had been a series of painful compromises with disagreeable situations, and she had learned how infinitely preferable is half a loaf to no bread. It is a lesson every ambitious person learns and she was ambitious. Ambition accounted for her presence here at Eastern, for in a truly desperate effort to escape a life of household drudgery she had managed somehow to win a scholarship in Eastern's School of Design, and now dreamed of a year or two in Paris, then a studio of her own in New York, and independence.

It had sincerely thrilled her to meet that unknown Mr. Lee, a man of fabulous wealth, and that evening with him had been an experience. Alice did not realise how keen was her disappointment at the outcome until several days had passed.

Sam was reading a Chinese story, one of the colorful folk stories which are repeated on the eve of the feast of Lanterns. He lowered his book, when the telephone rang. He glanced at the ormolu clock on his cabinet of tiny ivory and gold and porcelain curios. It was after eleven. Who could be calling? Amid a soft rustling of silks he went into the hall. A woman's voice answered his hello.

"Don't you know who this is?" it inquired. "This is Alice Hart speaking."

Sam all but dropped the receiver.

In some constraint they exchanged meaningless greetings and pleasantries. Alice had spent a quiet evening in her room: it had occurred to her that she had failed to thank Sam for his courtesy on the occasion of their meeting. She hoped he wouldn't consider her rude.

Sam asked himself in bewilderment if he could have misconstrued the meaning of that episode at the roadhouse. Was it possible that Miss Hart did not understand? It seemed incredible, and yet—how account for her friendly tone of voice? Embarrassment smothered him; he must spare her feelings.

"I was reading when you called," he told her. "An old Chinese story——"

"What about?"

"About a little Chinese girl who was not allowed to attend the Feast of Lanterns—our New Year celebration. We Chinese attach great importance to New Years: it's our principal holiday. Something like your Christmas or Fourth of July."

"Do you read Chinese?"

"Of course——"

"But isn't it awfully hard? Doesn't it take years to learn?"

"Years and years. I couldn't speak English until I was half-grown!"

"No! Isn't that extraordinary? You certainly speak it well enough now: better than I do." There was a pause. "I wish I knew more about—well, about foreign people and countries and customs and such things. I'm terribly ignorant and curious. All I know is a little bit about drawing."

Alice seemed to think, of a sudden, that she was overdoing her thanks or was talking too freely, for after another hurried word or two she said good-night and hung up.

Sam read no more that evening. What did that friendly telephone conversation signify? Was Miss Hart unlike other American girls? She must be. Would he dare ring up Miss Hart after a proper lapse of time? How long should he wait? There is nothing in Chinese etiquette about telephoning young ladies. But this wasn't China: it was America. And he was an American. . . . A moment and he shook his head at this reflection. He was nothing of the sort. He was a "Chink". . . . But at least he could send her some flowers. Of course! No possible offence in that. Magnificent flowers, too; she must learn that he did everything in a princely manner.

CHAPTER 3.

A MONTH had passed. Trees had leaved out. The side street where Alice Hart roomed was dark at night for the branches of its elms met overhead and cast heavy shadows along the curb. Sam Lee stopped his car midway of the block and waited.

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Alice was prompt, as usual; she materialised from the gloom, seated herself at Sam's side, and they were off.

Following that first telephone call, Sam had sent Alice a box of flowers: they were the finest, the longest-stemmed roses she had ever seen. A gift so expensive demanded acknowledgement, so she had called him again. They had chatted at greater length this time, and somehow she had mentioned that car of his. In answer to his diffident invitation she had said of course, she would enjoy a ride, any evening. That had been the beginning. Sam was not doing so well in his studies now as heretofore, but he was happier and more contented than at any time since coming to Eastern, and he was getting to know the roads outside the city by heart.

Alice's work at art school was confining: she was a country girl, and she loved fresh air. These restful excursions have proved a blessed relief, and she often declared it was nice to have a friend like Sam. Not a Spud Gorham or a Kicker Wade, but a dependable, solid, comfortable friend like Sam.

Their friendship had proven very wonderful, deeply intoxicating to the boy: it had expanded him, he was a different person.

Alice had treated him with an odd mixture of friendliness and constraint, at first, she had appeared to be attracted to him, nevertheless she had been suspicious, fearful of his advances. When he failed to make any her shyness wore off, and they became real pals. She was at all times eager to go out with him, but diffident about being seen in public places, and explained this on the ground that she lacked the means to dress becomingly.

Pleasing as she was in most ways, the girl possessed one characteristic which disappointed Sam, she had a discontented mind, and suffered periods of intense despondency: she was likely to break out in a vitriolic and utterly reasonless tirade against her luck, her condition, her lack of opportunity. This feeling of inferiority, amounting almost to a complex, mystified Sam, for he had never known the pains of self-denial, and poverty in Chinese eyes is no social bar sinister—not even a handicap.

Although she always appeared to Sam neatly and tastefully dressed, she nevertheless was overconscious of her poor appearance, so he began giving her little luxuries, which he felt sure she could not afford to buy; a box of lacy handkerchiefs, for instance, or a few pairs of gloves, silk hose, and the like. When she protested he assured her they were mere trifles.

"Trifles to you, a wild extravagance for me," she told him.

Sam smiled faintly. "It seems to me you have so much."

"In Heaven's name what? Health, youth, a fair amount of good looks. How much will they bring?"

"The quest of knowledge is the most honorable of pursuits. You'll be a great artist."

"Never! Why? Because I won't have the chance. It takes time and money to become an artist. I'll go back to Bartonville with a smattering of art, just enough experience to make me hate everything else, and to keeping house, cooking, washing, playing nurse-girl. I can see it coming and—I'd rather die."

Following this conversation, Sam made bold to present Alice with gifts somewhat more substantial than theretofore. To-day he had sent her a dress, and in view of her ardent gratitude he took occasion, later in the evening, to broach another matter to which he had given much thought. He began cautiously by telling Alice something about his father. He had never said much about Lee Ying, but to-night he informed her that the importer was a man of wide but unobtrusive charities. Lee Ying did much to help those deserving of assistance, regardless of race: he was deaf to no appeal. It was his money, for instance, which the speaker lent so liberally to the boys who honored him with their friendship, and his father approved of the loans. The old man was forever urging his son to do more for those less happily situated than he, arguing that help at this time might be of inestimable value to them in later life. Sam wondered if Alice would take it amiss if he offered her the same sort of assistance he rendered fellows like Gorham and Wade.

"You mean—money?"

"Exactly. Understand, it's not mine, it's my father's. He considers it a privilege to aid any one engaged in the pursuit of a higher science."

"I couldn't do that," Alice explained hurriedly. "I feel wretched enough at letting you do as much as you've done. I—think I'd die if anybody found out. Please don't tell him anything about me: I don't want him, or anybody, to know."

"Have you told your people about me?"

"Good Lord, no! They're only looking for an excuse to send for me."

After a moment Sam announced gravely: "Under the circumstances, I'm afraid we'll have to give up these rides. I'd never forgive myself if I were to cause trouble between your family and you."

"Oh, Sam!" Alice laid a hand upon his arm and looked up into his face, "Don't you want to see me any more?"

He assured her quite honestly that he did want to see her, that he wanted to see as much of her as possible. He could not tell her how much her friendship had meant to him. "I'm the loneliest, hungriest fellow in the college, and I find nothing incongruous or improper in our friendship. But I'm not blind. I understand why you meet me in the darkest spot on your street; why you refuse to go out in public with me. It's a hard thing to swallow."

For a while they rode in silence, then Alice inquired: "Is it my fault any more than yours?"

"No; it's the fault of a senseless, formless prejudice, which I hate because I can't understand it. For that matter, I hate clandestine things, too. We can't go on like this."

"Why not?"

"For one thing I have a pretty stiff Chinese pride, and for another, I've been taught filial obedience. You owe it to your people to observe their prohibitions."

Alice laughed in her intimate "cozy" tone, and leaned closer to her companion. His heart pounded at her touch. "Don't let's get prudish in our old age, Sam. I'm not going to give you up. Not for some silly principle—some foolish prejudice. I'm too selfish."

A trifle thickly he told her, "I must either see more of you or—very much less."

"Very well, but with things as they are we can't go out in public——Oh, gulp down that Chinese pride of yours! One of us must be practical. I've learned to look facts in the face, if you haven't. . . . I used to be afraid of you—most fellows are so fresh when they get out alone with a girl——"

"How can we see more of each other?"

"I'm thinking. . . . That valet of yours——"

"Moy?"

"Can you trust him? I mean, would he talk if—if I came to see you? . . . If you can't call on me without causing comment why shouldn't I call on you?"

"Would you——?"

"I don't know. If people persist in being so silly, must we let them interfere with our friendship? What they don't know won't hurt them. . . . Sam! I want to see the lanterns."

CHAPTER 4.

DURING the month preceding the close of the spring term Alice spent several evenings in Sam's apartment. She revelled in her boldness, the adventure delighted her, at the same time she was watchful, suspicious of him. When he treated her with the same unfailing courtesy that he had displayed on their automobile jaunts and took no advantage whatever of the situation she had created her distrust disappeared, she abandoned herself to a triumphant enjoyment of her exploit and assumed a sort of gay proprietorship over him and Moy and the place itself.

As the spring semester drew to a close Alice confessed that her plans for the future were uncertain, and as a consequence she was in a painful quandary. Her parents expected her to return home, but she knew very well what that would mean—the end of her career. On the other hand, she could not remain in the East unless she found employment for the summer, and positions were rare. She was greatly depressed.

Sam spoke again of a loan, but she would not listen to his suggestion. It was unthinkable: she still retained some self-respect. After all, what would another year in the art school profit her without a finishing course abroad?

The worst of it was she and Sam would never see each other again. No more rides, no more chats, no more cozy evenings like this. . . . It was all very well to talk about sacrifice, the stony road to success, but what more could she sacrifice? What more had she to give?

"You can see the Feast of Lanterns if you wish," Sam told her gravely.

"How?"

"By stopping over in New York for a week and allowing me to show you about."

"New York is too expensive for a Bartonville art student."

"I would consider it a privilege to entertain you as my guest."

Alice eyed the speaker in startled interrogation.

"You could go to some hotel—the very nicest—and nobody need know that you're my guest. I'll hold myself at your service, take you to the shows and the shops——"

"It would be lovely!"

"——and, perhaps, you would enjoy meeting my father. I want him to know you. He's a learned man, a philosopher, a person of importance. Very likely he could put you in the way of securing a position for the summer."

"Sam, dear!" The speaker clasped her hands and strained at them, her voice grew husky. "I'll never, never be a misfit. Don't let me go back to Bartonville and—rust out on a sidetrack. Please!"

That car of Sam Lee's excited quite as much admiration on Fifth Avenue as it had excited on the college campus: wherever it stopped people gathered to look at it. Alice Hart felt something stir inside her when she and Sam came out of a department store and stepped into it. She did her best to look rich and haughty and, meanwhile, she envied her companion's complete oblivion to the stares he evoked. It was an experience to be stared at, to be seen in company with a young man as perfectly groomed and as important as Sam Lee. Nobody seemed to take him for a—for a foreigner.

Sam, she learned, had a subtle, unobtrusive way of commanding attention in the stores themselves, he was recognised as a somebody and his name was magic.

They had spent the morning sightseeing, in reality window shopping, for that was Alice's wish. Sam had shown her through art stores, silversmiths, antique shops at first, for his taste ran to exquisite things like bronzes, jewels, ivories and such, but she did not begin to enjoy herself thoroughly until they entered the stores given over to fashionable women's things. Thereafter she was in raptures.

They lunched together; for tea they visited a place she had always longed to

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see and they lingered there. Soft music. Rich rugs and hangings. Crystal and silver and bronze and gilt.

When she returned to her room she received the culminating surprise of that gala day. On her bed were a number of packages from the shops she had visited and when, with trembling fingers, she opened them, she found they contained all, or practically all, of the lovely things that she had most enthusiastically admired on their sight-seeing tour. Here was a dinner dress, there an evening wrap, yonder a sport costume, a beaded bag, a hat—! Incredible. Alice gloated over them like a miser, her heart beats choked her. This was like Sam: he did everything regally. What extravagance!

For once Alice was eager to be seen in public, therefore she and Sam went to a night club after the theatre. It was a maniacal place, the entertainment was wild, the dancing was feverish; she had never experienced anything like this and it intoxicated her. She was drunk, too, on her escort's praises; over and over again he murmured into her ear that she was the most ravishing, the loveliest creature in the place, and she believed him. They danced till they were tired.

Sam did not kiss her on their way back to the hotel, although she fully expected him to do so.

Another day of bliss, another night of revelry followed; a third and then a fourth. The young people spent most of their waking hours together; when apart they were constantly in each other's thoughts. Then came an evening to which Alice had looked forward with dread: Sam took her to see his father.

Thus far she had beheld only the opulent heart of this modern Bagdad; she had seen nothing of the city itself, but Sam piloted her away from the calcium glare of the Rialto and drove south with her through streets that were dark and comparatively deserted, on between endless, towering walls pierced by blind windows. Elevated trains roared through these empty, echoing streets with the clangor of huge metallic dragons; the denizens were meanly dressed, furtively they passed from shadow to shadow. Here was poverty, dirt, garbage, the sights and sounds and smells of a life all too familiar to Alice Hart.

They came into a wholly different and distinctive quarter, the sound and the smell of which proclaimed it to be Italian. The small, naked, iron-fenced park which Sam skirted was overrun with people.

"This is Mulberry Bend Park," Sam said. "It's where I played when I was a child."

"How strange to think of you coming from a place like this," Alice murmured in a stifled voice.

He nodded towards the south. "Down there a little way is where the Governor of the State was born."

A block or two between bleak, narrow walk-ups that ran high and then Sam swung his car into a street more brightly illuminated than the others, and with startling suddenness the environment changed once more. New odors, strange and pungent and spicy, came to the girl's nostrils, new pictures greeted her eyes. The signs and the store-fronts carried hieroglyphics, Oriental men crowded the sidewalks; they were yellow, flat-nosed, high cheek-boned, undersized, and they wore illfitting, incongruous American clothes. Alice heard outlandish cries and words without meaning. The street ran bank full of pedestrians, but the stream divided to let Sam's car pass through.

Sam stopped his car in front of a building which rose several stories above its neighbors and helped his passenger out. They were facing a fine store, a bazaar, now dimly lighted; alongside of it was a tiled entrance and into this he led her. The place was clean and shiny with brass and white marble, but there were unrecognisable odors in the air. Opium probably! Alice grew faint, her knees weakened. Where was Sam taking her? What would be the end of this hideous experience? A panic seized her.

She saw it all, now, and understood the significance of his gifts, his attentions. How cunningly he had arranged everything, how patiently he had bided his time. An oily, wily, Oriental manoeuvre. She was tempted to bolt and run, but it was too late, the elevator gate had closed, she was being rushed upward, out of and away from the world. She wanted to scream but feared to offend her companion. She wondered if she would ever be heard of again.

CHAPTER 5

THE elevator stopped. Alice stepped out into a spacious hall, really an ante-room, elaborately finished in carved teak wood. Through this Sam led her into a room that caused her to gasp. It was splendid, it quite took her breath.

Some spell had been put on her, she reasoned, for a moment ago she had been in the slums and now she stood in a temple of enchantment. This airy, spacious room was a museum of treasures, it was softly lighted, it had an atmosphere of benevolent calm and dignity.

Lee Ying! He was a patriarch and an aristocrat. His voice was pleasant, his speech was slow and precise, his words were well chosen; he carried himself like a noble.

"You honor my poor house," he told his visitor with a benignant smile. "Its contents and the grateful contents of my heart are yours. Sam has often spoken of you in terms of the most respectful admiration and it is generous of you to favor an old man with the light of your countenance."

Alice acknowledged the stately greeting with what composure she could summon, for her terror of a moment ago had not entirely dissipated itself.

"Sam never told me—I had no idea, people lived so sumptuously in this part of the city. Or anywhere else, for that matter. I'm another Alice in Wonderland. . . . Are those trees, out yonder, and flowers? Or just part of the dream?" The speaker gazed round-eyed towards the farther end of the room, for it seemed to her that she was looking out into a growing garden, a riot of bloom and foliage. She saw live, luscious, green leaves and heard the tinkle of running water.

Talking as he went, the old man led her out upon the roof of the building itself and along a gravelled walk, bordered with shrubbery, to a breast-high coping, where she looked down upon the swarming chaos that is Chinatown. Atop this modern, fireproof structure that housed his store, Lee Ying's home stood in a yard of its own. Alice was in a lofty garden hung high above the lights and the clamor of the streets; evergreens and rose bushes were bejewelled with drops from a recent watering, the air was fresh and cool and earthy smelling up here. Yonder, to her left, down a formal pathway of slender cedars, stood a little Chinese pagoda with curling eaves, over which a riotous wistaria clambered.

When the visitor had exhausted her exclamations she was led back indoors, and Lee Ying said: "Our poor possessions are commonplace in our eyes, but you have the discerning eyes of an artist. If you see anything of beauty, if anything here interests you it would give me pleasure to tell you its history and the story of its making——"

"Everything interests me."

"——and some of those stories run back into the mists of antiquity."

The girl nodded. "I'm sure they do. I've never seen many nice things, Mr. Lee. But I love everything beautiful and old and rare."

"And so you are studying to become a famous artist," Lee Ying smiled cordially upon her and nodded his head. Alice had explored the house, the extent and the appointments of which astonished her, she had partaken of strange foods, she had drunk tea that was more fragrant than orange blossoms, now she was sitting with father and son.

"I don't hope ever to be famous," she disclaimed, modestly. "To be successful in a small way and to make myself self-supporting is as much as I can expect."

Sam, who had done little talking thus far, explained deferentially that Alice's parents discouraged her further studies.

The elder man looked his distress. "I grieve with you, for it is a noble calling. And yet I cannot urge you to ignore their wishes. If they were willing for you to continue I would esteem it a privilege to be of assistance."

Sam's face lighted, he turned proud, triumphant eyes upon the guest.

Alice flushed and stammered. "Oh, they'd be—delighted. They don't mind anything except the cost. We're dreadfully poor, you know. Father works hard enough, but he's so—incompetent, so impractical. And, of course, I—well, it's too marvellous to be true, Mr. Lee, and I don't know how to thank you. . . . I'm terribly economical, really, and expenses at Eastern are low——"

Both she and Sam were surprised at Lee Ying's next words. "I understood that your dream envisioned something more ambitious than that."

"You mean—Paris?" faltered the girl, unable to credit the old man's words.

"I do. Why not speed your arrow towards the moon? It will fly the farther." The speaker was addressing Alice, but his attention was focussed upon Sam. "Time passes, youth is impatient of delay. The road is difficult, but the longest journey begins with a step."

"Oh! Mr. Lee!" Alice gasped. She clasped her hands over her breast, her eyes widened, her lips parted. "Paris! That's my dream!"

Sam's expression had altered, a look of dismay flickered over his face. What children they were, mused the old man. And how transparent. It had not taken him long to weigh the girl, to read her character and to appraise her worth, now he felt only contempt for her. For Sam he experienced a sincere compassion inasmuch as he knew the boy and had watched him carefully these several days. Sam was blinded, dazzled; motes were in his eyes. Where was his perception? Where was his pride? A tigerish resentment stirred in Lee Ying's breast.

Suavely he promised Alice that she could sail for Paris on the next ship if she chose. His attorneys would arrange her transportation and see to her passport, a sum sufficient to meet her requirements would be deposited with his Paris bankers, and against it she could draw as and when she chose. Henceforth, she was her own mistress, her future was her own. Gracefully he warded off her hysterical effusions of gratitude.

When finally she left, she was almost servile in her thanks, and yet a new confidence, a new determination was in her. Lee Ying suspected that she credited her physical charms, her magnetic beauty, with enchanting him.

When he had finished his final obeisance, and the elevator door had closed, he expelled a noisy breath of disgust, he spread his fingers and shook them delicately as if to rid himself of some contaminating touch.

What beastly creatures were these low, conniving white women. If Sam could only understand. But he had absorbed a Western reverence for the sex. Poor boy, they would cause him nothing but suffering! Here was a situation that could have been handled simply, expeditiously, economically, in any country less "civilised" but more truly cultured than America. Why was it these Occidentals saved their useless women and drowned their kittens? It was a mistaken sentiment.

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SON OF THE GODS

CHAPTER 6.

ALICE chattered ceaselessly on the way up town, failing utterly to notice Sam Lee's silence. Over and over, in a hundred ways, she voiced her exultation, blessed Lee Ying as a benevolent saint and his son as her good angel. Such rapture, such animation as hers, would have transfigured the plainest girl, it worked a miracle with her.

"My father's wisdom is as great as his benevolence," the young man said finally. "I bow to his judgment in all things. But he can be cruel and implacable. To-night he pierced me with a spear."

"Why, Sam! You said you wanted him to help me!" Alice observed for the first time the fixed, white look upon her companion's face, and she changed her tone. "It's going to be hard to say good-bye—we've had such good times together. You're a darling, Sam, and I'll miss you terribly."

"Alice!" It was the first time he had ever addressed her as anything but "Miss Hart," and she was startled. An odd flatness in his voice challenged her attention as he went on. "You must realise how much I care for you."

Good Lord! It was coming. He was going to spoil everything, thought the girl.

"You'll be sailing at once. Will you marry me before you go?"

Alice recoiled. She uttered an exclamation and jerked her hand from his sleeve. Marry——! She had never dreamed he'd ask that. The other was bad enough. Marry a—Chinaman! The fellow was insane.

The moment that followed was an eternity to both of them.

Sam turned his head; he waited; Alice's thoughts were racing, she glimpsed consequences that appalled her. In a panic she gasped:

"Oh, not that! I couldn't. You shouldn't ask me——" She bit down her tongue, in spite of herself a shudder of physical repulsion ran over her.

"I'm sorry," Sam said quietly. "I hoped you cared for me."

"I do! You've been wonderful——

"I'm beginning to understand, for the first time."

There was a silence through which Sam drove with eyes fixed; upon his face was the intent blankness that hides emotion. Finally he nodded and said:

"I understand. In my person I'm not altogether unpleasing, nor very different from other fellows. As a lover, therefore, I'd be acceptable, if nobody knew. But marriage to a Chinese: that's another matter!"

"Now you're insulting!"

In an explosion of wrath as sudden as it was unexpected he exclaimed: "It's you who insult me! . . . Women are monkeys! You've insulted me not once, but a thousand times, and I stood for it. Your caution! Your secrecy! . . . 'Nobody must know!' 'What will people say?' The crowning insult was your surprise when I asked you to be my wife, and not my mistress. Let's be honest, for a change. I'll be frank with you, please be frank with me."

"All right!" stormed the girl. "I'll pay any price to go to Paris, if you must know, but I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. Live in Chinatown! Among those people! Oh, my God! I'd cut my throat first. Now what have you got to say?"

"Only this: there may be Chinamen who would have you, but I wouldn't."

Alice was shaking, her breast was heaving tumultuously, abruptly she bent forward, covered her face with her hands, and began to sob convulsively. "I—suppose this—ends everything," she gasped. "I could—kill myself."

Another silence came between them which lasted until the car stopped at Alice's hotel. She had done some thinking meanwhile. Timidly she said: "Don't let's quarrel. I didn't mean all I said."

"Have no concern," he assured her coldly. "You'll go to Paris."

He left her in her room after a few moments of vain conversation.

The next two days were an eternity for Alice Hart. She suffered tortures. Sam did not communicate with her in any way, neither did Lee Ying, and, as the hours crept along she called herself a fool for making an enemy of the son.

Lee Ying had promised, to be sure, and high-class Chinese are reputed to observe a scrupulous code of honor, but—— This uncertainty was maddening. How different her situation now to a few days ago. Life was still going on around her, but she had no place in it and she feared to leave her room lest a message should arrive. Nevertheless she couldn't sit here like this forever. Not with an hotel bill running up. She hadn't the remotest idea what the rate was, but it must be appalling. If she didn't hear from Lee Ying, who would pay the bill? How much longer would she be permitted to stay? . . . Yes, and who would pay for these clothes? Here was a thought to bring consternation. She could be arrested ——

That was it! What a simple and satisfying revenge, from Sam's standpoint. Every hour she stayed here she fell deeper into his power. He'd force her to meet his demands, humiliate her, make her eat dirt. The miserable cur! What craft, what ruthless cruelty. And if she refused——Arrest! A trial! Disgrace! It would come out that she had been the associate of a Chinaman! People in Bartonville would hear of it.

In a panic she considered calling him up, making friends with him, but she was too frightened to finesse in the slightest. And telephone calls cost ten cents. They'd be put on her bill. Food, too, and "room service," cost money. Thank heaven she had no appetite.

The bell rang late on the second afternoon. A man—Alice was too agitated to heed his name—was calling. He was from Carter and Peiz, attorneys. Should he come up or would Miss Hart come down? She stammered, "Yes."

Faintly she made inquiry at the desk, and then started as a man stepped up to her side. He did not lay a hand on her shoulder as she half expected; instead, he proffered her a fat envelope and explained that it contained her steamship ticket and letter of credit. On the next morning, if agreeable, the speaker would call for her and together they would attend to the formality of securing her passport.

CHAPTER 7

DOCILE and peaceful are the Sons of Han. Sam Lee returned to Eastern University that autumn and resumed his college life where he had left it off. His friends welcomed him and they made a rendezvous of his place. If he was not quite the same to them as formerly, if he was a little less deferent than usual, and if there was a cynical flavor to his jests, they failed to observe it.

By now his social status had been firmly established and not even those closest to him made any effort to better it. To Sam, however, it was an ever-present dissatisfaction, an incurable canker, the which his experience with Alice Hart had merely made more painful. He could not resign himself to his situation. There were times when he rebelled against all things Oriental and gagged at the Chinese flavor; times when a voice in him fairly shrieked that he was a white man in disguise.

Inasmuch as this story has to do with the working of those antagonistic influences it will be necessary to go back more than twenty years to a night in San Francisco and to a street in Chinatown, back to Pan Yi, a Chinese woman whose little feet were like two "golden lilies," and to Officer Dunne whose feet were unlike anything in the botanical kingdom. We shall have to translate the meaning of the red paper prayers which the childless Pan Yi pasted on the stone lions of the public library, and make the acquaintance of a sentimental patrolman whose heart was bigger than his feet.

There had been feasting in the house of Lee Ying and now there was music, the sound of which caused a crowd to gather outside of his store.

It was known to all that Lee Ying was a generous man and this being a notable occasion in his life it was considered likely that he would distribute gifts among those who were too lowly actually to sit at his table, but who, nevertheless, did him the courtesy to smack their hungry lips outside his door and to wish him a hundred birthdays and to forecast a thousand distinguished honors for his infant son. In this hope the crowd waited.

Their patience was rewarded in due time. Even Officer Dunne, a seasoned member of the local police squad, shared in the importer's generosity, for Lee Ying sent a servant out on the streets in search of him, then left his important guests long enough to present the patrolman with a bundle of banknotes and to offer him, with a ceremony that engaged both hands, a bowl of hot rice wine.

The policeman was loath to take the money, but he accepted the wine readily enough. "Here's health to your son," he said, lifting the cup high. "As fine a baby as ever I saw. May he never know bad health, bad luck, or bad company, and grow up to be even half the man his father is."

The Chinaman bowed and beamed.

"My wife and I are thankful that Heaven sent him to us and we rejoice that the auguries are favorable for his future. The signs and portents point to great riches and much luck."

"You're certainly giving him a grand start. Why, this is like Chiny New Year, all but the firecrackers. Well, every christening ought to be a high-jinks, to my way of thinking."

"Yes. He is our first-born, our last, our only son. Our joy is overwhelming."

"Sa-ay!" The policeman stared incredulously. "Ain't you going to adopt him? Why, I'm liable to get in trouble——"

"We shall not adopt him, for he is ours. It would be an affront to the beneficent powers who laid him in our arms."

"But, man dear! Anybody can tell he's not a Chinese kid. . . I figgered it was a great break for him to be adopted by a rich man like you—a lot better than a foundling's home. Those kids never amount to anything. But—I'm supposed to report such things."

"You look at it through Western eyes, we through eyes of deeper understanding. He is a godling, a boy from the azure sky, but his flesh has been made our flesh, his blood our blood."

"He may be a Chinee, at that," Dunne admitted, after consideration. "Babies look pretty much alike. But suppose he ain't? Suppose he grows up to look white.

"It is of more importance to consider how he will think, how he will act, how he will live. In view of his celestial origin is it reasonable to expect him to look like other boys? No. He shall be reared like the superior being he is."

"That's all right, too," Dunne said, still unconvinced and with misgivings in his mind, "but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Heredity! A myth of the Occident." Lee Ying dismissed the subject with a wave of his loose silken sleeve. "We Chinese are old in wisdom. The perfection of a vase lies not in the potter's clay but in the craft of the artist who fashions it and in the skill of the glazier. A son from the clouds has come to me, my life shall be devoted to rearing him in the likeness of a prince. I have meditated; I have no fear."

No doubt there were some residents of San Francisco's Chinatown who considered it strange that a son had come to a couple

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so old as Lee Ying and his wife, and who therefore exchanged gossip on the subject, but, if so, they were too polite or too politic to permit their words to reach the importer's ears.

For that matter sons are not seemly subject for joking among Lee Ying's people; lacking a boy of his own, he would have been expected to adopt one out of regard for his family line. Ancestral worship and respect for the family as a social integer has induced the Chinese to carry adoption to extremes, or to what any other people would consider extremes. Sons are adopted to act for their new parents as commercial agents. Children of poor parents are purchased for adoption and, upon occasion, kidnappers make a profit from the sale of stolen children.

Little Sam was a pretty and a beguiling infant, he was plump and dimpled, his limbs were straight, his eyes were black and shiny, he laughed more often than he cried. He developed rapidly, too. Who ever heard of an ordinary mortal with a tooth at three months of age? But Sam had two, as white as rice kernels.

Lee Ying became daily more attached to his son and as for heart-hungry Pan Yi, the years fell away from her and she bloomed into a girl again. She made frequent thank offerings to the various deities, slighting not even the least important, and she gave expensive presents to her friends, assuming a new importance not only in their eyes but also in the eyes of her own servants by reason of her motherhood.

How good that home was became more apparent as time went on. Only the finest foods were given to the child and they were prepared with the highest skill; his garments were of rich materials and they were embroidered with royal insignia, his toys were numerous and expensive; upon his tiny cap was sewn the ruby button of a Mandarin of the first rank.

When the time came for Sam to commence his studies he was not sent to school; a Chinese tutor was engaged for him and his education was begun in the time-honored, orthodox manner, which is to say that a book was put into his chubby hands—an imposing work, the introductory statement in which read: "Men at their birth are by Nature radically good." This entire volume Sam was forced to memorise.

He had no contact whatever with things American, his mind was trained in the Oriental school. He was thoroughly Chinese.

CHAPTER 8.

PAN YI ascended the dragon when Sam was eleven years old, and he mourned for her as sincerely as did his honorable father. The next year Lee Ying moved to New York.

This change was prompted partly by grief and partly in order that the importer might the better attend to his eastern store, which was steadily growing in importance. So, at least, Lee Ying declared. In reality there was another reason for his going. Sam was growing to look more like a son of the gods, that is to say, he was growing to look less and less like a Chinese boy.

To the father this was confirmation of his belief in the lad's celestial origin, not that confirmation of an implicit faith was necessary, but he heard whisperings that disturbed him, and one day Officer Dunne came to him in considerable distress of mind. The women engaged in Chinatown settlement work—the white women—were asking questions. They were meddlesome creatures, and to them the dignity, the repose of Lee Ying's declining years, meant nothing.

Arrived in New York, Lee Ying set himself up in even better style than formerly, and the local Chinese welcomed him as if he were a person of national importance. To the Lees it was much like coming from the real China into a land of barbarians, for New York's Chinatown was but a pale counterfeit of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. Nevertheless, they adapted themselves to it, the curtains of the past fell together behind them, a new life began.

Lee Ying procured an English tutor for Sam, a bespectacled Cantonese with a bulging, pear-shaped head. The fellow had graduated from Yale, and in his hands Sam's education took a new turn. In a year he had learned to speak a stilted, pedantic sort of book-English, and there were few tricks of pronounciation that bothered him. He had learned also to wear American clothes, which he did whenever he and his myopic tutor went out into the streets. At fourteen he had grown into a sallow, spindling, owlish youth crammed to the point of indigestion with a learning far beyond his years.

One day Sam and his tutor were sitting in Mulberry Bend Park, that breathing place tucked in between Chinatown and its environs on the east and the crowded Italian neighborhood to the west of it. It was a favorite resting place of theirs, for here the tutor could read while Sam watched the white children at play. Their amusements were rough and meaningless to the boy, the yelling and the quarrelling that went with every game struck him as senseless and undignified, nevertheless he felt a timid eagerness to take a hand.

This day he noticed on the bench next to his a little girl, somewhat younger than himself. She was bundled up in more clothes than the weather called for, and from her color it was plain that she had been ill. She possessed an impudent nose and a pair of imperious blue eyes, the which were contradicted by a wistful mouth. When her glance met Sam's she shyly averted it. This happened two or three times, when the little girl smiled. Sam's lips parted. A moment later he was standing at her side.

"Are you sick, too?" she inquired. Sam shook his head.

"Well, why don't you play with the other kids? . . . You're Chinese, ain't you? Gee, you don't talk like a Chinaman . . . I bet it's hard to talk Chinese. . . . We had three doctors at our house, and my ma's hair turned gray in a single night. . . . Why don't you play? I'd play if I could, but I can't. Don't you like to play? I do. Only I hate it now."

"My father prefers to have me improve my mind. He says those who would win honor in their studies must learn mental discipline."

"My father never went to school. He's an Assemblyman, and he goes to Albany and makes laws. Say, everybody jumps through when he tells 'em to! . . . Gee, it must be funny to be a Chinaman! I'd rather be sick. . . ."

This young person's frankness and impetuosity were embarrassing, but she was a friendly soul, and her interest in Sam was unaffected. Her rudeness was unintentional, and merely the result of an eager curiosity. Her name was Eileen Cassidy, and that was her brother, Jim, yonder. Jim fetched her here every day. They lived down on Oliver Street.

"My pa took me in your store one day. Gee! it's big. You live upstairs, don't you? I live in a regular house. . . . I like stores that smell good, like yours. Can you buy anything you want in there? . . . Pa says you're awful rich. . . ."

When he and his tutor walked home Sam was outwardly sedate, but inwardly he was in upheaval. His notions of white children had entirely altered, there was a strange warm feeling in his breast. He had a friend.

Eileen's brother, Jim, was a healthy harum-scarum boy, and he resented playing the effeminate role of nursemaid, so in the days that followed he more than willingly surrendered the care of his sister to Sam Lee, and proceeded to amuse himself. Daily Sam brought presents to his little friend, and in consequence his status with the other children changed. They began to regard him with something besides contempt. Seeing in him a source of possible revenue, they assumed a demeanor wholly artificial—it was an experience, by the way, with which he was destined to become all too familiar as time went on.

Eileen Cassidy proved one day that she, at least, was a stout and loyal friend. On this occasion Sam had brought her not ivory nor agate, nor silk as usual, but his own most cherished possession, his fighting crickets. There were three of them, each housed in a gourd elaborately carved and colored to resemble a blooming flower and provided with a perforated ivory cover highly decorated.

These crickets, he explained, were not ordinary insects, they were the reincarnation of famous warriors long dead, and they bore honorable Chinese names, the which Eileen did not undertake to repeat. As such they received the most delicate attentions; they were fed and watered from tiny porcelain dishes, and a little bed was provided for each. They were specially bred and trained champions with records of many victories, Eileen was told, and their food consisted of rice, lettuce, beans and chopped fish. To rouse their fierceness before a battle mosquitoes gorged with human blood were fed to them.

The other children were more excited by the bloodthirsty nature of the diminutive warriors than by Sam's recital of their virtues and a crowd gathered. There was a pushing and shoving, and finally a scream from Eileen, as an unmannerly boy despoiled her of her treasure. Sam promptly fell upon the robber. In an instant they, and not the crickets, were at each other's throats.

It was Sam's first fight, and he was astonished to discover that he took to it readily. But alas, other boys piled upon him. The cricket gourds were trampled underfoot, crushed, their warlike occupants met with fates more shocking than they had ever wrought upon their vanquished adversaries. Eileen was in hysterics. Sam was mastered by a terrible indignation; rage boiled up in him so fiercely that he was unconscious of pain. He was pushed and pulled, kicked and struck, he was flung down, and his clothes were torn; his nose was bleeding; he heard yells of:

"Soak the Chinaman!" . . . "Wallop the dotty Chink!" . . . "Lemme get at 'im!"

Eileen was in the very middle of the fray—she had by now fully recovered her strength—biting, scratching, kicking, striking.

"I'll kill you," she screamed. "You hurt him and I'll scratch your eyes out. . . . Let him go. . . . I'll tell my pa."

Dan Cassidy was known and feared, but gang-spirit was proof against more than the mere threat of his anger. On a ribbon around her neck Eileen wore her father's old police whistle, and this at last she blew with all her breath. Now in the neighbourhood of The Five Points police whistles are not sounded in idleness. Having pretty well disposed of Sam his assailants were becoming frightened to the extent of the havoc they had created so they separated and scurried away, each in his own direction. They left Eileen stamping her feet, shaking her fists, and shrieking threats of vengeance after them.

SAM was a sight. He was skinned and bruised and bloody, his nose pained him terribly. It did not feel like a nose at all; it was much larger than a nose, and it bled. There was the taste of blood in his mouth. No doubt he would bleed to death in a very short time. That appalling prospect concerned him less, however, than the amazing phenomena which had occurred inside of him. He had been reared in the dignity and the repose that is Chinese, he had been taught to abhor violence, he had been made to believe that peace is perfection and tranquility is paradise. What strange and

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terrifying monster was this that had taken possession of him, soul and body? It rocked and swayed him, it lashed his mind to madness. His hurts were pleasant, and he took a savage, drunken joy in them. And his mighty warriors, those honorable heroes of a hundred battles, corpses now! Crushed under the heels of barbarians! He stooped and tried to collect the shattered bits of gourd shell and ivory and porcelain. He wept for the three brave spirits that were gone.

Eileen was crying, too; she was plucking at him and talking shrilly. She was crying not for the crickets but for him.

"Mercy me! What have you been up to now, and who's this with you?" Mrs. Cassidy inquired a few minutes later when her daughter came wailing into the house hauling Sam by the hand.

Eileen told what happened. Choking, sobbing, she gasped out the horrid story and meanwhile Sam tried to compose himself.

But this was a house of understanding and of sympathy. Mrs. Cassidy neither condemned him nor made light of the tragedy; on the contrary she praised his spirit and voiced indignation at the outrage: she made a lot over Sam in a motherly way. To begin with she took him into the bathroom and washed his face and hands and put strange smelling salves and liniments upon his cuts and bruises, then she brushed his clothes and pinned up the rents in them. Not once did she call him a Chink nor indicate in any way that he was in the least different from other boys.

There was a lump in the boy's throat as he walked home. Mrs. Cassidy had the same tender touch as little old Pan Yi, of blessed memory, and there was the same comfort in her robust voice as in the bird-like cooing of Sam's Chinese mother. He wondered why he had felt like crying every time this white woman's firm and capable hands touched his flesh.

On the next Sunday afternoon Lee Ying and Lee Sam, each clad in his finest native dress, called at the Cassidy home. The entire family was there, and the old merchant bowed deeply in turn to the Assemblyman, to his wife, to Jim and to little Eileen: he raised his clasped hands to the level of his forehead and lowered them repeatedly. Sam did likewise. Then Lee Ying made a graceful speech of thanks for the courtesy his son had received.

To Mrs. Cassidy he said: "Sam brings you an unworthy remembrance of his gratitude for your kindness, and I beg that you will accept it." As he spoke he unwrapped a package the boy had carried, exposing a beautiful porcelain vase of delicate and unusual coloring.

That was the beginning of a sincere friendship between the Cassidys and the Lees, a friendship that had endured for several years. Eileen was a young woman now and she was attending business college. Jim had a position with a trucking firm.

CHAPTER 9

LEE YING was a man of sedate and regular habits. His life flowed smoothly and seldom did he permit an interruption to its even current. None but real philosophers can attain that perfect mental tranquility which is the ideal state, but he had pretty nearly done so.

To-day, warmly buttoned into an ulster of soft llama wool, he went for a walk. Mulberry Bend Park, when he came to it, was practically deserted, for the schools were in session and the autumn chill had driven grown people indoors.

One figure was seated upon a bench, and Lee Ying paused when he approached it. It was that of a girl who sat huddled forward, her knees drawn together, her hands tucked inside the sleeves of her cheap imitation fur coat. She was staring fixedly ahead of her and the old man recognised Eileen Cassidy.

"Little jasmine flower!" he exclaimed in real concern. "Why do I find you bent before the wind?"

The girl looked up with a start, then she smiled. "Oh, Mr. Lee! I didn't see you. Isn't it a fierce day? Gee! It makes the tears come." She blinked her blue eyes, which were like two enormous violets, and Lee Ying saw that their lashes were wet.

"Yes. It's what we call 'two-jacket' weather in China," he told her. "The poor must plaster their limbs with paper, on such a day, and—I see that even the hot blood of youth isn't proof against it. Your veins are blue, your cheek is like the white chrysanthemum of grief. Has something gone wrong, my child?"

Eileen shook her head. "Oh, no! Only when I have any heavy thinking to do I come out here to do it. I was raised in this park, you know."

"True. It's here that Lee Sam met you."

"On this very bench. It was spring then. I was thinking of Sam a few minutes ago."

"I think of him always," smiled the old man. "Come, walk with me, for my blood is thin and when winter approaches I become a restless and despondent wraith."

Eileen rose quickly and together they moved on. Mention of his son's name had brought a brightness to the merchant's eyes and had stirred yearnings in his famished heart; for a while he talked about the boy, telling Eileen at some length about Sam's progress in college. He checked himself finally and apologised.

"Your interest has set me going. Why do I run on about things you know?"

"But I don't know. I don't know much of anything about Sam. He never writes to us."

"Indeed? Then he is remiss——"

"Why should he bother with the like of us? He's a rich young man, he's taking honors in his classes and playing in the lawn tennis team, and everybody is making a great fuss over him. He's meeting lots of girls his own age and I'm only a kid."

"You are a young woman, even by Western standards," Lee Ying declared. "And a beautiful young woman, too, if you will permit me to say so, without boldness."

Eileen's face broke into a sunny smile. "Lordy! As if compliments were as common as all that. Of course, I'll permit it. I'm panting for more. Why, I haven't heard a nice thing said about myself since Sam went away. You see, Jim calls me 'Skinny,' and Ma's always after me with the cod-liver bottle. But—you can't expect a girl to be a raving beauty in a place like this." She waved a thin hand at the tenements fronting the drab, inhospitable square. "That needn't keep you from piling it on, Mr. Lee. I know what I look like, but I love to be flattered."

"At seventeen one sees beauty only in the full-blown rose, but to older eyes a solitary wild flower is even lovelier. But, tell me, little poppy seed, why do I find you alone and crying? I suspect it was something more than the wind that brought tears to your eyes."

"I'm awful blue, Mr. Lee. I've got to quit school."

"Indeed?"

"The Cassidy clan is in a bad way. Father hasn't made a dollar since he got out of the Assembly—politics either makes or breaks the Irish, you know—and Jim's a total loss. Mother isn't strong and—well, I've had to start hunting a job. Gee, it's hard on the feet!"

"Will you permit me to assist——?"

"No. That would be cheating. The Cassidys are a fine old American family. 'E pluribus Erin, Unum go Bragh!' They may be poor, but they're honorable, and there isn't a grafter among them. I'll fight my way out, somehow!"

Lee Ying's mind turned to that other girl, that other friend of his son's, and he murmured: "What a difference in travellers! The undeserving tarry and drink overlong at the fountain and those who are truly thirsty push on to arrive the sooner at their journey's end. My child, you do me an injustice, for my thirteen hundred tasks are scarcely begun, but—so be it. It is, then, your ambition to become a secretary of consequence?"

"Well, at least a secretary to some man of consequence. It takes more than a shop-girl's salary to support angina pectoris and political grandeur in the same family. And a girl simply has to see a movie, once in a while."

"Turn your back to the wind and it will put no more tears in your eyes," said Lee Ying. "I shall tell Sam to write to you, and I shall chide him with neglecting the obligations of friendship."

When the importer returned to his home he telephoned to his lawyers, and the senior member of the firm listened attentively to what he had to say.

"If she's as inexperienced as all that I don't see what we can do with her," the attorney told him.

"The lighter her duties, the more time she will have in which to pursue her studies."

"Good heavens! Is this another 'art student'?"

Briefly Lee Ying explained who Eileen was. "She can open and close door with exquisite grace. She is ambitious and I believe she will earn advancement."

"All right. Send her along."

So it came about that Eileen Cassidy took a position in the office of Carter and Pelz. Her duties were indefinite and her work was light, but her pay was good. She did not dream that Lee Ying was footing it.

CHAPTER 10.

THE time was when an expert card player could make a good living by working the transatlantic liners, especially if aided by an accomplice or two and perhaps by a cold deck. That was in the days when draw poker was a national institution, the rules of which were piously observed, and before irreverent fingers had tampered with its orthodoxy; before the introduction of deuces wild, dealer's choice, seven-card peeks, and similar destructive customs and practices had degraded a scientific pastime into a mere game of chance.

Mr. Everett Himes, who for several years had commuted pretty regularly to Europe at the expense of his fellow-travellers, complained bitterly that the meddling of neurotic amateurs had forced him to adopt a new profession, several new professions, as a matter of fact. He hated bridge, competition in the liquor business was keen, so therefore he had taken to travelling in the interests of a Maiden Lane diamond broker who consistently undersold the market. When the Customs authorities became too deeply interested in Mr. Himes' comings and goings—more particularly in his comings—he fell back upon still other lines of endeavor in which he was skilled, such as bookmaking, stock promotions, blackmailing, pool playing.

At the time of our introduction Mr. Himes was in New York and for reasons best known to himself he had interrupted his regular transatlantic trips and for the moment he was avoiding Maiden Lane as if it were under quarantine. On this day he was entertaining a lady for luncheon at his hotel; she was a middle-aged, florid, flamboyant woman, who showed trace of considerable good looks. She went by the name of Stevens, but Himes addressed her familiarly as Esther.

When they had finished their luncheon and the nearby tables were deserted, Mrs. Stevens said:

"Thanks for the whoopee, Everett, now let's get down to the dirty work. You didn't ask me here out of politeness, so what's on your mind, if such there be?"

Himes grinned amiably. "All business, as usual, eh? How's that so-called niece of yours?"

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"She's all right. Why?"

"Pretty as ever, is she?"

"She's got it on a lot of those picture girls, but—Lord, you can't get a toehold in the studios. Most of them have moved out to Hollywood, anyhow. If Mona lighted right she'd screen fine."

"Can she act?"

Mrs. Stevens smiled. "She can cry. She's cried us into room and board for two years now. Well, what's the new deadfall, and where do I head in?"

"I've got a set-up," Himes declared. "Honest, Esther, it's soft."

"Yes? I've heard of these soft set-ups. Nothing doing, Himey. If you need us to close your deal the money will have to be cut three ways."

"All right, greedy. There's enough in it for everybody if it's handled right. I got the idea on my last trip over and I worked it out later in Paris. On the way across I met a Jane from the corn belt, a terrible sap, but out to see the world, understand? A born biker and didn't know it. Well, she tried to make me," the speaker smiled bleakly, "and she spilled about all she knew. It didn't take long. She's a painter, or something, and she's taking a ride at the expense of an old man who loves art."

"Ah-h! I see the dawn."

"She met his son at Eastern—that's a big college or something—and they were so ...reeable to each other that the old man ...t her abroad to do over the Loove. She ...nds to take two years at it. I saw ...nething of her in Paris—helped her get ...—and again on my way back from Holland. We were buddies by that time. Now then, here's the punch: papa is a Chinaman!"

"Snap out of it, Himey. You've been sleeping on your hip in some laundry."

"Yeah? Well, I'm telling you. Here's a proposition, as wide open as a gate. It's Lee Ying."

"Lee Ying?"

"Nobody else. He's the richest Oriental in the country and his boy is wild about white girls."

"I don't see——"

"Of course, you don't see."

"——and I can't take a chance with Mona. Why, I'm the only mother she's got and she's as dear to me as——"

"Don't get throat, Esther, or you'll have me bawling, too. Mona will be safer than wheat. If you'll get off the air for a minute and stand by for station announcements I'll tell you what it's all about."

The motherly Mrs. Stevens agreed to this. "All right. I never lost anything by listening. Spread your hand."

For fully an hour the two talked with their heads together and it was plain that the woman was deeply interested.

CHAPTER 11.

A LADY was calling upon Mr. Lee, so Moy announced.

No woman either visited Sam's apartments or telephoned him nowadays, so he rose, went into the hall and took the instrument. An immature, uncultivated voice answered him, it stammered a breathless explanation of her insistence. She was a friend of Alice Hart's; she was downstairs and wished to see Sam on a matter of importance. Would he speak to her if she came up?

"Why, of course," Sam told her.

A young girl, a very pretty young girl, stood upon the threshold. She smiled at Sam, edged her way inside and set down a suitcase.

Sam bowed politely, he led the way to the living-room and stood aside inviting his visitor to enter and be seated.

"Did you say you are a friend of Miss Hart's?"

The stranger nodded, then shook her head. "Well, not a friend exactly. But she gave me your name—I got it from her. I used to know her. She was awful nice to me. She's an awful nice young lady."

"Charming."

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," the visitor explained. "There's just mother and I and she's kind of an invalid, so I have to work. I'm selling lace things. They give 'em to me to sell, you know, and I get folks to buy them."

"But, Miss——"

"Stevens. Mona Stevens."

"I have no use for lace things."

"You just wait and see. You don't have to buy anything, but please don't turn me down till you look. They're such nice things it's fun to show them, honest. I sold some to Miss Hart, but—you have to tell fibs and everything to get to see people. I guess you'd fib if you had a sick mother."

One thing sure, his visitor certainly did know Alice Hart, for she spoke of her again, she referred to Sam's car and to the fact that Alice was in Paris by reason of his assistance. Sam selected the two finest breakfast sets the girl had and offered to write a cheque for them.

But she refused to take payment at the moment. She did not have the complete sets with her and how did he know that she wouldn't disappear with the money? She made it a practise, so she declared, to accept settlement only upon delivery of the entire orders.

Miss Stevens appeared willing to talk all the morning, and Sam had a time getting rid of her.

On the second evening thereafter his doorbell rang and to his annoyance he found that the forward little person was back again with his two breakfast sets.

Presuming upon their acquaintance she had brought with her a costly evening wrap, which she insisted upon showing. He didn't have to buy it, of course, but she proposed to leave it with him overnight.

When at last she had gone Sam directed Moy to replace the wrap in its box and to hand it back to the girl when she returned for it.

But the package remained in his possession for several days. Then late one rainy afternoon Mona rang up. She explained that she had been ill, and expressed the hope that Sam liked the lace evening wrap because already she had kept it longer than she had promised to keep it; she was allowed to retain articles of real value only for a limited time. Sam told her that he could not buy the garment.

There was a pause, then the girl asked him, feebly, to return it. She was too ill to venture out in such weather or to argue the matter; she and her mother lived nearby, it would be a great accommodation——

He promised to bring it within the hour.

He had no difficulty in finding the address; the Stevens women were living in a somewhat better house than he had expected, and when he rang their apartment bell Mona herself opened the door for him.

She was in a pretty disorder, but appeared unconscious of it; she welcomed him gratefully and insisted that he remove his overcoat and sit down near the gas grate. She sat down beside him on the couch and immediately plunged into an explanation of her difficulty.

She began by admitting that she had deceived him and her mother, too, about that wrap. She had not taken it on commission, but she had bought it. She would have no difficulty in selling it, as soon as she could get out and around, but tomorrow the rent on the apartment was due and there was no money in the house. If Sam would consent to hold the wrap as security and advance the amount of the rent—just for a few days—she'd be able to dispose of the wrap in no time. Well, the rent was eighty dollars.

Inwardly Sam smiled. He took eight ten-dollar bills from his wallet, folded them and laid them on a sewing basket at his elbow, then moved to go. To his surprise, Mona bowed her face in her hands and began to sob convulsively. He tried to quiet her.

"Mona!" came a stern and disapproving exclamation. Sam had not heard the door open, but open it had, and in it stood a woman. She looked to be anything except an invalid. "What are you crying about? And who is this—young man?" the mother demanded.

Sam rose, he felt his cheeks tingle; he stood silently while Mona tried to make him known.

"Oh, **that's** who you are!" Mrs. Stevens cried. "What are you doing here? Why did you sneak in while I was away? Mona told me——" The speaker's eyes fell upon the banknotes and they dilated, she started, flung out an accusing hand. With a histrionic change of tone she cried hoarsely: "My God! What's the meaning of this?"

"Your daughter will explain," Sam told her stiffly. He took his coat and hat, but the mother planted herself before him crying:

"Just a minute! I understand now why she's been acting so queer. She's been like this ever since you had her up in your apartment. She told me about meeting you, being in your place and——I suspected something. Now, the minute my back is turned you slip in here and—and give her **money!"** Mrs. Stevens seized the handful of bills and brandished them: a look of loathing and of scorn distorted her features. "If you think money can square—"

"Madame!" Sam interrupted, his face slowly whitening with anger. "You're insulting."

"Is that so? Well, I propose to have the truth before you get out of here. Mona's a good girl—or she was until you met her."

"Oh, **mother!"** The words came from Mona in a quavering cry eloquent with meaning; they were a confession and a plea that would have moved the hardest heart. "I didn't know! I—he—he was so good and so kind to me. And he promised——" A convulsive sob racked the speaker and interrupted the penitent recital of Sam's dastardly promises.

Her horrified parent smothered a scream, her eyes rolled, she tottered, she clutched her throat, her ample bosom heaved.

Sam slipped an arm into the sleeve of his overcoat, whereupon the mother faced him theatrically:

"Oh, you wicked, wicked man! She's only an innocent child and she's all I've got. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to leave you to your deep breathing," Sam told her. "But first I'm going to relieve you of my eighty dollars." With a swift movement he seized the mother's wrist.

Mrs. Stevens resisted, she struck at him, but he tore the money out of her fingers. She raised her voice in a storm of abuse, but he cautioned her:

"If you make a disturbance, I'll call the police."

"You **rat!"**

Sam dropped the crumpled bills into the blue flames of the gas grate and they promptly ignited, then he wiped his fingers as if they had been soiled

She was still reviling him, still breathing vengeance, her injured daughter was still weeping torrents of tears when Sam passed out of the door and closed it behind him.

CHAPTER 12.

IT was not easy for a stranger to gain access to Lee Ying without first making known the nature of his business, but Everett Himes managed it. Having succeeded, he took up in roundabout fashion a matter which caused the old importer to listen attentively. For a while the latter made no comment, but finally he inquired:

"In what way does this concern you, Mr. Himes? I don't understand why I hear of this misfortune through your lips instead of through the mother's."

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Mr. Himes gestured apologetically. "The poor woman doesn't know what to do. She's not responsible for what she does or says. And can you blame her? You know, a woman always yells for a lawyer. But I hate them, Mr. Lee. I don't trust them, either; all they do is tangle things up and tell you this can't be done or that can't be done. When I have a business matter to iron out I always go right to the other fellow, get it straight, and then call in a lawyer to put his O.K. on it."

"This is hardly a 'business matter' and I'm afraid I cannot fully credit your story for my son has told me nothing——"

"Naturally. I'm the only outsider that knows a thing about it. And it's nothing to broadcast. Why, I've known Mona since she was a child; she's almost like my own kid. Believe me, it came as a shock. I said——"

"Pardon! How did this happen?"

"Just like I told you—she's an ambitious youngster, always trying to get ahead. She was picking up a few pennies by selling lace things and—she's only a child, Mr. Lee. That's what makes it rotten, see? A minor! If she was of legal age——"

"Selling lace, you say?"

"He got her up to his apartment and——" Mr Himes shrugged, turned up his palms. "That's the worst of a young fellow having his own apartment. I talked to the elevator man and he verified what she said. She wasn't the first girl, either, but that's the boy's affair. I suppose he and Mona had a drink or two. It's pretty fierce around the colleges—anyhow, she broke down and told her mother the whole story; said she didn't know right from wrong.

Thus far Le Ying had sat as motionless as an idol, his face had been expressionless, his hands had rested in his lap. Now he stirred.

"Before speaking with my son I would like to talk with the girl and her mother."

"I assumed you would. I think you should do so, right away."

"Indeed?"

"You see, when a kid like Mona falls for a guy, she falls, head over heels. Money doesn't mean a thing to her. She's crazy about him. There's something mighty sacred about an innocent girl's love and trust; it gets you, and I don't mean maybe. Of course, all her mother cares about is her daughter's happiness. She's broad-minded that way, and——"

"So? It is, then, a question of marriage?" Through the narrow apertures between their lids Lee Ying's watchful eyes blazed.

"Good Lord, what else? I hope you don't think I came here to——Why, Mr. Lee! This isn't anything that money can square!"

"Bring them here at once," Lee Ying ordered.

He was still seated in his big carved chair when, an hour later, Himes returned with Mrs. Stevens and Mona. Then he rose and bowed gravely to them. When he saw the girl his heart sank.

Followed a trying half-hour for the father. When it was over and he was again alone he felt old and feeble and exhausted, for his world had crashed. His son, the Favorite of Heaven, a common man, a deity with feet of clay!

He smote his hands together and a servant appeared. In a lifeless voice the merchant said:

"Bring me my prayer robes."

The man fetched him an elaborate garment, stiff with embroideries of gold and black, a small round cap and a pair of silken slippers. Lee Ying put them on, he washed and perfumed his hands, then he passed into a small room the presence of which no stranger would have suspected.

It was a shrine, a tiny, secret place of worship the door to which was a sliding panel ornamented with storks and dragons. A smiling idol sat upon an ivory throne, a bronze bowl of paper prayers stood before it, smouldering joss sticks gave off thin streamers of smoke. Lee Ying moved slowly and with pain, as if he trod upon sharp stones; stiffly he knelt before the image and into the celestial regions drifted the incense of his devotion. He prayed long and earnestly, but his plea, abridged and translated, would have been: "Show me the way of righteousness, and give me the strength to follow it."

Later that day he wired for Sam to come home.

* * *

Lee Ying sat bolt upright in his high-backed chair. Before him, as if in audience upon some royal personage, stood Sam. He was white, he neither moved nor spoke.

"Together we shall pay," said Lee Ying. "Women mean nothing, your amusements do not concern me, but your future is another matter. It is a family matter; a matter that concerns the honor of our name. The girl insists that you marry her and the law is on her side. It is seemly that we abide by the laws and the customs of this country, no matter how senseless they appear as compared with our own. If you have done wrong, it is too late to argue; the price it set; there is no bargaining. You will marry her at once. . . . But the New Year approaches, when all our debts must be settled and when those who cannot pay must explate—the lanterns are not put out until every account is closed. Those who have preceded us, as well as the living, are implacably firm in seeking what is their due, and we—I, at least—have been false to them. I shall, therefore, meet my debt in the only honorable way. I could not live to see you linked in marriage to a woman of the sewer, and I doubt if you could long endure the disgrace of such a union. But that is for you to decide. The sword of our family hangs in my room. When you have set right your folly I shall ascend to Pan Yi. If it pleases you to go hand in hand with me, so be it."

"May I speak?" Sam inquired hoarsely.

The father inclined his head. "Don't feel that I have condemned you without a hearing. Speak truthfully, therefore, and do not fear my anger for I have none."

"Well, there's no truth in the story," Sam declared. "It's all a lie."

A silence ensued which Lee Ying broke by asking: "You owe the girl nothing? . . . She has no claim on you?"

"Nothing! None whatever! This is extortion, blackmail. I've paid it, in one way or another, to every American I ever knew. Yes, ever since I was a boy. The children here in this neighborhood always preyed on me. I had to buy their friendship. It has been the same in college. Men, women, they're all alike. They merely use me for their own profit. That girl you sent to Paris—she was willing to sell herself, for a price. She as much as told me so, but I had some pride. This creature is even lower. She isn't fit to touch."

Lee Ying rose and went to his son, his lips were moving, his eyes were wet. He enfolded the boy in his arms, his bony hands caressed him, stroked him, patted him.

Lee Ying did not question his boy further, he was content with Sam's denial.

"We will say no more about it and you will forgive my faltering faith," he declared. "I rejoice that you have not defiled yourself. My heart is warmed, the sap rises in my limbs, there is a song on my lips. I feel the peace and the happiness of one who, after much trouble, rests beside red poppy fields and sees the silkworms gorging on the mulberry trees. Sit here at my side and tell me, not about your vile experience, but about your studies and your play, your comings and your goings—the little things which a mother yearns to hear. I am both mother and father to you and you are both my son and my daughter; your honor is precious to me and in your voice I hear the music of harps and of mallets striking on temple bells. See? Tears come to my eyes. Humor me, for I am a foolish, starved old man. I—I would like to hold your hand in mine."

CHAPTER 13

CHINATOWN was in something of a turmoil when Himes and his companion arrived at Lee Ying's for a "settlement." The New Year's celebration was drawing to a close. Store fronts were decorated with banners, festoons of lights were strung across the streets and lanterns spun and danced in the wind. In spite of the cold there was a festival gaiety to the place, for the pavements were carpeted with confetti, gaudy streamers whipped and writhed and many doors were sealed with red paper to keep out unwelcome spirits. New York's Oriental citizens were doing their poor best to imitate the gaities of the homeland.

The attorney, Marcus by name, was waiting in the tiled hallway next to the Palace of Imperial Bounty and together the three visitors were carried aloft.

Lee Ying was waiting and with him, to the surprise of the others, was his son. With his usual suavity, the father bade the newcomers welcome, and explained.

"Sam has just arrived from college to spend the New Year with me. To-night, you know, is our Feast of Lanterns, the most important of all Chinese festivals."

"So it is," Himes agreed. It was the first time he had seen Sam and he eyed the youth curiously.

Sam, be it said, had been told nothing whatever about this meeting or its purpose, and he was as disagreeably surprised to see Mrs. Stevens as she was to see him. He turned a worried gaze to his father and opened his mouth to speak, but the latter ignored him and addressed Himes, saying:

"You told me you had been to China, so you probably know that we make it a practice to settle all our accounts on the final night of the old year. It is the universal Chinese custom. Those who can pay must and those who cannot pay must explate. The lanterns are not put out until the last debt is paid."

"Righto! It's a good custom."

"Not so good for us," Mr. Marcus declared with an affable smile. "It would ruin the law business. But what do you mean, a man who can't pay his debts must explate?"

Lee Ying shrugged his shoulders. "Some explate by suicide. . . . Now then, it appears there is an obligation due you——"

Unable longer to restrain himself, Sam interrupted with heat.

"It's nothing but blackmail, I tell you. It's an outrage, and——"

"I suppose you didn't have her up in your apartment?" Mrs. Stevens blazed at Sam. "I suppose I didn't find you with her right in my own home? You didn't try to buy her off, either? Oh, no! Wait till she tells a jury what she told me."

"Will you be still?" Himes implored.

"No, I won't be still. They can keep their money; I want him to make an honest woman out of Mona. I don't care if he is a Chinaman. I'm willing for her to——"

"We arrive nowhere," Lee Ying observed without feeling. "You believe your daughter, and it is natural that you should. But marriage is out of the question. I have agreed, without consulting my son, to a settlement, and I do not quibble. Here is a document, drawn by my attorneys, setting forth the facts and reciting the terms. Its object is to protect me from all further demands. I ask you to read it carefully." From a portfolio Lee Ying took a typewritten document and handed it to the lawyer; he removed also a sheaf of new one thousand dollar bills which he passed to Himes with the request to count them.

At sight of the latter Sam uttered a sound, but his father turned upon him. For an instant they eyed each other. The

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young man's face whitened. Lee Ying believed him to be a liar! The blow stunned him.

Marcus read the document, and meanwhile, with poorly assumed nonchalance, Himes ran through the banknotes.

"I don't like this," the attorney announced finally. "Carter and Pelz are good lawyers, but this is out of their line. It's too elaborate——

"Let me run over the thing." Himes took the paper; he and Mrs. Stevens scanned it.

Lee Ying waited imperturbably while the two held their heads together. Himes finally announced:

"I'm no lawyer, but I say sign on the dotted line, and let's end the agony." He took a fountain pen from his pocket.

"Make sure that you understand what you are signing," the importer cautioned Mrs. Stevens.

"I suppose it makes me out a grafter," she said irritably, "but I'm tired to death. It's an outrage, but——" She affixed her signature; Himes and Marcus witnessed it although at the cost of another protest from the attorney.

Mrs. Stevens possessed herself of the money and rose, whereupon Lee Ying stayed her, saying:

"A moment, please. Business is over, you are now my guests, and I would be lacking in politeness if I permitted you to leave my ignoble dwelling without some hospitable ceremony. New Year's is a carnival season; you must join me in some trifling refreshments." Ignoring the woman's protest, he clapped his hands and a houseboy appeared. The two exchanged words in Chinese.

Sam, whose back was to the room, started, grew rigid. Attentively he listened.

Trays were brought in, some loaded with fragile china and others with a lavish assortment of strange delicacies. Tea was poured, the fragrance and the flavor of which was unlike anything the Americans had ever smelled or tasted, and Lee Ying made a good deal of a ceremony over serving it. He delayed the drinking of it long enough to recite the old folk-tale dealing with the origin of the beverage. It was quite a story and he appeared to enjoy telling it. He became more genial as the moments passed.

While he was talking a telephone bell tinkled faintly in another room, and a voice answered it. The voice was strange to Sam and he strained his ears, but to no effect.

Mrs. Stevens nibbled at a crumbly cake and fanned herself. The room was insufferably hot and she wanted to be gone. How silly to humor this talkative old parrot. Fifty thousand dollars! In brand-new banknotes!

The servant reappeared and exchanged a few words with his employer, whereupon Lee Ying smiled and his voice altered in such a way as to focus a sudden alert attention upon him.

"I told you earlier that to-day is the last day of our year. The last day upon which we allow our debts to run. We Chinese pay in full to-day and we insist with implacable firmness upon receiving that which in our due. Madame," he turned his eyes upon Esther Stevens, and they glittered queerly, "I asked you not to bring your daughter to this meeting and I had a purpose in so doing. I have detained you here——"

The object of his remark uttered a cry and rose, as if propelled by springs. Himes said something in a startled voice and he, too, rose.

"Wait! I have good news for you." The old man extended a restraining hand, but the woman exclaimed to her companions:

"Come on! I want to get out of here."

"News to gladden the heart of any mother," Le Ying smiled. "You have been imposed upon, deceived."

"What the hell——?" Himes broke out harshly, but checked himself. Marcus had paled, he cast a startled, furtive glance about the room.

"Oh, the deceit isn't mine! It is your daughter's. She has confessed, made a clean breast of everything."

"Of what?" This came from Himes.

"Mona?" the mother queried. "Bah. What d'you mean 'confessed?'" In sudden suspicion she blazed forth: "Say! Have you pinched her? . . . Where is she? What have you done to her?"

In the door through which Lee Ying's house boy had come and gone a stranger, two strangers, appeared, and one of them answered:

"She's over at the station house." Heedless of the dismay caused by his interruption, the speaker added, as he came forward. "The inspector just rang up to tell us she was there and everything is kay oh. And don't try to slough that roll, sister. It won't do any good for we've got the numbers and everything. . . . Yeah! The girl certainly put it over on you."

Both newcomers chuckled at the humor of this last remark.

"I don't understand the meaning of this outrage," stormed the lawyer.

"It simply means the girl came clean; she spilled everything and it's just like we thought. And, by the way," the speaker turned to Mrs. Stevens, "she says she isn't your daughter. How come?"

"All right. Don't let me pry into family secrets. Now then, Mr. Lee, we'll have to take charge of that roll."

"To be sure." The importer nodded. There was a moment of silence, then one of the officers announced:

"Well, I guess that cleans it all up, eh, Joe?"

CHAPTER 14

LEE YING cherished no very deep grudge against Mona Stevens, who was an immature person of weak character at best, but he did feel bitter towards the unprincipled pair who had directed her. The actions of Mrs. Stevens were particularly reprehensible in his sight, and he vowed to send her and her two male companions to prison if it were possible to do so.

This determination of his, which in the days that followed he proceeded implacably to carry out, led to unfortunate and wholly unexpected results. Had he been an ordinary American business man, no doubt, he would have stormed and threatened and blown off much indignant steam, then failed to press his charges; the case would have been dropped and the defendants would have escaped without further penalty than exposure. This was precisely what Himes and Marcus anticipated. When they found that they had counted wrongly they began a desperate fight. Their only weapon was publicity and this they used without scruple. They set a backfire by giving a sensational story to the newspapers and a few of them vigorously fanned the blaze.

Its Oriental flavor, too, lent it a zest. Chinese college boy and cute co-ed. Fifty-thousand hush money. Shanghai sheik shouts blackmail. Latest sex sensation from Eastern University. Student body stunned by scandal.

Lee Ying was a rich and an honorable man, but with the crafty use of the customary non-committal phrases, his wrath could be made ineffective. And, after all, he was only a Chinaman.

Himes saw to it that the story of Alice Hart came out, too. Her name was not used, but she was described as a beautiful art student whom Sam had "befriended" at Eastern, and who was now pursuing her studies in Paris at his expense.

Whatever interest all this stirred up in New York it certainly created a sensation on the campus of Sam's college.

One evening, Lee Ying heard a stir in the hallway of his house, and then a familiar voice. Sam was speaking, he was directing Moy to dispose of his luggage. With beating heart the father rose, and when Sam entered he held out his arms. They embraced each other, and for a moment neither spoke; then Sam announced:

"Your unworthy son has returned home. His quest of knowledge is at an end."

"Flowers of gladness spring up in my heart at your coming," Lee Ying told him, but the boy bowed his head.

"Were you—expelled?"

Sam nodded, he lifted a face twisted with grief and shame; his father pressed him closer. "The mischief of robbers harms only the body. Tell me what happened."

"It was for—the good of the institution, they explained. They had the grace to be apologetic, but—many of the university's wealthy friends and patrons were offended. The alumni resented the stain I had put upon——"

Lee Ying interrupted with a sound. "It is incredible! You were innocent of all wrong——"

"True. But parents never dreamed that their own immaculate offsprings came into actual contact with us dissolute Orientals, or were exposed to our contaminating touch. **Immaculate!**" Sam uttered an American oath that would have shocked Lee Ying at any other time. "They admitted that I had done no wrong, no very grievous wrong, at least. They even put the blame for the Alice Hart affair where it belonged. But a principle was involved. The races must not mix, they must not come in contact outside the lecture rooms. It is repugnant to American ideas of social decency."

After a moment Lee Ying inquired: "What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. Travel, perhaps. I can't endure any more of what I've been through."

"Very well. I had intended it to come later, but it is an education in itself."

The young man smiled, there was a mist in his eyes, but he shook his head gravely. "You do not wholly understand me. My indulgent father hastens to grant this wish, like every other. In his usual benevolent manner he arranges to send me in state. He makes my bed soft and tempers the winds for his son of the clouds. He sends men to fetch and carry for me. But—I must go alone and on my own feet, if I go at all. I must shoe myself and earn my bread."

Lee Ying lifted his head and opened his eyes wider. "What? . . . Is this to be a—pilgrimage? You propose to go as a mendicant?"

"Good heavens, no! I'll earn, not beg, my way."

"I'd like to learn the meaning of such words. Am I a beanstalk or an oak?"

The matter was not settled that night. It was discussed frequently in the days that followed. Sam's father was artful, he did not actually oppose the projected plan, he merely revolved it deliberately in his mind and delayed action, trusting that time would effect a change, defeat it somehow. But he became convinced finally that Sam was sincere.

The hour of parting came. Sam appeared before his father dressed in one of his poorest suits of clothes and with a suitcase in his hand. He carried a warm overcoat and a cloth cap; nothing more. These he set down, then he kotowed three times to the motionless figure in the thronelike chair at the other end of the room.

Lee Ying looked regal in his sombre robe and cap.

"Is all in readiness?" the father inquired.

"It is. The ship sails at eleven o'clock tonight. I must report at six in order that I may be instructed in my so humble duties."

Disapproval flickered over the father's

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face. His noble son, his godling, at unworthy tasks. He managed to conquer his repugnance.

"The prince fares forth in disguise," he said, "but he must remember his birth."

"I shall engrave your words upon the brass tablets of my memory," Sam promised.

Lee Ying choked. After a moment he rose and came forward across the polished floor, and now he made no effort to conceal his emotion. Taking his son into his embrace he strained him to his heaving breast. He stood thus for a while, then in a broken voice he said:

"Go forth on your pilgrimage. I shall await your home-coming. Go now, while I can still see you."

Lee Ying listened until the elevator door had closed and until he had heard the last subdued whirr of the machinery that bore Sam down into the world he wished to know. With the going of his heaven-sent son the vigor ebbed out of the old man. Stiffly he moved to the door of his shrine and with palsied hands slid back the panel. With difficulty he lighted the joss-sticks, then knelt upon the silken floor cushions. His eyes were streaming.

Sam, too, was blind as he rode down to the street level. A feeling of guilt oppressed him, for he realised now how old and how lonely his father was.

When he stepped out of the elevator he would have passed a waiting figure without noticing it if it had not stirred and if he had not heard his name spoken. He was surprised to recognise Eileen Cassidy.

"Are you leaving without a good-bye to your friends?" she inquired.

"Eileen! I didn't think anybody knew I was going. I—didn't know I had any friends."

"Is it true you're working your way across?"

"Yes. I'm an under-steward, a—scullery boy."

"And how long will you be gone?"

"I sha'n't come back until I've forgotten a good many things and a good many people, Eileen."

"Me?" Sam shook his head. "I won't forget you."

Almost roughly the boy inquired. "Why not? I'm nothing but a 'Chink.' We don't belong in the same street. We can't even touch fingers."

As if to disprove this, Eileen reached forth a cold little hand and laid it upon his. "You're a kind of prince to me."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him full upon the lips.

"Good-bye, Brian Boru," she whispered. "Come back as clean as you go."

It was a virginal kiss, the first girl's kiss that Sam Lee had ever felt. His head was whirling when he bowed it to the wind and strode off towards the elevated station. A father's benediction and a girl's kiss! What harm could come to him?

CHAPTER 15

SAM'S experiences came swiftly on shipboard, and he rose to meet them in a way that quite surprised himself. To begin with, nobody dreamed that he was Chinese, and that was a relief; he was merely a greasy member of the greasy crew of a greasy tramp. For that matter, his companions had little or no race prejudice; they were footless fellows, most of them were failures, and prejudice of any sort is rare among the lowly. Among these casuals Sam made both friends and enemies. Acquaintance with them did much to awaken an agreeable feeling of self-confidence and superiority which was doubly pleasant by reason of its novelty.

He left the ship in Liverpool and in the seclusion of a cheap bedroom in a dingy quarter he wrote to Lee Ying. He used a brush, which he wielded skilfully, and this, too, amused him, for Chinese ideographs were unwieldy things with which to recount experiences like his; the stately, ornate language of the flowery East was poorly fitted to describe the sordid doings of a pot-rustler on a cattle ship.

One day when Eileen Cassidy dropped in to inquire for news of the wanderer, Lee Ying told her:

"Frankly I'm both mystified and astonished at what he writes. He has completely changed. I let him go on this masquerade as a father allows his son to go out on the street at festival time—to peep at life. He seems to have thrown his mask aside and joined the revellers. . . . I gave him much good advice, I urged him to walk with dignity but, if you will believe me, he bids fair to become a common roysterer. Let me read you——" The speaker took from his sleeve a packet of thin rice paper which Eileen regarded with sudden interest.

"Oh, Gee! It's in Chinese!" she exclaimed. "Say! He's a smart kid, isn't he?"

"Mind you, I have admonished him more than once that the higher type of man is firm but not quarrelsome. Listen!" With eyes that shone queerly Lee Ying turned several pages then read from the vertical rows of hen tracks.

"He's proud of his first 'shiner'!" Eileen exclaimed when the old man had finished. "He's learning to fight and he loves it.

"Where is he going from Liverpool? What does he propose to do, and who does he intend to lick next?"

"His wants are few and he believes that his gift of tongues will afford him a living. He speaks of London, Paris, Berlin——"

Sam went on to London as soon as his honorable black eye had grown well, and there he encountered adventures and vicissitudes as interesting to him as to his heart-hungry father and his little Irish friend. At any rate, he made them interesting in the telling, for he wrote very well and his new independence was expanding him in a miraculous manner; it was giving him an amused and an amusing outlook upon life as unexpected as it was un-Chinese. He was no longer the serious-minded, bulbous-browed student Eileen had known.

He secured some fitful employment among the Oriental importing houses as an interpreter. He tried and failed at several jobs which he should not have undertaken, and he was cheerful about his failures. Then in a certain letter came news that startled the pair at home. He was in Southern France; he had become a sort of assistant to a successful English playwright, and was by way of becoming a man of letters. His salary was small, but he was living like a nabob in a charming villa overlooking the Mediterranean: there were servants to do his bidding, and he had made a friend. The how and the why of this amazing change in his fortune he set down with much appreciation.

One night in London he had witnessed, from a high-perched, low-priced seat, the reigning melodramatic success of the season. It was a lurid play of the Orient, and in it were several Chinese characters played by English actors. Sam had quickly discovered that the author knew no more about Chinese customs and the Chinese language than did the actors who played his Oriental roles, and, acting upon impulse, he had gone around to the stage door when the play was over. Mr. Cyril Bathurst, the dramatist, had happened to be in the theatre that night, and he had turned out to be a most agreeable and approachable gentleman. He had listened to Sam and had readily confessed to an abysmal ignorance of everything Chinese, an ignorance which embarrassed him the more because the success of this play had involved him in an undertaking to write another with the same background. He was writing it now, and he was both worried and discouraged by his limitations. He was swamped in research work, the which he detested, and he was half tempted to throw up the job. If Sam knew anything about China, his appearance was in answer to prayer.

Mr. Bathurst had invited his self-appointed critic to go to supper with him and to talk about China, and Sam had gone. On the following afternoon the author had borne him off to his country home, and there they had spent the week-end.

It had been a great lark for Sam. Bathurst had proved to be a splendid fellow, an Oxford man, a sportsman, a tennis player; he and his guest had hit it off immediately. They had played tennis and, due as much perhaps to Sam's skill with the racquet as to his knowledge of things Chinese, Mr. Bathurst had made him a sporting proposition to remain with him during the writing of the new play as a—well, as a salaried guest, an unofficial literary assistant, a tennis partner, or what have you? Naturally, the young man had jumped at the chance.

They were on the Riviera now, the play was growing, and Sam's backhand was improving. Spring in Southern France is lovely, flowers were in bloom and the sea was incredibly blue. There was much social life at Paradis, where they were stopping. Mr. Bathurst went out a great deal and entertained considerably. Sam was meeting some nice people, both English and American. It was a diverting experience. The gods were grinning.

Lee Ying and Eileen discussed the letter at length, and another matter, too. All the luck, it appeared, was not Sam's, and Eileen's good-natured contempt for her "ancestors" had been succeeded by a wholly new respect. The strangest thing had happened. Her mother had come into an inheritance! It was an astounding fact. It was just like a story in a book, and the Cassidy home was in turmoil. One of those footless relatives she had told Lee Ying about, a cousin of her mother's by the name of Malachy Daly, had considerately died and bequeathed Mrs. Cassidy fifty thousand dollars. Or, to be exact, the interest on that amount. News of this legacy had come through a San Francisco bank, and it had nearly finished the good woman. She had promptly suffered another heart spell, but she was better now, although still dazed.

"The interest is paid to her every month—that's so Dad and Jim can't spend it—and upon her death the principal goes to me. Me!" Eileen was round-eyed, breathless. "Dad and Jim declare it's a gag of some kind because none of Ma's family ever laid up a cent. Maybe it is, but the first cheque has come. And the funny part is Ma can't remember that she ever did a thing for her cousin Malachy."

"The truly benevolent do not remember their acts of kindness."

"Of course, she never had much to do with him. But—I do hope for her sake there's no mistake about it."

CHAPTER 16.

"HOW true it is that destiny is unavoidable," Sam wrote in one letter. "He who is marked for honors will be elevated even though he dwells in the heart of a solitude, and that man who is marked for drowning will meet his fate even if he builds a house in the branches of a tree.

"It was my resigned intention upon leaving the shelter of your august roof to forgo not only your innumerable favors, but also the titles and honors borne by our respected family, and to become as one insufferably poor. It was my commendable desire to eat of rinds and to sleep on dried rushes in order that a humble appreciation of my feeble attainments and unendurable deficiencies of resource would be made apparent and that I would acquire a becoming contentment with my predestined no worth.

"Strange to say, discomfort flees from

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me, the rinds turn by agreeable magic into the richest foods, and in groping through ashes for heat I uncover precious stones. No malignant evils pursue me, and no Mandarin could travel in easier state than I. My time is agreeably spent in visiting celebrated places and in refined conversation with persons of high rank whose manners and accomplishments are infinitely superior to mine: I sleep upon a mountain of softest down: my garments are of splendid quality and I engage in languid and luxurious amusements. Furthermore, the dignity and respect which attend those engaged in the distinguished arts are mine by virtue of my association with a notable patron.

"This place is frequented by rich people who devote themselves entirely to refined pastimes of an expensive character and to the elegant observances practiced among the idle class. Chief of these observances is gaming for enormous sums, and accommodation therefor is provided in a splendid building of shining white marble. Entertainment of several sorts is provided therein, including feasting and dancing to harmonious music more pleasant than the beating of many gongs.

"Your worthless and impoverished offspring did not presume to demean this noble edifice with his presence lest he be tempted to engage himself in gambling which he could ill afford to do. But on an occasion when his patron had entertained with notable extravagance certain of his friends, it was suggested that all visit the temple of avarice. Social dictates forbade this writer from excusing himself although he experienced a pronounced feeling of no-enthusiasm for the project.

"It is well known that a sufficiency of charms about the head and a suitable arrangement of sacred written sentences will enable one to be closeted with demons and yet suffer no ill effects. Virtues of surprising potency evidently reside in my talisman, for their wearer prospered to an extraordinary and pleasing extent.

"Certain of the more avaricious patrons who plainly had neglected the higher virtues in a pursuit of wealth, kotowed to the ignoble bearer of your name, in a manner both servile and offensive. They urged him to touch their money in order that he might thus convey to it some potency it otherwise lacked.

"These requests, with one exception, he ignored. He did permit a maiden of elegant personality, whose lucky charms had proven utterly inadequate to protect her, to lay a hand, lighter than a fern, upon his spine, and obtain therefrom whatever delicate benefit she could.

"A beneficent fate, aided somewhat by the ingenuity and effrontery of the writer, contrived numerous meetings thereafter, indisputably proving the prepotency of that charm aforementioned. No person of his insignificance has ever been the recipient of her distinguished liking, for she is of haughty lineage and studiously ignores the poor and low-born, thus reflecting honor upon her house. Her name is Wagner and her honorable father acquired such wealth and standing through the manufacture of soaps and cleansing powders that she moves exclusively in the most-hard-to-enter circles. It pleases her parent to display towards this undeserving person indications of polished approbation and to assume an artificial interest in his commonplace remarks.

"Upon the conclusion of this intolerably tiresome letter the writer will dress himself becomingly and meet Miss Wagner at the tennis courts. She is an unskilled but an impetuous player of extraordinary grace, and one derives keen spiritual satisfaction in observing her, for she is not unlike that Empress whose feet were so symmetrical and whose beauty was so divine that a flower sprang up wherever she trod."

Sam finished his letter with suitable expressions of his affectionate regard, laid aside his writing materials and then changed into his flannels. He was not nearly so resentful of his condition as he had pretended to be, for following his meeting with the impetuous Miss Wagner life had suddenly taken on a new and profound interest.

Yes, he walked in pleasant places, he was liked and respected. Mr. Bathurst treated him not as an employee but as a friend and a companion. Their work was anything but trying, for the playwright wrote only in the mornings and the rest of his time he devoted to the amusements in which bachelors of means and of social standing indulge themselves. Many of these he shared with Sam. Bathurst was a good-natured giant, and although his profession had brought him large rewards, its honors rested lightly upon him, and he regarded it as a not very dignified occupation for an able-bodied man and he professed no faith whatever in his so-called talents.

He had taken an instant liking to Sam, and when Cyril Bathurst liked a person he made a good deal of him. The truth is, Sam interested the dramatist: a Chinese boy of high attainments with all the outward attributes of an Occidental was a phenomenon which afforded opportunity for study and for speculation. It was something new. Bathurst was not slow to realise that the boy had a "white mind," and that in all but one respect he was an American: here then was an anomaly, a "situation," which could not fail to intrigue any thoughtful man. Bathurst wrote melodramas for intelligent audiences, but a polite drama in real life was going on right in his own house, and he wondered if there might not be a stage play in it. Race prejudices. Religion. Social barriers. Biological variations. Inherited instincts and revulsions that ran back into the core of two opposing civilisations.

Bathurst, himself, gave little importance to such things, for he was a cosmopolitan and he had no racial prejudice to speak of, but he realised that he was an exception and that other people regarded them very differently. With such materials, a skillful and sympathetic writer could build a play of deeper significance than any he had put his hand to, and while he regretted the fact that his friendship for Sam precluded the use of them, he nevertheless was fascinated by their dramatic possibilities. He was the more interested when he learned that women liked Sam and that Sam liked them. The Wagner girl, for instance, was having quite an affair with his protege, and what the outcome would be Bathurst had not the faintest idea.

As for the young man, himself, he neither concealed nor advertised the fact that he was of Oriental parentage, this being in keeping with his dignified reserve. Having been entirely frank with his benefactor, he assumed that the latter was equally frank with their mutual acquaintances, and inasmuch as the question was seldom referred to in his presence, even indirectly, he attributed his improved status to that wider tolerance, that easier grace he had expected to find among cultured Europeans.

In this assumption he was not altogether warranted; Bathurst did tell some of his friends, to be sure, but others he did not tell. Any comment the truth may have excited never reached Sam's ears, he never noticed any coolness on the part of his new acquaintances, and he found himself happier than he had ever been. He won for himself a considerable popularity which was gratifying, but not really surprising, for his manners were perfect, he was an asset to any dinner table and people took to him readily.

As for the Wagner girl, Cyril Bathurst had never cared for her: she was too sophisticated and too sure of herself. She was too modern and too highly Americanised to meet the approval of a conservative Britisher like him.

CHAPTER 17

THE principal guests at the most expensive hotel in Paradis were Albert Wagner and his daughter. Wherever the Wagners went, they were the principal guests, or at least they spent more money than anybody else, for the father travelled in style and he provided for himself in an elaborate way. He was not offensively ostentatious, but he enjoyed luxury, he was inordinately proud of his daughter, and it gratified him to show her off to the best possible advantage. It pleased him to show off all of his possessions, as a matter of fact, and with some reason, too, for they were of the finest. Alanna, for instance, was a beauty. Mr. Wagner's business was enormously prosperous, and its organisation was a model of efficiency; he indulged himself in numerous hobbies, and his California estate was famous for its size and its appointments.

There were times when Alanna overpowered him a bit, such as did his magnificent residence, for he understood her as imperfectly as he appreciated his paintings and his statuary, and he managed her no more skilfully than he managed his thoroughbreds when he undertook to ride or to drive them. At the conclusion of the famous Wagner divorce, the court had given him custody of the girl, but it had failed utterly to put him in control of her, and he was too indulgent, too fond of her, to assert himself beyond a certain point.

Alanna was well educated, well poised, well groomed, and well spoiled. She was twenty years old, and she had been engaged four times—first to a broad-shouldered, shell-shocked chauffeur, and lately to an East Indian prince whom she had met in London. Her two intervening heart affairs had not received so much advertising as the others, both fiances having been nice, ordinary fellows, mere mill-run products of her set who danced well. She still numbered them among her intimate friends, and suffered no embarrassment at meeting them.

This afternoon, Mr. Wagner looked up from his newspapers as Alanna came through the light-ceilinged Louis XIV drawing-room of their suite on her way to their private "lift." She was wearing an effective sports outfit which he had never seen, and he stopped her to admire it.

"I like that get-up," he told her. "You look like a million dollars. Where are you going?"

"Over to the Casino."

"Meeting that Lee fellow again?"

The daughter nodded. Spying her reflection in one of the mirrors she approached it and appraised herself critically.

"I'm rushing him, but I'm beginning to think there's something wrong with me. I seem to look all right, but—he's an iron man."

"Say! Who is he?"

The girl lifted her brows. She turned a blank, interrogatory gaze upon her father. "Who—is he?"

"Yes. What do you know about him?"

"Oh! Nothing. . . . All I know is he—affects me. I've been waiting to meet him ever since I was three years old."

"Really?" With a frown Wagner laid aside his newspaper. "Is this the dawn of another of your famous infatuations or——?"

"Why, yes; I presume it is. He's a ripping tennis player, and a pretty good golfer. He swims well and he dances—oh, how—that—man—can—dance!" The speaker lifted her eyes heavenward, a sensation of languorous delight seemed to flow through her supple body. She shivered ecstatically. "Magnetism! Charm! It! He has—everything."

"Lee! . . . I don't place the name. And I can't make him out, either; he talks like an Englishman or something. But—who is he and what is he? . . . Has he got any money?"

Alanna raised her brows in mock concern. "I—I never thought to ask him, darling, but I will. I'll do that right away,

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and let you know." Then her expression changed and she inquired, "If he interests me, what difference would that make?"

"Oh, I know——"

"He's living with Cyril Bathurst. They're writing a play together."

"That doesn't sound prosperous. And meanwhile he's making a play at **you**, eh?"

"No, damn it!" Alanna exploded.

"Now, see here. I won't have my daughter running around with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. If he's a somebody, and if he likes you, that's one thing; if he's merely after your money——"

"I dare say those show girls in London like **you**. Those Tommies, and Dicky Birds, and Harriets weren't after **your** money, were they? Don't button your collar in the back, darling."

"Good Lord!" Wagner complained. "To think I got the custody of you and Junior went with Anna. I could have handled **him**."

After a moment of thought Alanna said without the slightest heat: "Let's understand each other, Albert dear. Surely you don't think a girl should consult her father about her intimate, personal affairs? That's an exploded doctrine: I'm free, white, and sunburned. I'm not in the least fussy about what you do, for you're still young enough to look after yourself. I hope it will be a long while, sweetheart, before you become a burden on me. As for Sam, I get a great kick out of him. So that's that."

"Damned if I don't believe you're in earnest about this fellow!" Wagner exclaimed. "I'm going to look him up."

"Please don't! You might discover something that would make you unhappy. It's really my affair."

"He may be some common crook or——"

"He may be, indeed."

"——or a miserable fortune hunter."

"How dreadful!" Alanna mocked. "But what of it? A girl can spend only so much money on herself. Now, please mind your own business, sweetheart. I mean that in the kindest way, honestly. You know I can endure anything except interference." She kissed her father on his bald head and left the room.

CHAPTER 18.

EVER since Sam Lee's childhood he had received, on the eve of the New Year, money for gambling. Having gambled all his life, he looked upon it more as an occupation than an amusement. He had been raised in the Chinese belief that luck is a state of being, a posture, to be attained by proper preparation and under favorable conditions, and that belief still remained in him.

He was winning again to-night and the table at which he played was crowded. As usual, other players had followed him and were betting as he did. Alanna Wagner sat on one of the high stools close at his side, so close in fact that her body touched his. Her bare elbows rested upon the table, her chin was in her cupped hands, her eyes followed Sam's movements. She had lost, as usual, and now she surrendered herself to the fascination of observing him.

Alanna Wagner was more than good-looking even in repose, when animated she was a dancing flame, and she was comfortably aware of it. She lost no opportunity to take all possible advantage of her feminine attractions. Her hair was reddish-brown and of fine texture, but of rebellious quality, and she wore it cropped like a boy's: her face was willful and impetuous, and in it were set a pair of insolent, tempestuous eyes, hazel in the sunlight, almost black at night: her brows were rather heavily penciled for a girl, which lent her face a certain forcefulness.

Heretofore she had represented everything that was haughty, elusive, and intractable, but she had finally surrendered and patrons of the Paradis Casino stared curiously at the imperturbable young man beside her, giving him credit for unusual qualities of mind or mesmeric powers of an uncommon degree.

"Come along, darling. I'm tired," Alanna said suddenly.

Sam nodded. "I was only playing to amuse you," he told her.

As they left their places she inquired: "How much winner are you?"

"Oh, quite a lot, I believe!"

"Don't you know?"

Sam shrugged carelessly. "What's the difference? I already have more money than I need."

"I gloat like a miser when I pick up a bet, and I'm furious when I lose. I can't bear to lose at anything," she said.

"If I felt that way I wouldnt gamble. There are things I enjoy infinitely more than playing. I love beautiful things—silks, ivories, jewels, marbles, paintings. I——"

"Why don't you like me? I'm beautiful." Alanna asked this question abruptly and she fixed her dark eyes upon her companion's face with disconcerting intensity. She did not heed what he said, it was only a meaningless pleasantry anyhow, but she noted a certain change in his voice and a slow alteration in his color which contented her.

Together they entered the cafe; with an ostentatious flourish they were shown to a table adjoining the dance floor and a restrained riot occurred over the privilege of seating them. Sam placed his order, smiling queerly the while.

Alanna drew a deep breath. "I'd give something for your luck," she said.

He shrugged. After a moment she inquired:

"By the way, have you got any money? Not that I care, but father was asking me. It's the first question a modern parent puts when his daughter shows interest in a fellow."

"I have nothing I can call my own," Sam declared.

"Well, so much for that. I've got plenty. Dad has more money than a bank." Dimples popped suddenly into Alanna's olive cheeks. "Now, then, why is it you hate me? I'm reasonably good-looking——"

"Unreasonably! Terribly! Devastatingly!" Sam agreed.

"I'm full of that indefinable, magnetic something——"

"You are, indeed. And I adore you."

"Then, for heaven's sake, seize me and—dance me." Sam and Alanna rose, she swayed forward into his arms and they moved away. This was intoxication.

Their table was ready when they returned to it. For a while they sat in silence, then Sam began, "Did you notice those people who spoke to me? The woman looks Spanish."

"The one with the big comb? Who are they?"

"Friends of Mr. Bathurst's. The man is an oil operator from Oklahoma, she's his wife, and Bathurst told me how they met. I'd like to tell you."

"Why?"

"I—It's an interesting story, to me at least. She isn't Spanish at all. She's an Osage girl."

"A—what?"

"An Osage Indian girl, from his own State. She had known him as a child. The Osages are rich, she had been educated at an Eastern college. The upshot of it was—a real love match. I considered it quite extraordinary."

"In what way?" Alanna queried.

"Because—many people have such strong racial prejudice."

"Bosh!"

"Have you none? Would you marry an—Indian, a man of another race?"

"I was engaged to one—to an East Indian. It was just fun, of course, but he was a dandy fellow and he wasn't very dark. I couldn't stand a dark one. You have the strangest ideas, Sam. I couldn't help marrying a man I cared for. I'm thoroughly spoiled, thank heaven! There aren't any taboos among people of our class. I'd marry him or—nobody else would."

They danced again when the music resumed, and each felt some change in the other. A new vitality, some electric quality had entered into Sam and Alanna thrilled to it: her body relaxed, came closer to his, her breath beat hotly upon his cheek. As if by mutual consent they ceased dancing at the end of the cafe nearest the open air and passed out upon the portico that overlooked the sea. Together they descended the wide marble steps. These gardens are a feature, and the very loveliest, of the famous Paradis Casino. For these French skill in horticulture had reached perfection. Beyond them and running parallel with the cliffs is the handsome Avenue of the Cypresses, equally well advertised on souvenir postcards.

Here she and Sam found themselves without knowing which one had led the way. As a matter of fact neither had led, their feet had shown them the path, but when they had passed out of the light and into the gloom, they paused and faced each other as if at some unspoken signal. Each saw the other dimly and yet with a revealing distinctness.

He had her in his arms, he was crushing her to him and bruising her lips with his: a ruthless passion overpowered him, and the girl responded recklessly, unreservedly: her embrace was as close as his. It was capitulation for both, and conquest, too; a sudden bursting of all constraint, an explosive shattering of inhibitions, and the ecstasy of it was keener than a knife-thrust.

"A thousand times I've dreamed about holding you like this," Sam murmured. "I seem to experience feelings I've always known." He was profoundly interested in this phenomenon. "I've thought about you constantly, every night I've fallen asleep haunted by your voice. It was like the music of some stringed instrument sighing in the moonlight. I've breathed the fragrance of your hair, and it was like sweet-scented honeysuckle."

"That's father's soap," Alanna told him. "The odor lasts."

"He asked you if I had money and I told you——"

"Don't tell me anything, darling. What does it matter? What does anything matter? To-night I'm not his daughter, I'm not flesh and blood, there's nothing sane or sensible about me. I'm the Sleeping Princess who is still rubbing her eyes. You might be a stranger, some beggar—it wouldn't make any difference."

"And I must tell you who I am."

"Not to-night! Don't dare! Sam, darling."

When finally they mounted the steps to the Casino it was dark. A watchman on his rounds halted and eyed them suspiciously, then shrugged and turned away.

CHAPTER 19

ALANNA was usually up and out of doors long before her father had his breakfast; he was surprised the next morning, therefore, when she languidly entered their dining-room and sank into a chair across the table from him. She wore a handsome suit of lounging pyjamas, she was pale, she moved like a sleep-walker, her lids were heavy, and she eyed him as if from a great distance.

"Hullo! Hullo!" he began cheerily. "What detained you, my dear? And how do I happen to be honored with——?" He paused and leaned forward, startled. "Good Lord, Alanna, what ails you?"

"Dunt esk," she said with a feeble wave of her hand. "The milkman delivered me, and I haven't closed an eye. I shall never sleep again; it's a criminal waste of time."

"What the dickens have you been up to?"

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"Heaven! Up to the Mohammedans' paradise. No, not that; the Mohammedan women's paradise." Alanna fetched a lingering sigh and let herself sink more limply into her chair.

"You were out with that Lee fellow, weren't you?"

"Yes. We sat in the park all night, like a sailor and his sweetie."

"In the **park**?" Al Wagner's eyes protruded, his mouth fell open.

"Breathe it, darling, don't bark. Say it softly and with reverence. . . . Under the trees, with the winking stars above us and a draught on my legs!"

Wagner stared at his daughter in amazement and in disbelief. "You don't honestly mean——? Is that on the level, about the park? Good God! . . . You—you seem to be proud of it! You rave like a lunatic. Why, you're behaving like a brazen hussy. Out all night! With a—stranger! I never heard of such a thing." The speaker was growing apoplectic, he was stuttering, but Alanna laughed.

"A **stranger!** Oh, father, dear father! He was, but he isn't. I know him, backwards and sideways. **I'm** the stranger, precious old egg-plant. A most unusual girl and a great credit to you. . . ."

Unusual and distressing sounds issued from Al Wagner. For once he was genuinely shocked. Mere profanity proved inadequate to express his emotions; he tried it, but choked; gradually his indignation took coherency and form and he began a stern rebuke.

Then both were speaking at once, but at something her father said the girl cried, even more sharply than before:

"Now you're getting low and slimy in your thoughts, precious grubworm. Lift up your chin. There's no excuse to cast me off. I'm not going out into the night——"

"You've **been!**" Wagner growled. "Don't tell me that a decent girl can neck a fellow all night in the dark and——"

"I had practically no voice in the proceedings, governor. Honest! You don't know that man; a woman is putty in his hands, a quivering protoplasm. I was picked up, swept away—I was no more than a—a silken streamer whipped by a raging sirocco. Isn't that pretty? But—you're a pre-war parent. Why should I destroy your illusions?"

"'Pre-war!' 'Illusions!' This freedom you talk about! I can't make out, for the life of me, whether it's freedom or license, innocence or guilt."

"Do you confuse innocence with ignorance? Possibly purity is the word you have in mind. Men are so vile."

"Oh, stop your flip chatter! If I thought you were as sophisticated as you pretend to be, I—I'd strangle you. But you're just being smart, I suppose. That's post-war stuff, and it's as poisonous as the other post-war stuff we're getting. For once I—I almost wish Anna hadn't divorced me. Damned if I don't! I'm afraid I've made a botch of you." In honest distress the father wagged his bald head, he stroked it with uncertain hand, he made moist sounds with his lips.

"Darling! Please don't cluck! Even mother couldn't stand that. Quack if you must, but don't cluck. I've told you in a dozen ways during the past few minutes what you should know without being told, namely, that I've done nothing to be ashamed of. Must I use hot towels and massage it in?"

"You've got me licked," Wagner admitted. "I don't know yet whether you're lying. Of course he asked you to marry him?"

"I—don't seem to recall it. Not in so many words. But we had such a lot of other things to talk about. He mentioned something about money—I told him you were mercenary—and he's well-to-do."

"That's a relief." Wagner was considerably mollified. "He'll **need** to be well fixed. . . . Of course you love him?"

"I long for him as a taxi-driver pants for rain. I'd marry him if he had six wives."

This remark brought a scowl of disapproval. The father grunted; with assumed malice he said: "I'd laugh if he turned out to be a bootlegger."

"In that case we might supply you with some good stuff."

"Are his people of any consequence?"

"I presume you're thinking about the Four Hundred. There isn't any Four Hundred, precious seedling, or we wouldn't be so prominent. . . . Lee! Alanna Lee! It has a nice sound. I don't care who he is."

"I hope you won't object if I investigate this giant?"

"Go as far as you like. I'm doing the same, at eleven, in a one-piece suit. We're swimming together. If he touches me I'll unravel. Whatever you learn about him don't tell me for—I'd miss you at the wedding."

"So! You propose to marry him whether or no?"

"Nothing but paralysis will prevent me."

"Jove! You have got it bad," Wagner reluctantly admitted. "Well, I've tried to be a good father to you and to give you everything you want. I hope this will last and that he can handle you."

There was a malicious glint in Alanna's eyes when she turned them upon him and said: "He can!"

"You get a lot of fun out of shocking me, but wait till you have a child of your own and she tries it on you." He strode off towards his own rooms.

The spoon slipped out of Alanna's nerveless fingers; for a while she stared mistly into space and a light came into her face which not even her father had seen there. A child of her own! A child of Sam's. Here was a thought. She thrilled, she closed her eyes.

CHAPTER 20.

SAM and Alanna met on the beach at the bathing hour, but they did nothing more energetic than sit in the sand. They had little time alone with each other, however, for the place was crowded and Alanna was popular. Both were still in something of a daze and Sam in particular experienced a feeling of utter unreality; only an occasional meaning look from her, a pressure of her fingers or some involuntary act of proprietorship convinced him that he was not under the spell of a pleasant delusion and that the hazy events of the night before were not purely imaginary.

They arranged to meet again at five for the hotel tea dance, and to dine together that evening; then Sam walked home in even greater perturbation than when he had left it. Following his return from Alanna's hotel as dawn was breaking, an unwelcome thought had obtruded itself. It had occurred to him that she might not know that he was an Oriental.

His mind had reverted to the question again and again, and it continued to bother him. Paradis was a queer, feverish place: people came and went: one sensation followed another: there was nothing orderly or normal about it. Nobody inquired who his neighbor might be. He argued weakly that he had tried to tell Alanna, but had lacked the opportunity. In this, however, there was no comfort; he should have created an opportunity. The whole trouble was there had been no faintest signal of what was coming, no stock-taking time. Even at the time it happened he had not been wholly convinced that either of them was sincere. There had been a suspicion in his mind that they were in the grip of a momentary madness, a midnight witchery that would vanish with the day.

Reason assured him that his apprehensions must be unfounded, and yet, assuming that they were not, what difference did it make? This he finally asked himself. Alanna was unlike other girls, she didn't care what he was: she had said so. She was a creature of resistless desires, a pagan, she had no taboos, social, racial or otherwise. He felt much easier at the recollection of her statement to that effect. "Less than the dust!" There was a majesty, an heroic dignity to the love of a tempestuous creature like her; it stopped at nothing; it counted no costs, it took all and it gave all.

* * *

Mr. Wagner eyed the card which the man in hotel livery brought him. Beneath the name was written in pencil "Personal."

"Does she want to see me, or my daughter?" he inquired.

The employee arched his brows, shrugged, murmured an excuse for his ignorance of "the Englis'," whereupon Wagner repeated his question in a louder voice. He did this several times. After a while, more by reason of gesticulation than of emphasis, the fellow understood and made it plain that the visitor wished to see Monsieur, not Mademoiselle.

Mr. Wagner looked at the ornamental gilt clock on the mantel. Fat golden cupids crawled over it, and one of them pointed roguishly at the dial which read eleven-thirty. Alanna was at the bathing club with Sam Lee and would not be home for more than an hour.

"Show her up," Wagner directed. He went to a mirror, adjusted his tie, which needed no adjusting, smoothed his eyebrows and touched up his short-cropped grey moustache. Probably she would turn out to be a brunette. Probably she—Wagner preferred blondes and he had never understood why men went so crazy over Alanna . . . Out all night with that Lee fellow and now at the beach with him. He proposed to look up Bathurst this afternoon and make some searching inquiries. . . . He hoped this girl was smart-looking and had small feet.

The caller was indeed blonde, and pretty, and smartly gotten up. Her feet were not too large. Wagner greeted her with warmth and they talked in a desultory manner for several minutes. He purposely avoided inquiring the reason of her coming and monopolised the conversation in a warm, cheery manner, the while he put her at ease. It was nice to meet fellow Americans in a foreign city and a pleasure to meet a beautiful young woman anywhere. Had they met before? What a pity! He knew so many young women and the name was not unfamiliar. Hart! He had known a number of Harts and had won a few in his time. Ha, ha!

These warm confessions failed to thaw the visitor perceptibly.

"I read in the 'Herald' that you were here with your daughter," she began, when he finally allowed her an opportunity of stating her business.

"Yes. She's usually in the papers. She counts that day lost when she isn't."

"There have been several references to her engagement."

"Which one?" Wagner chuckled.

"To Mr. Lee; Sam Lee. I happen to know him."

"Oh! Indeed!" The father found his interest directed along a new line. "Friend of yours, is he?"

"Yes." There was a pause. "It's true, then?"

"Um-m, a little premature, possibly."

"You're probably wondering why I'm here, and—I hardly know, myself. Sam and I were at college together. It's through him that I came to Paris, to study. I mean it's—it's all right in every way, but my people were unable to send me. They're not in sympathy with my ambitions, anyhow. Sam's father is rich . . . Do you know why he's over here? Why he quit college?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"I think you ought to know. He was expelled."

"What for?"

"Over a girl. It was in the papers and you must have read it if you were in New York at the time."

"Possibly I did. I don't even remember what they said about me, but it was scandalous. I hope you didn't come here to tell

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me that Sam was a college cut-up. That's nothing against him."

"No. I didn't come here to tell you that, except as a part——"

"A part of what?"

"Well, I have some newspaper clippings, I thought——"

"Don't show them to me," Wagner said indifferently. "Now, let's understand each other. I'm a business man and I talk plainly. I cut corners. What have you got on him?"

"Why—nothing. It isn't that. We were awfully good friends—he—well, he asked me to marry him. He did, really."

"I see. And you have his letters. Very well, I'll consider a proposition. My daughter has made up her mind and there's no stopping her. Those letters are worth as much to me as to a newspaper. What's the figure?"

The caller was both offended and indignant. Her eyes widened, her face grew white. "I'm no blackmailer," she protested. "You're insulting. I read in the papers that he was engaged to your daughter and about his winning a fortune at the Casino and being so popular and everything—— 'Western heiress to millions engaged to prominent young American.' It made me laugh."

Wagner was eyeing Miss Hart with alert intensity now. "Yes? Well—make me laugh. What's funny about it?"

"I'll show you——" With shaking hands the speaker ripped open her purse, seized a bundle of folded clippings and tossed them into Wagner's lap. "There's your 'prominent young American,' your future son-in-law. Maybe you know all about him and maybe you don't."

The man adjusted his glasses, unfolded the clippings, then his expression changed. He stared open mouthed at what he saw: his hands began to tremble. "Lee Ying, wealthy Mott St. merchant." "Palace of Imperial Bounty." "Scandal at Eastern University." There were pictures of a doll-faced girl and of Sam: sensational headlines; but Wagner did not read much of the story. He had no interest in it.

"My God!" he exclaimed. He shot a few searching questions at his caller, then he put the clippings in his pocket, rose, and tramped about the room, perspiring profusely. After a while he paused and looked Miss Hart over from head to foot in a manner that caused her to flush and to pale.

"You say you were engaged to this Chinaman?"

"I said he asked me to marry him."

"Humph!" The man's lips curled. "Exactly. And he's paying your way in Paris. . . . Just why, may I ask, did you decide to come here—and give me this treat?"

"That's my business. I—imagined you'd like to know the truth——"

"Yes, of course. I don't happen to like your business, that's all. A mere personal whim. Well, miss, if you have no use for these clippings I'd like to keep them. And now—I think you'd better leave. You'll find the elevator on your left as you go down the hall." He turned and strode into his room. When he was alone he began to curse.

CHAPTER 21.

THE smartest people stopping at Paradis were usually to be found in certain places at fixed times of day, for everybody did pretty much the same things, and social life followed an established routine. In the mornings, for instance, they were on the bridle paths, or at the tennis courts, or watching the live bird shoots—the championships were run off here—and at eleven o'clock everybody went to the beach to see or to be seen. During the tennis matches the early afternoon witnessed another fashion show, and there was golf, too; at teatime everybody danced at the Hotel Royale, either indoors or out of doors, depending upon the weather. From early evening onward the Casino, of course, was the centre of attraction.

Sam came early and secured a good table, for it peeved Alanna to be anywhere except in the very centre of things, and as he waited for her he noted a phenomenon which amused him considerably. Of course, he knew comparatively few of the many visitors to this resort, and those he did know were recent acquaintances, nevertheless it seemed as if everybody knew him. Those he had met took pains to bow to him and to smile in a cordial manner, others eyed him and spoke to each other significantly. What curiosity; what mammon worship, he reflected. Any recipient of Alanna Wagner's favor, by reason of her father's wealth and prominence, became at once a celebrity.

Alanna was almost up to the table before he saw her and rose to his feet, and he resented the fact that he had been so unobservant: it robbed him of a precious, breathless moment of anticipation. How lithe and free, how swift and purposeful she was. Always in a hurry. Life for her ran furiously, and she rode it like a surf rider balanced upon the crest of a wave. Where others wallowed she flung herself forward with a resistless rush.

She came towards Sam like an arrow, and when their eyes met he stiffened, a dreadful premonition smote him. He turned suddenly sick—the feeling was all too familiar, a wretched, humble cringing of the soul. And he read her expression correctly, for he had beheld it many times on many other faces, as, for instance, on that night in the roadhouse with Alice Hart and her friends. Usually it was masked, people tried to conceal it, but not Alanna. Like a flimsy garment all Sam's confidence, all his recent pride was snatched away from him and he stood naked.

Alanna's accusation came like a burst of flame, it scorched and withered. The scene was brief, the actors held their tableau only for a moment, but that was ample to attract attention. The hum of conversation ceased, people nearby turned strained and startled faces over their shoulders, some of them rose. Through the silence Alanna's passionate voice cut like a knife and listeners heard her cry:

"You rotten yellow cur! You Chinaman!"

There was a gasp, a commotion. A woman at an adjoining table uttered a thin scream, for with her last words Alanna raised her riding crop and slashed Sam with it. She was in a frenzy; she struck him not once, but time and again.

It was an exhibition so incredibly savage, so fantastic, so unbelievable as to paralyse the onlookers; it was more than shocking. But the paralysis was only momentary. There was a startled outcry, waiters came running, patrons pressed forward and closed in.

Sam took those blows without flinching; he neither bowed his head nor shielded it. He felt the cruel, cutting impact of the crop across his face, his neck, his arms; it stunned him, but it inflicted no pain. He was partially blinded, a spasm twisted his facial muscles, closed one eye; the slim, iron framework of the chair bent between his straining fingers.

Alanna flung the whip aside, turned, and walked away with her head high, and her eyes flashing. A clatter of voices arose, men spoke to Sam, but he did not understand what they said. They were shocked, astounded; plainly, however, they assumed that he had warranted his chastisement. There was quite a hubbub, but nobody offered him more than perfunctory assistance.

His left eye had failed him completely now, and a strange numbness affected that side of his face. It was wet, too, and he tasted blood. Whipped! Publicly horsewhipped! He, a Son of the Gods! His brain refused to register the fact. Even more paralysing was the crash of his dream castle. Only a few of these people understood the meaning of this outrage, but all would learn. They were avid sensation-seekers. What a morsel for them. A Chinaman posing as white. Publicly whipped by a white girl for daring to touch her. They would applaud it.

Of a sudden he felt a terrible hatred for these men and woman with their sickly, pallid faces and their rolling eyes. Apes! Buzzards! Carrion feeders!

Blindly he made his way through the crowd and out of the hotel grounds.

Cyril Bathurst, formally attired for the afternoon, paused in passing Sam's door and listened, then he tapped on it with his stick.

"Hello! That you, Lee?"

A muffled voice answered him.

"I was popping off to the Royale this very minute, to find you. May I come in?" Without awaiting Sam's response, he entered the bedroom, then paused and stammered in dismay: "Hello, hello, hello! What's this? Bless me, what's happened you? An accident?" He flung aside his hat, cane and gloves and strode forward. "This is dreadful! Here, let me——"

"Miss Wagner did it . . . She used her crop on me . . . At the Royale."

Bathurst paled. "Good Lord! I—can't believe it. I—I was afraid that little beast would let you in for something. Let me give you a hand . . . . What filthy luck!"

"There's nothing to be done, thanks just the same. I've pretty well attended to myself. I'm terribly sorry on your account, sir. You see, everybody was there. It will be a wretched scandal."

"Never mind that. Let's have a look—see . . . Hum-n! Some cuts, but nothing deep. A few welts. And that eye—the bally thing is swelled shut, but I don't think it needs a doctor. Better take a stiff drink . . . What ailed the little vixen?"

"We—went rather wild last night. I assumed she knew—everything about me." Abruptly Sam turned his back, his voice was hoarse when he went on, "It's bound to embarrass you dreadfully. I'm getting out on the next train."

"The hell you are!" Bathurst exploded. "You'll do nothing of the sort; you'll wash up, change your shirt, and come with me. Back to the Royale! . . . Embarrass my foot! Why, the little devil! . . . I—I'm terribly rattled, but you shan't leave." Excitedly he stamped about the room, he gesticulated, and his cheeks grew purple. "Never heard of such an outrage. It makes me furious . . . . Who does she think she is? Common soap-suds creature! No, Never. Face it out, old boy. It's the sporting thing to do. Wear your service stripes and confound her . . . . By Heaven! You're my guest and my friend. I'm your sponsor. If she wanted to whip anybody, why didn't she whip me? . . . Bah! Those rich Americans make me ashamed of the white race."

In a shaky voice Sam said, "You're a thoroughbred, but I refuse to humiliate you by——"

"Rubbish! I'm proud to know you. Proud to have you in my house. Proud to work with you. Proud to—— Bless my soul, this made me forget what I came in for! Here's a cablegram, and it may be important. Just arrived, and I was trotting off with it to the Royale, looking for you . . . . No. I'm going to have my way about this. Head up. Chest out—Hello! . . . Damn! Is this Friday the thirteenth?"

Sam had opened the message. It was in five words, but it turned him to stone. That disfiguring welt across his cheek and temple was still angry, and it still trickled blood, but the rest of his face slowly blanched. He handed the sheet to Bathurst, who read:

Your father dying. Come.—Eileen.

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Bathurst laid the cablegram aside. He placed a hand upon Sam's shoulder and pressed it, saying gravely:

"Jove! This is a poser. And coming at such a time. I'm sorry. You've told me what a wonderful man he is . . . . Take it easy for a minute. I'll step out and look up the sailings, while you pull yourself together. Meanwhile, don't concern yourself about packing. I'll attend to all that."

CHAPTER 22

"DID you wind it up?" Al Wagner inquired of his daughter when she burst into his presence late that afternoon. Alanna answered him shortly, and he voiced his relief. "Thank heaven! I hope you didn't mince matters. The miserable skunk! . . . But I still think I was the one to do it. What did he say?"

Alanna tossed her arms aloft in a furious gesture. "He didn't open his mouth."

"He'd have opened his mouth to me," the father growled. "I know those Chinks: I've worked hundreds of them. Lord! I wish you had let me see him. I wouldn't have let him off so easily. Why, if he brags about this affair, it will ruin us."

Alanna uttered an explosive sound which indicated her contempt of consequences.

"Oh, jeer if you want to!" Wagner cried testily. "You know it's true just the same! Now then, I hope this will be a lesson to you, young lady. It serves you right for playing around with every good-looking stranger you meet."

Harshly Alanna said: "I horsewhipped him."

"Huh?" This interrogation came with a jerk, then, as the girl's words sank in, a paralysis crept over her father: horror numbed him.

"I wore out a crop on him."

"Horsewhipped him? . . . When? Where?"

"Just now. In the tea garden. In front of everybody. I'd have killed him if I could."

"Oh, my God!" The cry issued weakly from Wagner's lips, he seized his head, he stared wildly at his daughter.

Now that Alanna had found her voice words rushed from her, she stormed about the room in a gusty passion. But the tornado blew itself out as rapidly as it had blown up, she faltered, hesitated, her voice broke and her bosom heaved. Without warning, she burst into tears.

Wagner approached and shook a clenched fist over her.

"Yell! Raise the hotel and have us thrown out!" he shouted. "That's your mother all over again. She always fixed it so we could never stop twice in the same place. You've got all she had, and more. This horsewhipping seems to run in the family: she threatened to horsewhip every woman I spoke to. But—you did it! . . . Do you realise what you've done to yourself? And to me? Bawled us out! . . . But no, you never stop to consider anything, do you?" You couldn't act like a lady: you couldn't let the matter drop: you couldn't take that rotter off alone somewhere and beat him up. You had to do it in Tiffany's window."

Alanna wailed, a paroxysm of such violence seized her that she slid ungracefully off the lounge. She made no effort to rise: she merely sat on the floor and rocked herself in misery. "I love him," she moaned.

"Humph! That's likely," her father sneered. "Love a Chinaman!"

The telephone rang with the startling suddenness of a machine-gun burst, and he snatched it up.

"Hello! . . Wagner speaking . . Who? . . . Tell him to go to hell!" He crashed the instrument down upon its stand. "There you are, Typhoid Mary! A gentleman of the Press! Lord! You're the image of hard luck for me. Call your maid and get your things together before they break in on us."

"I'm not going," Alanna declared.

With an effort that brought the sweat, Al Wagner calmed himself sufficiently to argue: when this failed he fumed, then he raged and at last he threatened. Alanna was granite. To run away would be a confession of guilt, an admission of shame. And what had she to be ashamed of? Nothing. If anybody dared to throw it up to her, get smart, she'd give them a taste of —— Well, she had other crops and she could use them. What did she care for a little gossip? Not—that! There was mighty little that she cared for now: her heart was in pieces. Leave Paradis? Rather not. They would say no more about it—not another word.

During the time it took her to voice her contrition and her promises of reform, the telephone rang three times. They let it ring.

In despair, at last Wagner stamped off to his suite and locked himself in. Later he ordered his dinner and ate it in the solitude of his chamber. He wondered apprehensively if he would have to live in this wretched room, penned up like a wolf, until he grew a beard long enough to serve as a disguise.

Cyril Bathurst returned home late that night. He had attended a party where he had been forced to listen to various accounts of the occurrence at the tea dance and to comments upon racial questions which did not set well with him, hence he was not in an agreeable mood.

He was astonished to find Alanna Wagner waiting for him.

"Where is Mr. Lee?" she inquired without preamble.

"On his way to Paris. He sails to-morrow for America."

"Why did he go?"

Bathurst opened his lips, then he hesitated. Coldly he asked, "Isn't that rather stupid, coming from you? You're not a stupid girl."

"What I mean is—does he hate me?"

"Probably. I would, if I were in his shoes."

"The idea of his making love to me! Kissing me! Why, we spent half of last night under the cypresses. Can you bear it? . . . Did you know he's an Oriental?"

"I did. You should be thrashed within an inch of your life."

"I?" Alanna started.

"Certainly! Surely you don't hold him to blame? That Mongolian tiger didn't drag you out of the Casino and into that thicket, did he? I fancy not. . . I'd like awfully to give you a piece of my mind, Miss Wagner, but I can't very well do so under my own roof."

"Please do. I came uninvited."

"Thanks awfully. I will. You're vulgar and ill-bred and cruel. I'll wager you were one of those nasty little brats who pull kittens' legs just to hear them squall. You think it's clever to disregard everything conventional and to outrage all the decencies. You're utterly indifferent to other people's feelings. Really, I'm sorry your father isn't present, but you may repeat what I say and he can find me any time."

"Go ahead," the girl urged defiantly.

"Righto! It's a pleasure I can't deny myself. We Europeans often spoil our women after they grow up, but Americans seem to ruin them at the breast, and you're a typical example. Look around you here in Paradis. Vain, over-dressed, impudent, empty-headed women, as loud and gaudy and wasteful as macaws. It's the same all over Europe. . . . Imagine a girl of your age coming to a man's house, alone, at this ungodly hour, and confessing—boasting—that she spent half the night in a young fellow's arms! Thoroughly smart and up to date, no doubt, but it jolly well shocks me. I wish you were my daughter, for half an hour. I'd teach you what a crop feels like. Sam Lee is a fine, clean, upstanding boy, and far too good for you. He held you at arm's length as long as he could and that drove you frantic. Oh, I saw the way you went at him! Disgraceful! Now you 'hate him'; you 'could kill him'! Well, you did something a damned sight more cruel than that."

"Yes?"

"You humiliated a proud, sensitive——"

"What about my pride?"

"Sam is a gentleman of breeding. His pride is stiffer, keener, and higher tempered than yours, or mine, for he has something to be proud of. I have little and you have nothing—except your good looks. You see, I don't bend the knee to your father's money."

In a voice that surprised her listener Alanna said: "Just a minute. I'd like to speak my piece. I'm awfully mad—about the kittens. I never did——! I love animals. I'd die before I'd hurt one. . . . The rest was true, except what you said about American girls. They're not all spoiled and selfish: you see only the ones like me. I know I was rotten. I came here to apologise to Sam."

"Oh, I say!" Bathurst exclaimed. "I'm sorry I ran on as I did. Do you honestly care for him?"

The girl nodded: her eyes were wide and dark with pain: her face was white and stricken. "When you've had everything, it comes hard suddenly to find yourself without anything. Smash! Bang! All gone! . . . I'm a smart aleck, because it makes people laugh. It's my principal accomplishment. This serves me right." There was a pause, then the speaker inquired with an effort, "Did I—hurt him much?" At Bathurst's answer she flinched as if he had struck her. "I'll never forgive myself, of course. If I hadn't cared so terribly I couldn't have done it. But—he hurt me, and I've never been hurt. Everything came to an end so swiftly——"

CHAPTER 23.

THE New York newspapers devoted considerable space to the death of Lee Ying, Chinatown's richest and most influential citizen, and the stories were copied in San Francisco and elsewhere. Mott, Pell and Doyers Streets were in mourning, and their residents prepared to pay the dead importer all the honors due to a person of high importance. His body, dressed in twelve white linen garments, and resting in a splendid red lacquer coffin, lay in his princely home where hundreds of his countrymen came to view it before he was returned to China for burial in some carefully chosen spot. Religious ceremonials were under way, public rites and observances were to follow, for aside from his fabulous wealth, Lee Ying had gained a reputation for kindly deeds and his philanthropies were many.

The newspapers announced that Lee Ying's son, who had been travelling abroad, was en route home by the fastest ship, and was due to arrive in a day or so. This young man, Lee Sam, the sole heir to a royal fortune, and the successor to a position of unique power in Chinese-American affairs, was a youth of university training and high culture. A delegation of his countrymen, local citizens of prominence, had arranged to meet him at Quarantine. This was the same Lee Sam who had figured in the news of the day some months before and again recently in dispatches from the French Riviera. Gossip had linked his name with that of a prominent California society girl, but their reported engagement had been vehemently denied.

Sam met none of his fellow-passengers on his way home, for he remained in his stateroom and came on deck for a breath of air only at night when nobody could see the marks on his face and recognise him as the victim of that sensational affair at Paradis.

Hour after hour, he paced the floor of his cabin, or tossed and twisted on his berth, unable to erase from his mind the memory of his betrayal and his cruel humiliation. He tried to think only of his father, but thoughts of Alanna crowded in. When he visualised the image of Lee Ying it changed into hers, her figure jostled his . . . Lee Ying was dying! He was calling for his son! The ship rolled and wallowed in one spot: Sam wanted to lash it

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onward . . . Horsewhipped! Dishonored! Shamed! He could still see the expressions of those startled faces in the tea garden . . . No taboos, she had said. No race prejudice. The liar! All women were liars, thieves, cheats, blackmailers. How useless to urge this ship onward, faster, faster, when he could never run away from what pursued him.

It infuriated Sam to be so ceaselessly concerned with his own affairs when his thoughts should be centred wholly upon that beneficent old man who had given him being. Fiercely he strove to hold his mind upon that high home which looked down upon the roofs of Chinatown; in fancy he walked with his father through its peaceful rooms and its gardens with their whispering fountains. . . . Fountains! Fountains were chuckling in the gardens of Paradis; the cypresses were stirring over his head; his heart was choking him, for Alanna's arms were around his neck, her lips were damp with his kisses. . . . In God's name, what was this chasm that separated East from West? . . . It was the same old riddle. He gave it up.

In mid-ocean came a radiogram that left him numb. He stared at it in anguish and in disbelief. Lee Ying dead? Impossible! But so the message read. That morning at dawn; in the hour of the Tiger, he had gone on high. To the chanting of priests, the spirit of Sam's honorable father had set forth upon its perilous journey to the Nine Springs.

It was a Chinese youth who met the delegation of yellow men which boarded the ship at Quarantine, and onlookers wondered who he might be. They assumed, by reason of the respect and the deference shown him, that he was some visiting potentate from the Flowery Kingdom, and they remarked upon a fresh red scar that ran down his face.

Lee Ying had left a letter to his son. He had dictated it . . . . to Eileen Cassidy shortly before his death, and she handed it to Sam on the day after his arrival home. It was a long letter; through it ran a tender concern, a wistful yearning that moved the reader deeply. Even at the very last Lee Ying had thought only of his boy; his one regret had been that he must die without Sam's arms about him, and his farewell message voiced that poignant disappointment.

Sam read, very slowly, this deep, spontaneous outpouring of paternal love and sympathy, and he recognised it as more than merely that. It was a feeble effort to comfort him, a troubled admonition to be what he was and to beware of rebellion against the manifest designs of providence. He wondered what had prompted its tone and he asked Eileen.

"Your letters about Miss Wagner worried him," the girl said. "He read more in them than I did and—he was right. That despatch telling about your trouble with her was a terrible shock to him, coming so near the end."

"Then—it was published here?"

"Oh, yes! It seemed to drain out what life was left in him."

Sam received this intelligence with Oriental self-control; only a heightened pallor showed that he was moved. Eileen realised for the first time how greatly her childhood friend had changed. She had always declared that Sam did not look Chinese, but she could no longer say so.

After a moment she ventured to continue gently: "We're so sorry, Sam; Mother and Father and Jim and I. We loved him. You're almost one of the family. You're badly broken up; won't you come and see us?"

The young man bowed gravely; he made a characteristic Chinese gesture with his clasped hands. "Your friendship honors me and I shall cherish it as a precious thing. Some day, perhaps—Meanwhile, may I send you from China some gift that will serve as a symbol of my profound respect and as a reminder of my father's affectionate regard?"

"China. You're not going away again? . . Oh, Sam!"

"It was always his wish to lie upon some happy hillside where his spirit would find delight in the beauty of nodding flowers, whispering pines, running water. We go together, the honorable and virtuous Lee Ying in his lacquered coffin made airtight against the malicious devils who nag the soul; Lee Sam, his undutiful son, in grief and repentance. . . . He will be carried in state to his final resting place upon some turquoise mountain slope. A thousand hired mourners will follow him, to the strains of plaintive music. He will be buried with his inlaid chopsticks, with bowls of rice and cocked fowls and dried pork and with rolls of paper money. All things shall be done in accordance with our customs."

"'Your customs!'" cried the girl, "Sam, dear, how queer you talk! You're not a Chinese. You're an American."

"Oh, no!" Over the speaker's face flickered an expression that chilled his listener. "I hoped to be an American. I tried to become one, but there were forces too strong opposing it. I was a fool. A fool who thought he could break a new path through the thorns. All things are ordered by the gods, and this is one. I have discovered that there are voids between the races which are too deep to span. We may strain forward and reach out our hands, but they can never touch, and when we lean too far we tumble in."

"But—you don't believe in all those Oriental gods and those pagan superstitions. You're a college man. We grew up together, and I know you better than I know my own brother, Jim."

"I believe in nothing," he asserted roughly. "Every belief I ever had was destroyed. I believed in love, and charity and brotherhood and all such pleasant nothings. Names! Words! Lies! . . Hate and greed and bigotry are real enough, but the others——? Bah! . . My father was a noble and a benevolent man; he practised all the estimable Christian virtues, and yet he was despised by you white people."

"That's not so. I loved him."

AGAIN Sam bowed. "I speak a general truth. You are one among many. The greatest Man of your race was crucified for being too loving and too lovable. I'm not of your race, Eileen, and I no longer wish to be. Lee Ying has made me proud to be of his. When I was a little boy in San Francisco I experienced nothing except kindness and courtesy and fair dealing with strangers. A Mandarin's button was placed in my cap and I was taught that three things only are honorable: nobility, age, and virtue. Before I could talk plainly I was made to lisp, 'In a village of ten houses there is sure to be found loyalty and truth. Where a true gentleman lives there will be gentlemanly visitors.' I came here to your greatest city, and I found only treachery and contempt.

"Scorn, derision, injustice, intolerance followed me through the streets. They followed me on to college; they followed me to Europe." Sam uttered an unpleasant sound. "The white friends, the 'gentlemanly visitors' whom I trusted betrayed me. My pals turned out to be grafters. I have never been betrayed by a Chinese. They never grafted from me. For example, I am going to China with my father's body and I plan to remain there indefinitely. His affairs, now mine, will be left in the hands of Chinese men. They will carry on the business. If I return and demand an accounting I will receive it, and it will be precise. Not a penny will have been taken by those 'dirty Chinks.'

"You know what happened to me at Eastern. I was innocent of any wrongdoing, but what of that? I was a yellow man. I was told that my train left at eleven. I was denied the privilege of pursuing the higher learning. In Europe it was about the same; as Sam Lee, a white man, however wretched and humble, I got along; as Lee Sam, the wearer of a ruby button, I was publicly flogged."

The scar on Sam's cheek grew more livid at the memory. "You say it—it hastened my honorable father's end. I shall always hate them for that. I shall never masquerade again; I am a Chinese, and henceforth I shall live as one."

A day or so later Chinatown paid its last tribute to Lee Ying, the well beloved, and all that was mortal of him began the long journey towards its haven of benevolent contemplation. With it, into the land of nine thousand flowers which lies west of the sunset, went Lee Sam, Son of the Gods.

CHAPTER 24.

SAM had been sincere in his statement to Eileen. He really did intend to make China his home, for a while at least; for a time long enough to recover from the blows that had been dealt him. Whether or not he would find it possible to remain there he was not sure, for he realised that his father's people would no doubt resent his "Europeanism" and that he would have to live down a prejudice on their part not unlike that which he had experienced in the Occident. On the other hand, they were his kin and as a people they revered culture.

His ideas about the Chinese, as a people, were more than a little hazy, for, as a result of his father's teachings, he had idealised them, nevertheless he assumed they would be friendly to him.

It was a good deal of a wrench to think of giving up the country of his birth, apprehension smote him at the contemplation, and yet he could no longer tolerate its treatment of him. China stood for peace, placidity, beatitude; it was a slumberous land, smiling sleepily in its dreams. Where better could one find forgetfulness than in the land of poppies?

In the weeks his journey occupied he strove manfully to make himself believe in the success of his experiment, but there were times when a terrible despondency overtook him; times when he raged at the injustice of his situation and dreaded the coming of his journey's end. What mockery that a man so blest with the things other men desire should find them empty. What good were his youth, his health, his accomplishments, his riches? Thus far, at least, they had not purchased honor, fellowship or liking. And all because of an accident of birth.

Of course, China turned out to be nothing like Sam pictured it. It was as strange, it was as foreign, it was as inexplicable to him as to the other Americans on shipboard who saw it for the first time. Nor did it smile upon him, as he had expected; its face remained inscrutable and unfriendly. Sam felt more alien than any tourist. To these other visitors China was quaint, it was colorful, it was interesting, they "loved it." Sam hated it. Dismay and disillusionment struck him dumb.

The dirt, the reek of Chinese cities appalled him, the smells were sickening; the temples and the tombs which should have stirred his sleeping emotions, his racial pride, were mere curiosities; the people—his people—were stranger to him than anthropophagi. He would have enjoyed it all immensely as Sam Lee, the American, the white man; but as Lee Sam, the Chinese-American, he wanted to shriek.

Furthermore, his father's people were no more foreign to him than he was to them. He spoke their language, to be sure, but as for attaining intellectual contact with them they remained as unsympathetic and as aloof as Eskimos. Such persons of consequence as he met were polite, accommodat-

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ing; he was shown much consideration but he seldom saw the inside of their homes.

His reputed wealth and his evident accomplishments made him a personage, but he was eyed with curiosity and with distrust: nobody believed that he honestly wished to become one of them. He remained a sort of biological anomaly, a deviation from type, and obviously they resented him. In their opinion he had a half-breed mind, and it lost him caste. This unwelcome conviction was borne home upon him in the course of time.

He lived at a great hotel in a style befitting his means, but he perished of loneliness. He knew better than to seek company among its guests or among the white residents of the foreign settlement, for he had learned that the racial line was drawn even more clearly here than at home. Home? Yes, he thought of America now as home.

Even the children in the streets refused to make friends with him, and if Chinese children were as unmannerly as those of New York they would have made faces at him and showered him with stones, for to them he was exactly what he had been to the kids of Mulberry Bend Park. As it was, they eyed him like owls and followed him only so long as he distributed presents among them.

Steadily he grew more homesick; he could not sleep; food nauseated him. One day a panic seized him, hurriedly he flung his things together and fled to the docks. It was no use; he was whipped. China had disowned him, stoned him out. Once again, in a raging fury, he locked himself into his stateroom.

None but a Chinese could have returned, after months of absence, to find his house in order and his business—a business as important as that of the Palace of Imperial Bounty—running smoothly, efficiently. Sam Lee did exactly that.

He came unannounced, but the stately residence on the roof was as tidy, as spotless, as thoroughly aired as when he had left it.

At the sound of their master's voice the cook and the two houseboys, friendly, adoring souls, pattered into his presence and kowtowed before him. They were the prey to soul-stirring emotions, their eyes were streaming, agitated words of welcome and of thanksgiving poured from their lips. Moy, Sam's valet, was even more deeply affected than they: an ague shook him, he abased himself, he stroked his employer and patted him, he laughed, he cried; like a shadow he followed him from room to room, voicing extravagant compliments.

Sam felt a stinging in his own eyes and a pain in his throat. Here was love and honor and dignity, here was his home. Other faithful friends were waiting in the great bazaar to welcome him, already news of his arrival had sped thither and the place was in turmoil. It was on the streets of Chinatown, by now. These were his people; his wanderings were at an end.

His first act, when he had cleansed and robed himself befittingly, was one of filial devotion. Alone he entered the little teakwood room where the joss-sticks smouldered and knelt before the Messiah of his father's faith. On the wall beside the brooding idol hung a gold plate engraved with the legend of Lee Ying's name, and to this he bowed his head.

"Beloved author of my being, in this hour of home-coming, to you I burn the incense of my unwavering devotion," he whispered. In hushed and reverent tones he addressed the august spirit of his father, acknowledging the latter's gracious beneficence and his own gratitude therefor. He reviled himself for his selfishness, for his lack of piety, earnestly he vowed religiously to observe the rituals and the ceremonials that devolve upon a repentant and unworthy son whose anguished soul cleaves to its parent and will not be comforted.

For a long time he lost himself in melancholy reflections. Gentle, loving, wise Lee Ying! The white people had hastened his end; blows aimed at the son had stricken the father. Resentment blazed in Sam's mind like the flame in a chimney.

Enemies! So be it! His liking for them had turned to loathing. In their eyes Chinese were sly, rapacious, vindictive, and untrustworthy. Very well, he would live up to that reputation; he would use them as despitefully as they had used him and his father. The weapons with which to do so were ready made: he was rich, he was a man of influence. Lee Ying's philanthropies in aid of their own countrymen he would carry on and add to, but aside from that he would use his riches and his power against those who had humiliated him and his parent.

OPPORTUNITIES in this direction presented themselves as time went on and he seized them. With his own people he was easy and liberal, in his dealings with Americans he was hard. Chinatown had always looked upon him as an unusual person, but the gossip and the speculation he provoked had not been invariably flattering. Respect for his learning and his accomplishments was genuine, but it had been tempered with distrust if not with actual resentment.

All that quickly changed. When the people of Mott and Pell and Doyers Streets became convinced that the son of Lee Ying proposed to carry on his father's business as usual, and to maintain, nay, add to, that man's good works, he became enormously popular. Smiling faces greeted him, the blessings of health, happiness, and longevity were called down upon him.

As the successor to a great fortune and the proprietor of an important business, Sam naturally became an object of interest to a number of people, some of whom were genuinely ambitious and some of whom were merely unscrupulous. A college-bred Chino-American in his twenties and without business experience was a target at which more than one professional promoter aimed a thrust. Cunning plans were made to interest him in every sort of enterprise. Not all of these were unsound, but Sam so regarded them and he took derisive pleasure in exposing their hollowness and in humiliating their proposers.

In this he had some success, and as a result the acid in him turned more sour. He gained considerable satisfaction in dealing as harshly as possible with the white people he came in contact with, and meanwhile his contempt for their shams and their hypocrisies grew. They were an avaricious race, nothing was sacred to them; their laws were oppressive and their justice was corrupt; their religion was a mockery and their virtue was as empty as a drum. As for himself, he heeded no restraints except those laid down by his honorable father's teaching and respected nothing but his own desires.

Mr. Carter, his attorney, one day spoke to Eileen Cassidy about the change in his client.

"Your hero, Sam Lee, isn't much like his father, is he? Lee Ying was one of the finest, gentlest characters I ever met, but the boy is harder than nails."

Eileen nodded. "Yes. He isn't the same fellow I used to know."

"It's a queer, racial atavism; in spite of all his education and his advantages he's more Chinese than his father was. He's charitable enough to his own people, he's even more popular with them than Lee Ying was, but he's positively malevolent towards everybody else. Sometimes I think he almost hates me and I'm sure he doesn't trust me in the least. His own lawyer!"

"Can you blame him?" Eileen inquired. "The white people have given him a pretty rough deal. I'd hate them, too."

"No doubt. And I'm sincerely sorry for him. . . . Somehow I've never been able to think of Sam as Chinese. I never forgot what his father was, for everything about him was Oriental. The boy used to be different. It never struck me that he had an Eastern mind. And, of course, Lee Ying always spoke of him so queerly: Son of the Gods! I never could make out what he meant. I asked him once, but he didn't tell me much."

"How dreadful if he were really white," Eileen said.

"Um-m! But he isn't. Lee Ying was an honorable, a conscientious man; the one thing he dreaded most of all was that Sam would marry some white girl. No further danger of that."

CHAPTER 26

NOW that Sam was known to be in complete control of his own affairs, certain of his former college friends endeavored to capitalise their acquaintance with him, and among the number was Kicker Wade. Wade came to see him one day and announced in his breezy, hearty way that it was high time he and Sam renewed the bonds that had united them at Eastern. He had been intending for some time to drop in and say hello to his old pal, but—you know! Sam certainly had been missed at the university. Dirty shame he had been fired. All that hooey over a frail! Colleges were the bunk, anyhow, and about all a man got out of them were his acquaintances.

Kicker was a stock salesman now and doing well. He was with one of the younger, more aggressive houses on the Street. Fine people! A fellow had to be up and doing every minute to make good with a house like that, and he was more than making good. But he wasn't too busy to remember old times. No, sir! The only lasting friendships a man made were the ones of his youth. He and Sam must see a lot of each other, beginning right now. And how was the old boy, anyhow? Well, well, it certainly was great to touch his flesh again.

How was he behaving himself? Not so good maybe, from what the papers said, but why shouldn't a guy have as much fun as he could afford? And how was his tennis game? . . . Too bad to let that drop. Sam had the makings of a champ in him, and the chances were he'd have been on the Davis Cup team if he'd followed the game up. That backhand of his put blisters on a ball, and he had the fighting heart, too. Remember that team match with Princeton? Some match, wasn't it? Kicker would tell the strabismic world it was a match. And Sam had pulled it out of the fire for old Eastern.

Now Sam was a big man of affairs! Rich! Living like a potentate! Hot siggity! That certainly was fine. Kicker ran an admiring gaze over the treasures of Sam's home, and whistled.

"What a room to throw a go-to-hell party!" he exclaimed. "Sound proof and too high to jump off. Say! I know a bunch of step-ins that would dress this place up like Altman's. I dare you."

Sam declined the suggestion with a shrug and a smile. He wondered how much Kicker hoped to borrow.

Wade had not come to borrow, however, he had come to lay an offering upon the altar of that friendship, the memory of which raised a lump in his throat. Sam had been mighty generous to him, and Kicker remembered it. Yes, sir. He wouldn't be where he was now if Sam hadn't helped him over those lean years at Eastern. Good old Eastern! And Kicker was one hombre who never forgot a favor. He wasn't in a position to do anything at the moment, but he had something in mind and when a certain deal came off he proposed to pay Sam back a hundred to one. No fooling . . . All right! All right! They'd say no more about it—for the time being.

Kicker rang up several times during the next week and chatted breezily. Sam waited. The game amused him. He was not surprised when his old friend came in person finally, much excited, vaguely mysterious. Wade began his business by stating cryptically that fortunes on the Street were not made by taking chances. No, sir.

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The little fellows took chances but the big insiders always played safe.

"We handle oil stocks, mostly, in our shop," he explained, "and when a proposition is better than usual we sometimes underwrite it. That's where the nourishment is; the public doesn't get its teeth into the good things until most of the juice is gone. Understand? Well, we've got a sweet one, Sam, and I've put you in. I said I'd blow back——"

"I never speculate, Kicker."

"Exactly. That's where you're smart. I wouldn't let you speculate if you wanted to. This isn't that kind of a deal; our group never speculates. It just divides profits. I'll tell you how it is; we've got an option on a big acreage in Texas, owned by some non-residents who are drilling a well. At least they think they're drilling it; as a matter of fact, it's down, finished, and they don't know it. The oil is there and the Standard will take the property at a figure that nets us a cool million and a half over our contract. The whole thing will be cleaned up in thirty days. I'm going in for what I've got and I'm taking this way to square my old account with you. You'll get a sure ten to one on your investment. Say, boy, you ought to know I'd die before I'd let you lose."

Sam was sure this was true. Kicker was indeed a genuine, an unselfish friend, but Wall Street was a dangerous playground for an inexperienced investor. Of course if this deal was as sure as Kicker claimed. . . On the other hand. . . . Doubt and indecision preyed upon Sam, he asked for a day in which to make up his mind. After more discussion, further explanations, renewed assurances of love and confidence, the friends parted.

They wrung each other's hands at the door. Sam made the eight obeisances of brotherhood, and Kicker's voice grew husky, his eyes moistened. Good old Sam! Gee, it was great to be pals again! And about a party here in this penthouse. Kicker would guarantee to stage a board-walk beauty parade on a day's notice. A form-fitting riot that would have to be seen to be appreciated.

They met again on the following afternoon and Sam greeted his caller with an agreeable display of emotion. "It's nice of you to go to all this trouble, and it touches me. Friends have been mighty rare in my life, Kicker. A man without a friend is a brook without a source, a tree without a root."

"Exactly!" Wade helped himself to a cigar and to the easiest chair in the room. "About this deal: I don't want to rush you, buddy, but it's closing to-day."

"I was raised on proverbs," Sam continued. "My father used to warn me to guard my heart with the same vigilance as the ramparts of a city. In spite of the fact that your face warms me like the sun and your words of affection evoke in me a harmonious ecstasy, I nevertheless felt that I owed it to him to heed his admonitions. As a matter of filial duty, therefore, I investigated this proposition of yours, Kicker." Sam smiled queerly and Wade looked startled.

"Yes? Well, I guess you found everything O.K."

"On the contrary, I found everything N.G."

"What d'you mean? I could have answered any questions. I put you next to this in strictest confidence. Good Lord, I hope you didn't doubt my motives!"

"Fortunately for me, I did, and I found them counterfeit, as usual."

"'As usual!'" The visitor paled and rose to his feet. "That's a nice thing to say to a pal. I don't give a damn what you found out, or think you did. It's boloney . . . Humph! This is a sock. It cures me of doing favors for a friend." He turned to go, but Sam said:

"Permit me to tell you exactly what I discovered."

"To hell with your discoveries!" Kicker cried angrily. "I ought to take a wollop at you for good luck. I'm not used to insults——"

"But you're going to hear a few, just the same. Bah! Don't bluff and bluster; you're a paper tiger and you always were. Times have changed, Kicker. I'm giving insults nowadays instead of taking them, and it's very agreeable. I investigated that firm of yours and they're swindlers."

"You're crazy! But—rave on, I'm leaving you. 'Swindlers!' That's a laugh." Wade uttered these words on his way towards the door but he halted when two Chinese men barred his way. They were thickset young fellows and they stared at him from unfriendly eyes. "Hello! What's this?"

"Merely a couple of my servants."

"Don't you—intend to let me out?" the visitor queried in amazement.

"I intend to throw you out."

"What?"

"But first I presume I should call up Police Headquarters."

"Now see here, Sam——"

"I know all about that oil enterprise. You said the well is down——"

"It is. So help me——"

"It has been drilled for three months and it's dry. And that option. Imaginary! . . . You're just what you were in college, Kicker, just a cheap grafter imposing on your friends."

"You can't have me arrested. You haven't lost any money, have you? All right! What have I done? I thought it was a good proposition, Sam. Honestly, I did. You've got the whole thing wrong. Have a heart, old man. We used to be——"

Sam uttered a command to his houseboys and they seized the caller. The latter protested furiously, he struggled, over his shoulder he shouted: "You rotten little skunk! I wouldn't—treat a dog—like this."

In spite of his bulk Wade was half dragged, half carried from the room and hustled across the entrance hall. He almost expected to be flung down the elevator-shaft, but, instead, a door was opened, he was urgently propelled through it, and a final shove sent him reeling down an iron stairway. With a dislocating jar he fetched up on a landing half a flight below, the door above him slammed with a metallic clang. Wade was skinned and bruised, the metal floor upon which he sat was painfully corrugated.

He rose and slunk down from landing to landing, muttering the while. Sam Lee was a yellow dog. There was friendship for you! Served a white man right for being pals with a Chinaman!

CHAPTER 26.

PRIOR to his divorce Albert Wagner had enjoyed a certain amount of home life, but thereafter he had experienced little, and of late none at all. As a result he was beginning to yearn for it. That California estate of his was expensive to maintain, and he loved living there, but during the past year he had scarcely been permitted to see it, for Alanna had kept him on the go, and she had been content to remain in one spot hardly long enough for him to receive his mail.

If ever there was a stormy petrel, a pig-widgeon blown on the wings of a tempest, it was she, and Wagner could not make out what had come over her. She made a thousand plans and changed them all. One day, for instance, she had refused to leave Paradis, the next day she had insisted upon leaving without a moment's delay; she had arranged to spend a season of gaiety in New York, only to change her mind overnight and decide on California.

Alanna was never twice the same, and yet she had the power to wrap him around her fingers. One moment she was loving and lovable, the next she was harsh and hateful. She was obedient and rebellious, humble and domineering by turns, and always she was as restless as some Peri doing penance until it could be admitted into Paradise.

They were back in New York again, why nobody knew. The Wagner suite at the Ambassador was like a madhouse, maids and bell boys were on the run, some one of the several phones was constantly ringing with a clamor as irritating as a neuralgic pain. Lunches, teas, dinners, dances, theatres, all-night parties, polo, races; her hours were too short to accommodate her overlapping engagements.

Wagner had set out to keep pace with her for once, and she had been delighted to have him do so. She had swept him along for a while, then spurred him on when he faltered, and finally rowelled him into a gallop until his breath failed and he dropped hopelessly behind.

It was not often that he saw his daughter long enough to engage her in conversation, for she was always late—permanently late, as Wagner put it—for something or other, and she was seldom alone. Some male orchid was usually adroop over her shoulder, or some shrill-voiced neurasthenic of her own sex was shrieking at her to "make it snappy," "step on it," "give it the gun."

Occasionally there did come a chance for a word with Alanna, as, for instance, one night when she returned home about twelve o'clock. For once she looked exhausted, and her father was encouraged to believe there must be a limit even to her endurance.

"Well, well, well!" he began cheerily. "You certainly look rotten. In your dragging feet and haggard face I see hopeful signs of a physical collapse. How much longer do you think you can keep this up?"

"How much longer can I keep what up, jelly bean?"

"This—dementia."

"Bless you, I'm just getting up a comfortable glow. What about a kiss? Don't rise; I can make it."

"I wish you were an old lady. Aren't you ever going to settle down?"

"Horrors, no!"

"I wish one of these germs would marry you. I'd accept the worst one in the outfit."

"No danger. The more I consider matrimony, the better I like diphtheria. No, I shall never marry. I am content to remain at your side, a constant cheer and comfort."

Wagner leaped to his feet and strode about the room, followed by the almost derisive gaze of his daughter. Up to this point he had risen to her banter as best he could, but now a change came over him, and when he spoke it was in an altered tone:

"I've an idea it's all due to that infernal Chinaman."

"Don't let's talk about him," said Alanna.

"Why not?" The father drew down his brows in a scowl; for a moment the two stared at each other.

There was a pause. Without rising, Alanna reached forth her hand, lifted the telephone, and called a number.

"What are you doing? Who are you ringing at this time of night?"

"Sam Lee," said the girl.

Albert Wagner gasped, he moved as if to snatch the instrument, but Alanna turned her shoulder, her eyes widened, an expression leaped into her face that warned him to keep his distance. Of a sudden she had grown as white as paper.

"You—know his number! You've called him before!"

She nodded. "I looked it up when we came from Europe, and I've repeated it to myself a hundred thousand times. I called him, but he had gone to China."

"What are you going to say to him?"

"I don't know. If you move or make a sound, I'll tell him to come and get me."

"Alanna! For the love of heaven——!"

"Smother me with a pillow! Shake it out of me! I warned you not to threaten,

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. . . I—I want to hear his voice. I want to know he's there. I was half crazy when I came in and you . . . Hello!"

Through the silence Wagner heard a faint, metallic answer.

"Is that you, Sam? This is Alanna. Oh, that explains it! But why sleep at this hour? Sam, you've been dissipating." The girl laughed hysterically, she was shaking, her face was strained, her eyes were wild. . . . "I don't know why, I'm sure. I never have a reason for doing things. Impulse, probably. I want to see you. Yes, that's it, I want to see you. . . . But—there's something I must say. . . . Father and I have been quarreling over you."

Wagner shuddered, he felt a moisture start out upon his body.

Alanna went on, utterly heedless of him now:

"Oh, not a serious quarrel! Just our usual bedtime battle. Nothing like a few fast rounds to make you sleep. . . . Please, Sam. . . . Why? Because I ask it. Isn't that enough? . . . We're at the Ambassador. Please! . . . Any time to-morrow. Whenever you say. . . . Thanks, old dear. I'll expect you."

"Oh, my God!" the father exclaimed feebly.

THAT midnight message shook Sam, and he slept no more after its receipt. When morning came he experienced a peculiar indecision; he looked forward with dismay to seeing Alanna again, and yet the thought of doing so set his pulses to racing madly, stopped his breath. Well, he wouldn't go. . . . And yet she had begged him. She was capable of anger, but not of deliberate malice; perhaps she really had something of importance to say. To change his mind now would be a confession of weakness. Torn by unruly desires, not with resentment, cold with dread of the ordeal, he spent the morning in a restless pacing of his rooms.

When the hour he had set arrived he went swiftly, eagerly, as he had known he would go.

Sam had named a time when the hotel lounge was likely to be least crowded and, at his request, Alanna met him there. Had he been less agitated when she came down the change in her appearance would have shocked him, for she was thin and drawn, there were ghosts in her eyes.
him but, as usual, she came to him as straight as an arrow in its flight. She put an icy hand in his and she met his gaze bravely. He was unusually pale; through his pallor the old mark of her crop stood out like a scar and for a moment she could not see anything else.

It was the worst experience either of them had ever endured; when it was over they seated themselves and exchanged commonplaces.

Only for Sam's inward struggle, his painful pre-occupation with himself, he surely would have noticed the girl's wistful yearning, for her self-possession was like a mask of gauze. As time went on, however, she managed to assert better control over herself, and to take refuge behind an artificial flippancy.

"I assume you go out as much as ever?"

"Um-m, yes. Father says it's as much as ever that I come in. That's hardly just, for I'm seldom late for breakfast. Why, Sam, I broke a solemn engagement to see you and do my penance. . . . Oh, don't go! For the first time in a long while I'm in good company, and it's helping me. Tell me something about yourself."

"I went to China with the remains of my father. It was a painful duty, but I laid them to rest in the happiest spot in all that country."

"I gathered, somehow, that you intended staying there."

"So I had intended. But China wouldn't have me. Certain metals can't be made to fuse, you know, and it's the same with certain racial elements. It seems to make no difference whether they're inherited or acquired."

"I presume that's true, but I wouldn't think it applied to your case." Sam explained how it did apply, and the girl nodded her complete comprehension. "What a pity! How unreasonable it is—all this prejudice. And yet how real."

Alanna was staring fixedly at her companion; she roused herself and abruptly changed the subject. "Dad was in the room last night when I called you, and it threw him into complete mental and digestive disorder. He's out yonder now, foaming like one of Wagner's Velvet Shaving Sticks. Funny, isn't it, how parents will clutch at the wheel and risk ditching the whole family? They're all back-seat drivers."

"I would be honored to have him join us."

Alanna shook her head at this. "Repentance is a chastener. Besides, this is probably the last time we'll ever see each other, so don't let's break up the meeting in a row."

As a matter of fact, if Mr. Wagner had overheard the conversation between the two young people, as he longed to do, he would have felt much easier in his mind, for they held the reins tight. Alanna maintained her flippant pose; Sam remained artificially polite and casual. So far, at least, the girl pretended that this meeting was a voluntary penance on her part, and nothing more; he gave no hint that he suspected otherwise. It was a painful game of make-believe, and each realised that they were saying farewell, hence they were slow in bringing it to an end.

"On the night you left Paradis I went to Cyril Bathurst's place and waited for him," she announced in a desperate effort to prevent a pause which might induce Sam to go. "He may have written you about it." Sam shook his head. "That's probably because he told me exactly what he thought of me and couldn't bring himself to repeat it. He misunderstood me, of course, as everybody does. I'd like you to understand, before we turn the page, that I'm not quite as bad as I appear."

More gravely than he had spoken heretofore, Sam said: "I have never misunderstood you."

A silence fell between the two. Realising its danger, he rose and said good-bye.

Grief looked out of Alanna's eyes as she put her hand in his and murmured through trembling lips:

"Good-bye."

Without moving she watched him go, then she rose, went swiftly upstairs, and locked herself into her room. For two days her father neither saw her nor heard her voice. Meals were brought up and sent back untouched, her telephone rang unanswered. But Wagner knew she could not be sick, for whenever he knocked on her door she threw something at it.

CHAPTER 27.

SAM'S valet, clad in a well-fitting suit of American clothes and carrying a derby hat, stick, and gloves, paused inside the door of the living-room and bowed.

This being his evening off, he had stopped on the way out to ask if there was anything further his employer desired.

Sam assured him that he was quite comfortable, nevertheless Moy lingered.

"You come 'long me an' you have good time. Very funny." Moy voiced his invitation hopefully.

"Where do you go every Thursday night?" Sam inquired curiously. "Its none of my business but—you always dress up; I never hear you come in."

"'My don't come home until morning.'" The speaker sang these words lightly, and chuckled. "That's funny song, honnable. 'Nother song say, 'Show me some way to go home.' In China is no song like those. You like dance?"

Sam shot an inquiring glance at his valet. He questioned Moy and learned that the latter spent most of his spare time, and practically all of his money, in the Asiatic dance-halls.

Moy explained naively that the girls took more pleasure in dancing with Oriental men than with men of their own race, because the former paid more liberally for the privilege. He asked Sam to go with him.

Sam listened with a queer light in his eyes: he surprised his employee finally by rising and saying he would go.

That proved to be a strange experience for Sam; he felt as if he were on an Arabian Nights adventure and he would have given much if he had been able to see it through the eyes of his valet. To the latter it was romantic and pleasurably exciting; to Sam it was hollow, incredibly sordid and shocking. The sight of white girls in the arms of Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino men evoked astonishment at first and then resentment. It was an abnormality that he found deeply repugnant and yet he could not tell why. His white mind was working again, no doubt.

Moy took him first to a place on upper Broadway. It was about like any other public dance hall except that all the men were Asiatics. The dancing-floor was fenced in by a railing with turnstiles at which ticket-takers were posted: between dances the girls rested on benches inside the enclosure. There were three men present for every woman.

The dances lasted only four or five minutes, and the intermissions even less. As a matter of fact, the orchestra stopped playing barely long enough for the floor to be cleared and for more tickets to be collected. These tickets were ten cents each and were sold in books. Moy explained that the girls received five cents a dance and that some of them made as much as ten dollars a night—just from dancing.

Ten dollars a night. Two hundred dances. Sam wondered how many miles these girls covered in an evening. Fortunately for them, the modern dance is not exhausting.

Of course his presence became known. Soon there was a craning of necks, the girls stared at him in open curiosity and talked among themselves. The proprietor of the hall, a meticulous Japanese, presented himself with a bow and expressed his appreciation of the honor Sam had done him.

Sam thanked him and explained that, for to-night at least, he was only sight-seeing.

It required courage on her part to meet Curiously he put several questions which were answered frankly.

Yes, this went on every night. Police? Why should the police make trouble for a licensed dance-hall, open to the public and run in strict observance of local ordinances and the prohibition laws? It was an orderly place and white men were welcome, although, happily, they did not patronise it. Investigators, policewomen, occasionally visited the place, and a few young girls had been arrested on complaint of their parents, but most of the girls had their parents' consent to work here—some even brought their mothers along.

Would not Mr. Lee accept and use a book of tickets? A dozen books? Some of the girls were pretty. Many were agreeably young. . . . No? The speaker shrugged and nodded. He understood perfectly, a gentleman of Mr. Lee's consequence must exercise discretion in the pursuit of his amusements.

"To you I will present select address," he said, "where matters will be found more agreeable to your liking. Surroundings are more rich and satisfactory than of here, and the management is correct. Polite young ladies of the non-shopworking classes can be met and the music is of excellent organisation." On a card he wrote a Riverside Drive number and this he handed to Sam.

Curiosity prompted the latter to drive up town to the address given; it was that

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of a handsome private house. This was a "club," however, hence it was furnished and run on a more pretentious scale than the public hall. The revelers were better dressed and no attempt was made to separate them between dances, but otherwise the procedure was about the same. There was the same turmoil and the dances were equally short.

Here, again, Sam was recognised and a good deal was made over him. When, at a late hour, he returned to Chinatown, it was with a deeper feeling of disdain for the white people than he had ever experienced. Christians! His superiors! It made him laugh bitterly. They presumed to scorn him: a woman of that race had whipped him. What a cocksure attitude!

A FEW days later Sam's lawyer called on what he announced to be an extraordinary errand. Mr. Carter was indignant and he explained his feelings by saying:

"You remember that fellow Himes who had a part in the Mona Stevens affair?"

"I'm not likely to forget him," Sam declared.

"Well, he has turned up again. He came to see me to-day on behalf of that Hart girl! The girl your father sent to Paris."

Sam stared incredulously at the speaker. "On her behalf? What has happened to her? Perhaps I'd better say what does she want?"

"Alice Hart is back here in New York and threatens you with a breach of promise action. Blackmail, of course. Settlement out of court. Did you ever write her any letters?"

"No doubt."

"Himes referred to several which breathed poetic devotion of an exalted nature, also to pointed attentions, expensive gifts—— He says you entertained her for a week or more at a New York hotel and that she visited your home."

"All true."

"There's no denying the fact that your father sent her to Paris and footed her bills up to the time of his death. Himes contends that a jury would construe such an action as due to the interest of a prospective father-in-law. I dare say if you had continued to foot those bills we'd have heard nothing from her."

There was a peculiar light in Sam's eyes when he said: "Miss Hart is a very charming girl and I was more than fond of her. What's more, I would have married her gladly. I infer that she has analysed her feeling for me and discovers it to be love."

"Analysed your bank account!"

"Anyhow, she consents to become my wife."

"She does more than consent. She demands."

"Very well. I'll marry her. Promise her that she shall be the proud mistress of my three-roofed house, that she shall wear robes spun from shimmering moonlight and eat delicate foods from the thinnest of imperial porcelain bowls. A hundred docile servants shall bow to her—— But no, my ardor runs away with me. Tell her merely to come and see me, so that my heart may speak its own message."

"Come here?" The attorney looked incredulous.

"Oh, the illustrious Himes may come with her! He should do so. He's the one to discuss the wedding arrangements, the bridal settlements and such things. A quaint and amusing custom, isn't it?"

Mr. Carter left in a good deal of a huff.

Sam's message, as relayed by his attorney, was not wholly pleasing to Everett Himes, but Carter declined to do more than repeat his client's demand, so an appointment was finally arranged and on the afternoon set Alice and her companion appeared.

Miss Hart, who was under a high nervous strain, rose and peered furtively through the half-open door, then she motioned to Himes. Sam Lee was sprawled on a couch at the far end of the room. He was in a magnificently embroidered robe, and one languid arm was around the waist of a shiny-headed Chinese girl. Another girl, who held a thin-necked stringed instrument in her hands, sat cross-legged on a cushion; both were in loose Oriental jackets and pyjama-like trousers, both were giggling and tittering. The visitors retreated noiselessly to their chairs.

Moy returned, he bowed them into his master's presence; Sam Lee had risen from the couch and he invited them to be seated. He took Alice's hand and kissed it, he ran his gaze over her and in a voice unnaturally thick and queerly disconcerting he began a ceremonial speech of greeting. The two Chinese girls had retreated across the room and were pretending to look out of a window into the roof garden. They stole occasional glances over their shoulders, clung nervously to each other, and exchanged embarrassed giggles.

Alice noticed something else, too. On a tabouret beside the couch was a queerly shaped pipe, a peanut-oil lamp and other articles which evidently went with them. An opium layout! The fellow was drugged. That accounted for his behavior, for his heavy-lidded eyes.

Everett Himes was speaking now, he and Sam were saying something about that Stevens girl, but there was no rancor in their voices. Good heavens, how Chinese Sam had become! And what a change in this place since that night long ago.

Himes asserted gruffly. "What is it, yes or no? You asked her to marry you—am I right? . . . She want to know what you propose to do about it."

"I have enough evidence to convince any court," the girl asserted.

"But why speak of courts, my dear? You long for me, I yearn for you. I bound forward with a shout. Marry you? Well, rather!"

Miss Hart had risen with a strangled cry, but Sam leaped forward and clutched her.

"Let me go!" she gasped, and tried to shake him off.

"Never!" He drew her to him, and his face was ablaze. "I'll marry you to-day, this hour——"

"Let her go; d'you hear?" It was Himes speaking, and he, too, had risen.

But Sam ignored him; hoarsely he ran on: "I'll smother you with jewels, with love."

Himes seized the half-demented youth and flung him aside.

Miss Hart had found her voice, and hysterically she reviled him. Himes was storming at him, too, but Sam only raved the louder. Alice ended the scene by suddenly turning and fleeing from the room. Himes followed her, cursing; he overtook her at the door to the steel stairway. She was sobbing and her knees shook, she cast terrified glances over her shoulder.

When the pair had gone, when that metal door had clanged shut behind them, Sam shouted to Moy, saying:

"Open the windows, quickly, and air this place out."

The sing-song girls, his "Oriental slaves," flung themselves upon the couch and rolled in convulsions of glee. They shrieked, they kicked, they hugged each other, and he joined in their laughter. One of them managed to gasp from the depths of the cushions:

"Oh, Mr. Lee, you're wonderful!"

"I surprised myself," he admitted.

"'Alice! I bound forward with a shout!' 'Posture girls!' He bought us in China. Wouldn't that slay you, Iris? Do you mind if we tell father and mother?"

"Of course not. It was nice of them to let you play in my little comedy. Burlesque, rather. I wonder that those people swallowed it!"

CHAPTER 28.

SAM became a regular and an extravagant patron of the Oriental amusement places.

Entertainment was in full swing, excitement was high in the place on the Drive one night when Moy searched out his employer and found him on one of the upper floors. This was not Moy's night off and Sam was surprised to see him, but the Korean explained that he had been forced to come.

A gentleman had called up Sam's house on the telephone an hour or so before and had insisted upon speaking with him. The man was both uncomplimentary and unrefined. Moy had told him to go to hell.

After a lapse of time the person had appeared in the flesh: he had stormed into Sam's house, shattering its dignified repose with loud profanities and strident demands for immediate audience with the owner on a matter of life and death. He had finally given Moy a hundred dollar bill and begged him immediately to lead the way to his employer. He was below at this instant.

Sam rose and went downstairs. In the ballroom, staring with amazement and incredulity at the scene before him, stood Albert Wagner.

Wagner's face was haggard, it was bloodless, new lines had bitten into it. When Sam spoke to him he started: he mumbled a hoarse apology at intruding. His expression was one of mingled loathing and entreaty as he said:

"I've been looking all over—— I've got to see you alone."

"I assume it must be terribly important or——"

"Alanna's sick. Terribly sick. She——" The speaker's voice failed him: the words stuck in his throat. "She's calling for you."

Sam closed his eyes. Through the blaring of horns, the din of frenzied voices, the scuffling of feet, he heard Wagner imploring him. "For God's sake, come with me! It—won't take long. Hurry, please, or—— I'm afraid she's—dying."

On legs that threatened to give way under him Sam followed the older man down and out into the street. A car was waiting, and into this they hurried.

Sam inquired through numb lips, "What has happened? Why does she want to see me? What can I do?"

"She doesn't know she's calling for you. She's delirious. Rest assured I'd never have looked you up if it wasn't necessary!"

"Perhaps you'd better tell me what happened to her."

"I don't know exactly. She's been hitting it up, running wild, for months. I couldn't do a thing with her. I just—worried. I suppose she wore out, burned up; anyhow, she collapsed, all of a sudden. That was several days ago. I didn't think much of it at first. . . . Oh, it has been hell, standing around, unable to do anything! I'm about all in. Of course I got the best doctors, and a couple of nurses. Some time yesterday—I think it was yesterday—she began—er—somehow your name popped into her mind. It stuck there. Not that it means anything——"

"I understand."

"Well, the nurses began to ask who Sam Lee was, and if I couldn't get hold of him just to quiet her. She doesn't know what she's saying any more than a parrot; she hasn't mentioned your name in months. Not more than once or twice since we left Paradis. Anyhow, the doctor seemed to think—— I—I'm acting on his orders, see? He said he often had to humor people with brain fever, give 'em what they wanted."

For a while the two rode in a silence broken only by an occasional incoherency from the father, and by his heavy breathing. "To-night's the crisis. The doctor says——"

"So! You let it go as long as you dared."

Oblivious of Sam's words and his tone, Wagner talked on.

"—through till morning she'll be all right. Or if we could get her to rest; to quit muttering, even for an hour or so. . . . They don't know who you are—the doctor and the nurses, I mean, and I didn't tell 'em——"

"Don't worry; I won't tell them, either. And you needn't fear that I'll presume

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when she recovers. I appreciate your embarrassment and I shall try not to add to it, either to-night or later."

A nurse met the two men as they entered the Wagner suite; she said there had been no change, she and the father left Sam alone. From the direction in which they had gone came a voice which the younger man did not at first recognise as Alanna's. It was throaty, flat, it droned along monotonously. Sam strained his ears but he could make out no words, all he could hear was an expressionless, unceasing rivulet of sound, the very quality of which affrighted him.

The nurse reappeared after a few minutes and beckoned to him; on tiptoe he followed her down a short hall and into a bedchamber. Near the window a doctor and a second nurse were whispering with Albert Wagner; when Sam appeared the doctor moved to the bedside and spoke in a natural voice.

"Here he is, Miss Wagner. . . . Alanna! Here is Mr. Lee. Don't worry any more: he has come to see you . . . Sam Lee! Don't you understand? He's right here in the room." The sick girl continued to mutter.

Sam's breath lay still in his lungs, he gazed at the flushed face on the pillow a prey to emotions suitable only for his soul to experience and for the gods to see. Anguish and compassion peered from his eyes. At a motion from the physician he moved forward to the latter's side, but Alanna did not recognise him: her lips babbled; her expressionless stare was terrifying. As the doctor ran on, repeating Sam's name over and over, the girl frowned in a troubled manner, her hands moved restlessly. Sam lifted one of them in his, and it burned him.

"Speak to her," the physician directed. "Perhaps the sound of your voice——"

"Alanna!" Nothing is more appalling than a vacant mind, the total blankness in Alanna's glassy, unfocused eyes aroused a terrible fear in the speaker, and a desperate yearning to aid her. His voice issued strongly but tenderly from his aching throat. "Alanna! Wake up, oh Thousand Pieces of Gold! I'm here and your hand is in mine. Don't worry any more, dear. I heard you calling and I came to you. Alanna! Sam is here."

Her hot fingers closed over his, and pulled weakly at them; her free hand groped in his direction; she uttered a peevish complaint. One of the nurses whispered:

"She wants him to hold her. . . . Put your arm around her, Mr. Lee."

"Try it," the doctor ordered

Sam turned a white, tortured face towards the father, who closed his eyes and nodded. "Your pardon," the young man said.

Alanna's head rolled, she cried out fretfully and lifted her arms. Sam bent lower and they encircled his neck, he felt her feverish cheek touch his. Promptly he forgot everything else. A wave of tenderness swept over him, gently he seated himself on the edge of the bed and took her to his breast. He murmured to her in a tone softer than any caress and she breathed a sigh of contentment, her lids drooped, closed.

The nurse who had spoken before deftly readjusted the pillows and the covers, then whispered:

"Hold her as long as you can, and keep talking to her. It's the first time in twenty-four hours that her tongue has stopped. Don't let her begin again. It burns out her vitality."

It is doubtful if Sam heard the admonition. Until an instant before he had been keenly aware of these strangers in the room, and, above all, of Albert Wagner's presence. Some hand had throttled him. But in the agony of this heartbreak he forgot them all, he and Alanna were alone.

Dazedly he asked himself what punishment was this that the gods had put upon him. Were they utterly implacable? But thoughts of himself were less than momentary: this suffering wisp of a creature in his arms was being tortured, too: she had endured flames hotter than his. Pity dissolved him. Poor little scorched wild rose! Brave little white rose! She had faced the fire until it withered her: she drooped now and perished for the dew. She found coolness only in his touch and his tears alone could quench her thirst. . . . Punishment? This was no punishment: it was a reward! Do not the spirits who dwell in perpetual bliss envy man his pain? The compassionate gods had smiled upon him finally, they had given him his hour. Yes, and they had given him work to do.

Heedless of listening ears he spoke to those that were deaf, and some faint echo of his voice must have reached the wandering mind of the sick girl, for it paused. She hearkened. Very quietly the doctor and the nurses withdrew: they put their heads together; apprehensively, and yet with growing relief, they looked on.

Alanna had strayed a long way and she was very tired. Sam strove to rouse her, to lead her back. It was a task, however, almost beyond his power. Realising her desperate need for aid he called upon his father and his gods for help.

He was not aware of praying: in reality it was less a prayer that he uttered than a cry for assistance—a Chinese cry—and certainly it was unlike any prayer these other people had ever heard. He spoke to the girl and through her to that benevolent person who had never failed him in his hours of need: he called to the powers beyond. He implored Kwan Yin-ko, Goddess of Mercy, the one Celestial being who is faultless, to show compassion to this child as she had shown it to that little girl-goddess long, long ago, when China was young.

Kwan Yin-ko! China! Girl-goddess! The physician and the nurses exchanged startled glances. They stared at Sam with a new and fascinated interest. Albert Wagner huddled in a chair, his elbows on his knees, his face hidden. He knew now, beyond all doubt, what had driven Alanna to this extremity, and the most terrible part of it was that Sam Lee knew, too. This China boy! This yellow man! She was lying on his breast. Smiling! At rest! He was coaxing her back, helping her along the path. It was something those doctors and nurses, not even his own love and tenderness, had been able to do. But—the fellow was an outcast, a leper. He smelled of the pit.

Sam had never dreamed that the chance would come to voice his yearnings: he knew them to be futile, but, like the nightingale that pierced its bosom with a thorn when it sang its love song, his ecstasy at this moment was greater than his pain.

The younger of the two nurses, the one who had directed Sam to take Alanna in his arms, listened intently. She thought it all very beautiful and affecting. This handsome boy whose eyes were wild with want, this pitiful spoiled girl whose need was so acute, were lovers: unhappy lovers. Here was romance and tragedy: and how he loved her!

A considerable time passed, then the doctor spoke cheerfully to Albert Wagner, saying:

"Well, I think I'll pop off to bed. I'm pretty well done up. She's sleeping and there's nothing more to worry about. You'd better get some rest, too."

An hour later when Sam left the sick room he found Alanna's father waiting for him. Wagner mumbled certain awkward words of gratitude, but he received a wintry smile.

"Don't thank me, sir. What little I did was not done for you."

"All the same, you've got to let me show my appreciation. I can't stand obligation. I'd go crazy owing you for—for a thing like this. You've got me down, with my face in the dirt. I'll give you every dollar I've got."

"He who gives you a serpent when you ask for a fish may have nothing but serpents to give." Sam uttered the quotation evenly, but of a sudden his voice changed, it grew exultant. "She's asleep at last. She has come home. I brought her back. I, the man you despise. She wanted me! Do you think you can pay me for that?" He opened the door and passed out.

It was daylight when Alanna awoke: that young, romantic-minded nurse was in the room.

"Gee! I feel as if I'd been awfully sick," the girl said faintly.

"You have been sick, dear, but you're all right now."

"I had a dream: the most—wonderful dream."

"Yes, a wonderful, a beautiful dream. But we won't talk about it yet. Go to sleep again, if you can."

Alanna wondered drowsily why there were tears in the nurse's eyes.

CHAPTER 29.

ALANNA WAGNER'S strength returned slowly, and she could not manage to take interest in anything. Her efforts to recuperate were spiritless and perfunctory and, in consequence, she was something of a disappointment to herself and a very real source of worry to her father.

He had purposely avoided all reference to the happenings on that night when her illness had reached its crisis, for he did did like to recall them and he prayed devoutly that they would never become known to her; therefore he was immensely dismayed when she languidly told him one day that she considered it a pretty mean trick on Sam Lee's part to bring her back to life after she had so agreeably passed out.

Wagner learned by judicious questioning that one of the nurses had let her tongue wag, so he discharged her and determined to have a heart-to-heart talk with his daughter as soon as it was safe to do so.

Such an opportunity occurred this evening. He began, after a few well-rehearsed preliminaries leading up to the subject, by assuring her that he realised exactly how matters stood between her and Sam Lee. He was deeply sympathetic, but it was a hopeless situation, and she must make up her mind to face it.

"There's absolutely nothing to be done, and you're merely making yourself miserable by brooding over the fellow."

"Something could be done," she told him listlessly, "if I had the courage of a whippoorwill."

"What?"

"Precious jelly fish, I could shut my eyes and marry him. I wish I had the grit, but—jelly fish don't have grit, do they? Nothing to hold it in."

"You couldn't even do that, not after what I'm going to tell you. I hate to shock and disappoint you, and it sounds awfully hackneyed to say he isn't worthy of you, but it's true. He's a rotter. He has gone to smash. He's a dissolute, dissipated——"

"Darling! You tempt me to defy the world."

"I got the surprise of my life that night I went looking for him. I always figured he had some pride and decency; I assumed he was a Chinese gentleman, whatever that may be, but he isn't. D'you know where I found him? In a Filipino dance hall! The most terrible place I ever saw."

"Yes? Where? Tell me about it."

Wagner acceded willingly enough to this request; in considerable detail he described not only that place on Riverside Drive, as he called it, but also the other haunts he had visited in company with Sam's valet. The picture he painted was vivid enough. Alanna listened with interest. When he had finished she astounded her father by saying:

"I wonder if it's any worse than some I've been in. Have you seen those colored dance halls in Harlem?"

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"Did—you go?" Wagner gasped.

"Yes, I went everywhere; tried everything, but it didn't work. Sam's doing the same; I know all about him. I hear every day. . . . Now don't jump at conclusions. I haven't spoken to him, and I don't intend to."

"Then how——?"

"He asked a friend to telephone the nurse and report to him on my condition. He couldn't do any less, could he? Well, I got her on the wire finally—she's a girl he grew up with—and we've become good pals. She was here to see me this afternoon. I think she's in love with him, too, so we have plenty to talk about."

After a moment Wagner said more calmly and with a real sincerity of feeling:

"I'm awfully sorry, dear. You don't know how miserable it makes me to see you unhappy. But—what are we going to do about it? Nothing. I wish I could help you break the thing up, but——"

"I broke it up once, in the only way possible," Alanna smiled forlornly, "but you and Sam spoiled it. Let's not talk any more about it. Run along, now, and amuse yourself. Please!"

The father began a protest, but she insisted. "Toddle off to your club or go and see the second act of some show. I'm tired and I'd rather be alone. Honestly!"

"Very well," Wagner stooped and kissed the thin, listless face of his daughter. "I'd like to help you fight it out, if I could and if you'd let me."

For a while Alanna tried to read, but the book was heavy; her eyelids were heavy, too, and her brain was weary. She was tired all over, and yet the doctor pronounced her well.

Her telephone rang, and with an effort she lifted it. Eileen Cassidy was calling her, but in such a flutter of excitement that Alanna did not at first recognise her voice. Even then it was hard to understand her. Speaking of insanity, this Cassidy girl was plainly cracked, mad as a hatter; there was no sense at all to what she was saying. A white man? Sam a white man? The poor child was daft, hysterical, too, for her voice was shrill, she was laughing and choking, and her words fairly piled up on the wire. Sam was not Lee Ying's son; The old Chinese importer was not his father——!

No, Eileen was probably all right, it was merely her own reason that had fled.

Alanna clung dizzily to the instrument; her mouth turned dry, and she could utter nothing except broken and inadequate sounds; her ears began to roar until she completely lost what was being said to her.

"Wait! Please——!" she managed to gasp. "I don't understand half of it. Say it over again, slowly."

"Sam is an adopted child, or practically that. Anyhow, he isn't Lee Ying's son."

"I—can't believe it. How do you know?"

"It's the strangest thing. No wonder you think I'm raving. Well, a relative of mother's came to see us to-night, he's here now. His name is Daly, Peter Daly, and he knew your father when he was a police inspector in San Francisco. You see, Lee Ying came from there and Cousin Peter knew him, too. He says Sam was a foundling. Lee Ying picked him up on his doorstep when he was no bigger than your thumb. There's no mistake about it. That explains everything, doesn't it? I mean about Sam's looks and—— . . . Hello! . . . Hello!"

"Yes."

"Did you hear?"

"I think so. What does he say—Sam? Why hasn't he told me?"

"He doesn't know. I called his house a minute ago and he's out. Then I called you."

"Are you—sure?"

"About the news? Good heavens, yes! That's why I'm so frantic to find him to-night. Peter's sailing the first thing in the morning and it would be dreadful if—— Sam's off hitting it up somewhere, I suppose. No telling when he'll be back: maybe not until late, maybe not at all. He ought to know right away."

"Yes. Yes, of course. Father must know, too. . . . Could you come up here right away and tell him? . . . I—I'm shaking so I can't hold on——"

Alanna did not remember who had the last word because for once she completely lost control of her emotions; she laughed and she cried, she stuttered and she choked; she found herself gabbling wildly at the telephone even after she had replaced the receiver on its hook.

That mental upheaval did not last long, but it served to galvanise her into something like her old self, and she began to dress for the street almost before she realised why. Tears were still flowing, and she was talking aloud when she faced her mirror and pulled her hat down. Sam was white! This nightmare had ended. She'd find him. He was probably at that place on Riverside Drive, and, thanks to her father, she knew exactly where it was.

She must hurry! Why did those tears keep streaming? Nothing to cry about now. Why, she was a poor wet sponge. Out all night making whoopee with those dance-hall girls, eh? Indeed! She'd snatch him away if she had to wreck the place. It wouldn't be the first time she— Yes, and if he ever dared to touch another girl, she'd —she'd fix him. The dissolute wretch! The darling! Who were those female warriors who rode out and seized their men and brought them in across their saddles? Amazons!

Her father's circumstantial description of that Asiatic club enabled her to find it without difficulty, and she was admitted readily enough when she arrived there. The smiling Oriental on the door told her that Sam Lee was inside.

From the floor above came a babel of voices and the sounds of a restless, moving crowd. There was a reception-room at the right of the entrance hall, which was now used as a smoking lounge, and there several Filipinos were grouped around a white girl: they were talking animatedly. Alanna paused in the doorway and looked in: they turned eager faces towards her, and when she moved on towards the stairway a couple of them followed her.

An orchestra started playing, the dancing floor was filled with couples when the visitor mounted to its level: she pressed forward until a Japanese in dinner-clothes halted her. There was an air of authority about him, and she rightly assumed him to be the manager.

"Hello!" he said. "You desire seeing me?"

"Yes. I'm looking for Sam Lee."

The fellow eyed her inquiringly. "Ah! You friend of Mister Sam Lee? You acquainted of Mister Sam Lee?"

Alanna nodded impatiently, eagerly she scanned the moving throng. Her pursuers from the smoking-room were at her side now, and both men were asking her to dance: she ignored them and spoke again to the manager:

"I must see him at once. Tell me where he is."

"What you come here for? Maybe you representing Police Department? Everything here is conducted excellently."

"No, no! I'm a friend of Mr. Lee's and I must speak to him."

"So? Well, I don't see him to-night."

"But I'm sure he's here. The man at the door just told me——"

"Mister Sam Lee is not here."

This conversation had been carried on not without difficulty, for Alanna's Filipino admirers were insistent and they continually interrupted her: other patrons, too, were attracted by her appearance, for she was pretty, she was young, she was new. Several men, not all of whom were Filipinos, spoke to her, there sprang up an eager rivalry for her favor. Alanna was accustomed to servility from Asiatic men, but these fellows were anything but servile, they were not even polite: they almost fought over her, and she was crowded this way and that. They were intemperate in look, in speech, and in action, and a strange drunkenness possessed them.

She began to feel utterly helpless and more than a little bit frightened. The proprietor was plainly suspicious of her and her appeals only evoked a shrug: he gave her to understand that she could either behave herself in a becoming and agreeable manner, or get out. Then he made off.

Her heart was pounding horribly, and it hurt her. She wanted to strike out at these grinning faces. She was growing faint, too, and there was no breath in her lungs. But she couldn't faint here. The very thought terrified her. What a fool she had been to come here: she should have sent her father or waited—— A wave of blackness rose and threatened to overwhelm her, but she fought it down. If she lost consciousness here, what would happen?

In desperation she stretched herself higher and looked over the crowd. She saw Sam almost at once; he was coming down the stairs from the floor above, but her thin cry was lost in the hubbub. He paused to light a cigarette, and at that moment the music stopped: Alanna screamed his name again and pushed towards him. But her knees bent, her bones were like rope, and her strength was feeble.

Never mind, he had heard her: he was charging in her direction, casting couples aside, spinning them out of his way. She could see the top of his head. . . . She was growing numb and that black wave was rolling over her again . . . No need to fight it down. Sam was coming. . . . Sam was coming. . . . The room, the world, was revolving. It was falling away, and she floated over it. Higher and higher she was borne. Nice and comfortable up here riding on a cloud with Sam. Nothing to worry about with his arms around her. . . . Alanna sighed in exquisite contentment.

CHAPTER 30

THAT downy cloud upon which Alanna rode ran aground, it began to bump and to jolt her roughly. A flat tyre, probably. What luck. A voice was calling her over and over: it was Sam's, and he was shaking her. How rude of him! . . . Why was he rushing her through a blinding flicker of lights and shadows? The film had run off its sprockets, perhaps; anyhow, the whole theatre was rocking and swaying. . . . Pshaw! This wasn't a theatre, she wasn't riding on a cloud; this was a taxicab. Yonder was the glow of the meter and the back of the driver's head. . . . That air felt good, and those incandescent flashes that came and went were—street lights. Certainly. Whizzing street lights, and this was Sam at her side. Probably she had fainted.

"Yes, you fainted." It was Sam's voice speaking. "Thank heaven you're better! Do you hear me, Alanna? I'm taking you home and everything is all right."

The motion of the cab was stimulating; Sam was rubbing her hands and slapping them, he was fanning her with his hat, too. Her senses returned with a rush.

"I remember now. . . . How did I get away from that place and—those men?"

"I carried you out. In God's name tell me how you got there? What a—a terrible fright you gave me."

Alanna was fully conscious at last. Life had skipped a beat or two, she had faltered and missed a step, but it was running again, and she was swinging along with it as usual. Feeling fine, too. How silly of her to faint.

"Sam!" she broke out. "You're white! White! That's why I went there."

"Yes, yes! We'll be home in a minute."

"I'm all right, honestly! I couldn't wait to tell you and—the man is sailing in the morning so I had to hurry. There's nothing in the way, no barrier at all. Oh, Sam!

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Sam! You're not Lee Ying's son. It's a mistake. You're white, **white, white!** Don't you understand?"

The listener was aghast. This was dreadful. Poor sick child! And they had declared she was well. The liars. "I understand," he said soothingly. "But please don't excite yourself. Close your eyes, we'll be there in a jiffy."

"No, no! Listen to me." Alanna struggled out of his arms, agitated words poured from her lips, there was a wildness in her voice and in her bearing that told its own pitiful story. She clutched at him and shook him feebly, babbling meanwhile something about Eileen Cassidy, a Police Inspector, San Francisco, Lee Ying, a white baby.

How could he face Albert Wagner? How could he explain where he had encountered Alanna? Questions like these raced through Sam's mind. It was bad enough to find her in that dance hall; but this was ten times worse. In a way he was relieved to realise that she was out of her mind, otherwise his shame at being discovered there would have overwhelmed him. Her escape from the hotel would take some explaining, he fancied. Wagner was probably frantic. The whole thing was too unfortunate, too dreadful to think about. For instance, that crazy idea that obsessed her. Well, he had saved her reason once, perhaps——

He pricked up his ears and turned a startled face towards her, for she had ceased her gibberish and was speaking to him in a normal, conversational tone.

"Sam! Quit shushing me. If you don't stop treating me like a lunatic I—I'll let out a yell. I'm not delirious; I'm as sensible as you are. . . . Think that over for a minute. Look at me! . . . Do I look demented? . . . All right. I'm trying to tell you something of the greatest importance to both of us, and it won't register. It sounds wild, I know, and too dramatic for any use, but it's true."

"Alanna!" he cried in a choking voice, "If you're not out of your head, then I am."

"That's better! I was getting mad by the minute. I thought you'd go up in the air, but—the whole thing is a failure. Now then, I'll give it to you in a medicine dropper; take it slowly. A relative of Eileen Cassidy's, by the name of Daly, is in New York, and he declares you're no more a Chinese than he is."

"Absurd! I can't believe it! What proof is there?"

"Proof enough, I fancy; we'll find out when we get to the hotel. All I can do is repeat what she told me over the telephone."

This the speaker proceeded to do, and by the time she had finished they had arrived at their destination. In a daze Sam paid the driver and assisted Alanna into the hotel; he felt sure that this hallucination would be broken at any moment.

It was a half-hour later. In the parlor of the Wagner suite, Mr. Peter Daly, spurred on by Eileen, had told his story in minutest detail, and none of his listeners had followed it more closely than Albert Wagner. The speaker concluded by saying:

"There's no possible doubt about it. Dunne gave me his report on it at the time, and we talked it over later; how he saw Lee Ying pick the little fellow up on his doorstep, and how the old man and his wife insisted that he had been sent in answer to their prayers. Dunne is still alive, he'll be glad to verify everything I've said. Mr. Wagner, you know something about the Chinese; they put great faith in their gods—the good ones do, and Lee Ying was devout. He and his wife were uncommonly religious. But the looks of Sam there are enough to prove what I'm telling you. He's no Chinese."

Eileen offered substantiation by declaring. "I knew Sam's father—I mean Lee Ying—better than anybody. He was my dearest friend. He always called Sam a 'Son of the Gods.' He declared he was more than a son; the Princess of the Colored Clouds had sent him. I used to wonder what he meant, but now I understand."

"As a matter of fact, Dunne nearly got himself into a jam over the thing by talking too much," Daly continued. "I was on the desk at the time, and knowing Lee Ying was high caste and rich and a fine gentleman, we figured the lad would have a good home and amount to something. But some of the mission workers heard a rumor and began asking questions. They'd have taken him away and put him into a public institution so as to make a Christian out of him. Two to one he'd have turned out a yegg. Lee Ying got wind and soon after he moved here to New York. That ended the matter. Why, I remember the kid well, dressed up like a little mandarin, with a red button in his cap and his hand in the old gentleman's. He was one of the sights of Chinatown, and the politest kid you ever saw."

Curiously Sam inquired: "Who am I?"

Daly shrugged. "My guess is no better than yours. Nobody ever claimed you. We picked up a good many waifs, but mighty few of them amounted to anything. Whoever you are, I guess you must have good stuff in you."

"My father disbelieved in heredity. He used to say that the virtue of a vase lay not in the clay, but in the potter's skill."

Eileen's eyes were shining and she spoke with conviction: "They have fairies in Ireland, why not in China? Lee Ying was the wisest man in the world, and he knew things we'll never understand. He called you a superior being, a Prince. I think he was right."

"And so do I," Alanna said softly. She drew closer and laid her cheek against Sam's sleeve.

Daly smiled and then looked at his watch. "Well, it's getting late, and that's all I can tell you. I'm mighty glad that I happened along in time to help two heart-broken lovers, although the truth was bound to come out sooner or later. Mr. Wagner, it looks to me as if it's about time to say 'Bless you, my children!'"

The father rose, laid a kindly hand upon Sam's shoulder, and said in a tone of utmost sincerity, "I can't see that it makes any great difference who you are or what you are, my boy. The only thing that concerns me is Alanna's happiness. I've been terribly sorry for both of you kids."

Chinatown, always late in closing its eyes, was asleep when Sam Lee ceased pacing the walks of his garden and stared down into the empty canyons beneath him. Dawn was not far away. So, he was a white man! Lee Ying's virtuous acts had lived after him, his dead hand had reached forth from the grave and unveiled the truth. This night had marked an epoch in Sam's life, and yet the significance of it failed to stir him as it should—there was something anticlimatic about it, and the disclosure which should have stirred him to the bottom of his being left him almost unmoved. That was, no doubt, because he had spent his whole life anticipating something of this very sort. What did provoke a genuine tumult in his soul, of course, was the result of that disclosure.

There, indeed, was something stunning, something overpowering, and he wondered if it, too, might not be the work of that beneficent spirit which looked after him. Lee Ying, the man of many mercies, the door of thirteen hundred kindly deeds. Was this his final sacrifice? . . . Much luck, great riches, and high honor were what Sam's auguries had foretold, and they had come true, but in reality, all those blessings had flowed directly from Lee Ying's hand; he, Sam, had done nothing to warrant them, he had not even proved himself worthy to receive them.

He was glad to know that he was white, nevertheless an odd resentment smouldered in the back of his mind; it offended him to gain stature through that fact alone. In what way was he better now than he had been at sundown? Yesterday he was the son of a gentle, a noble, a charitable, and a godly man; to-day he was a gutter-snipe, and yet he had attained caste. His honors had multiplied. His princess has opened her arms. Lee Ying's blood was not his, in him ran the blood of some drunken rouseabout, perhaps, or some furtive jackal of the slums. The mother who had borne him was not Pan Yi, of blessed memory, but for all he knew, an unwed woman of the streets. In that he must take pride. Great credit now attached to him. Chinese gods appreciate humor; doubtless they were smiling broadly.

During these several hours he had been saying farewell to Chinatown, to this high-perched home and all its deities, for with the coming of sunrise a new life for him would dawn and he realised that henceforth he would be as much out of place here as he had been elsewhere. It had been a sad, a wistful parting; it had meant the tearing up of tender roots—how tender he had never suspected until now. As he had walked here under the stars he had been aware of a tall, familiar figure at his side; it had moved step by step with him. Their souls had met.

How high Lee Ying towered over other men. What other son had known a father such as he? . . . Father? No. His father was a shadow, a nameless, formless, fanciful creation in the mind of a man named Dunne. . . . Who was the wiser, the more to be trusted, Lee Ying or that policeman? Which of those two understood the power of the gods? . . . Truth! Where shall one search for it, in the mind or in the heart? In which of those two men should he rest his faith?

Sam entered his house and went on into his own chamber. Slowly, meditatively, he disrobed and purified himself; then he put on his ceremonial Chinese robe, his cap with the ruby button, his white hose and silken slippers. On silent feet he moved to the door of that shrine where Lee Ying had bent in worship to his gods. He slid the panel back, stepped inside and closed it behind him. The enigmatic image stared at him from fixed, inscrutable eyes.

He lit the joss sticks and watched the thin blue lines of fragrant smoke arise, then he knelt before the golden tablet on the wall and bowed his head.

When he spoke it was in the sing-song language he had learned at the knees of Pan Yi:

"Oh, Benevolent One to whom I owe all joy and happiness, and whose virtues I revere, my prayers float Heavenward to you. In this still hour of the dawn your unworthy son is beset by loneliness and yearning, his love and his longing beat him to the ground. He gropes in darkness, the path is blind, the forest is black and demons of doubt infest it. Make him to know the permanence and the reality of truth. Cleave to him as he clings to you.

"You have resigned your earthly dignities and you walk clear-eyed beside the bright waters of Celestial streams, all wisdom and understanding is yours. Pause, I beseech you, and plant deep in my heart the roots of faith in the reality and the eternity of our oneness. Out of nothing you created me, you clad me from your bounty: I paid you back in grief and disappointment, but my soul is sick and it calls to you. A pearl is but a temple built by pain around a grain of sand; around the jewel of your love for me I pledge myself to build a stately monument to my enduring trust in you."

(The End.)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

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